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THE LIVING AGE

The Magazine of World Topics

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: —

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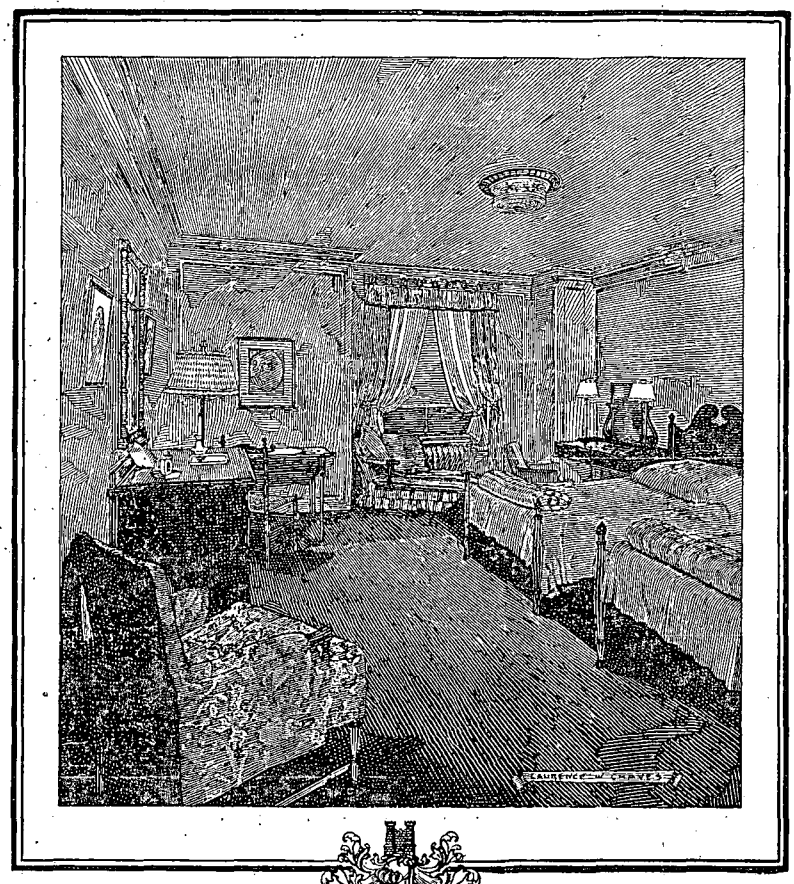

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The Guide Post

For the bestowing of such fulsome praise on the collected speeches of Lord Birkenhead, the Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill might be accused of political and literary logrolling, since both men sat together in Stanley Baldwin's Cabinet. Birkenhead, whose name was once Frederick Edwin Smith, served as Secretary of State for India until he left the Cabinet to devote his talents to journalism and the House of Lords. More than once he has made the front pages of American newspapers by his violent attacks on our debt collection and navy-building policies.

Mr. Churchill, too, has occasionally tweaked the Eagle's tail, but the fact that his mother was an American may account for his boisterous spirits. 'The Winst,' as he is sometimes called, has led a varied and active life. He served with the Spanish forces in Cuba in 1895 and wrote special articles from South Africa for the *Morning Post* during the Boer War. As First Lord of the Admiralty in Asquith's Liberal Cabinet, he virtually saved the British fleet in August, 1914, and the Gallipoli Campaign, as well as the introduction of the armored tank, were both the direct results of his enthusiasm. When Lloyd George's Coalition Cabinet broke up in 1922, Mr. Churchill became what he called a Constitutionalist and presently joined the Tory government. Recently, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Baldwin's Conservative Cabinet, he has produced some of the most picturesque and bewildering budgets in British history. He played a conspicuous part in fighting the general strike and wears the funniest looking hats of any public man in England.

LOUIS DUMONT-WILDEN, a Belgian by birth, contributes a political article to every issue of the *Revue Bleue*, one of the most distinguished semi-monthlies in France, and his views on England's foreign policy are not to be taken lightly. Since it would never do for a man in his position to come out flatly for a European alliance against the United States, he merely suggests that England and France may have more in common than England and the U. S. A. Europe has always been faintly suspicious and jealous at the prospect of Anglo-American dominion and M. Dumont-Wilden here attempts to argue the case against such coöperation from the English, rather than the European, point of view.

DANIEL HALÉVY is the son of Ludovic Halévy, whose operetta lyrics delighted the European theatre-

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goers of fifty years ago. The son, however, devotes himself to more serious pursuits. He has written an admirable life of Nietzsche and edits a series of books known as the *Cahiers Verts*. He is exceptionally well posted on political affairs and, because he holds no public office, is able to discuss the picturesque statesmen of France with perfect freedom. The *Revue de Genève* is one of the leading European monthly reviews, and to be numbered among its contributors is a distinction in itself.

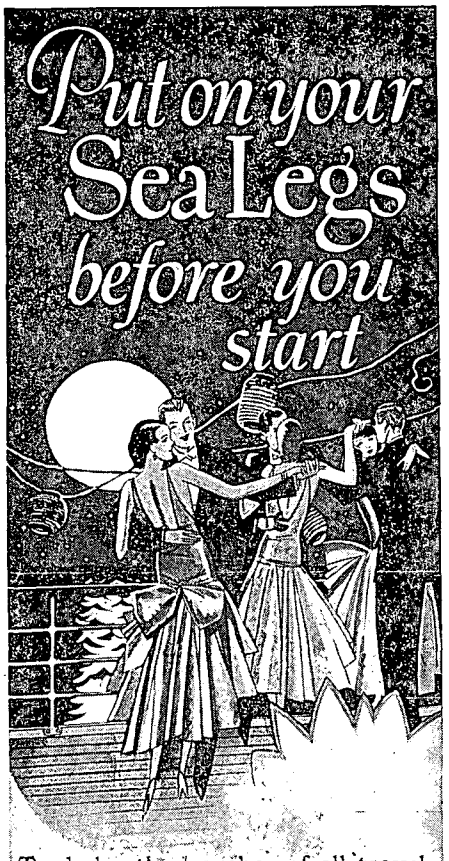
NOT so long ago the name of Gerhart Hauptmann was being prominently mentioned for the presidency of Germany. Although he has never enjoyed the popular prestige that swept Hindenburg into office, he has always been identified with liberal thought and social reforms. In his interview with Joseph Chapiro he discourses at length on Tolstoi.

HYMAN LEVY is Professor of Mathematics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London. He has written extensively on aëronautical and mathematical subjects and is really equipped to speak with authority on the future of aviation.

IT WAS not to be expected that Mrs. Gann's tribulations would escape the eyes of foreign satirists, but Mr. Robert Lynd, instead of poking fun at her, takes the opportunity to point out how necessary conventions are and how seriously they are taken in England. Every week Mr. Lynd contributes an essay in this vein to the *New Statesman*, signing himself 'Y.Y.' and providing, through his good-natured humor, an antidote to the serious, brilliant radicalism that characterizes that paper's editorial pages.

NOT only in America, but in Europe, too, Sidney Fay is recognized as a peerless authority on the subject of war responsibility. His latest book, *The Origins of the World War*, has enjoyed as big a sale as many popular novels and has been praised to the skies in the Press. We print this month his account of the Serajevo murder on the fifteenth anniversary of the shooting that led directly to a world conflagration.

THOSE of our readers who enjoy THE LIVING AGE for its reprints and translations will be glad to see that we are turning directly to the foreign Press for much of the material that goes into *Metropolitana* and *Persons and Personages*. We are convinced, for instance, that we could not present a clearer picture of Trotski to-day than by translating in full the account of a German journalist who has just visited him in Constantinople.



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World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

AUSTRIA

GRAZ. *August* 30–*September* 8, International Fair.
INNSBRUCK. *September* 29–*October* 6, International Fair.
LINZ. *September* 29, Popular Fête.
MARIABRUNN. *September* 9, Popular Holiday.
SALZBURG. *July* 15–*September* 30, School for conductors of orchestras; *August* 4–30, Salzburg Festival, Beethoven, Mozart, Strauss, Hofmannsthal.
VIENNA. *August* 18–22, International Advertising Association Congress; *September* 1–8, Fall Fair.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP. *August* 11–19, Communal Festival.
BRUGES. *August* 11–20, Commercial Fair.
BRUSSELS. *August, September*, Operatic Festival Performances at Théâtre de la Monnaie; *September* 12, Horse Fair; 23, Pilgrimage to the Place des Martyrs.
CHÂTEAU D'ARDENNES. *September* 2, International Tennis Competition.
GHENT. *August*, Courses at University in Science and Art; *August* 15, Procession of the Petit Béguinage; *September* 1, Horse Fair.
LIÈGE. *September* 30, Walloon Festival.
LOUVAIN. *September* 1–30, Community Festival and Fair.
MONT-SAINT-AMAND (near Ghent). *September* 2–4, Horse Fair.
OSTENDE. *August*, Horse Races; 28, Grand International Race.
TOURNAI. *September* 9, Historical Religious Procession.
VERVIERS. *July* 29–*September* 9, Arts and Industry Exhibit; *August* 5–8, Flower Exhibition; 15, Grand Athletic Festival; 19–21, National Congress of Chambers of Commerce; *September* 2, opening of fair.

BOLIVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 6, Independence Day.

BRAZIL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 7, Independence Day.

CHILE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 18, Independence Day.

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *August* 6, Battle of Junin; 7, Battle of Boyaca Bridge.

COSTA RICA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 15, Independence Day.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BOLESLAV-STARÁ. *August* 15, 1,000th-Year Celebration of Death of Wencenlaus.
BRÜNN. *August, September*, Modern Commercial Exhibition; *August* 3–*September* 15, Exhibition of Modern Woman.
LIBEREC. *August* 17, Sample Fairs open.
PRAGUE. *September* 1–9, Autumn Sample Fair; 26–29, 1,000th-Year Fête of Wencenlaus.

(*Continued on page 388*)

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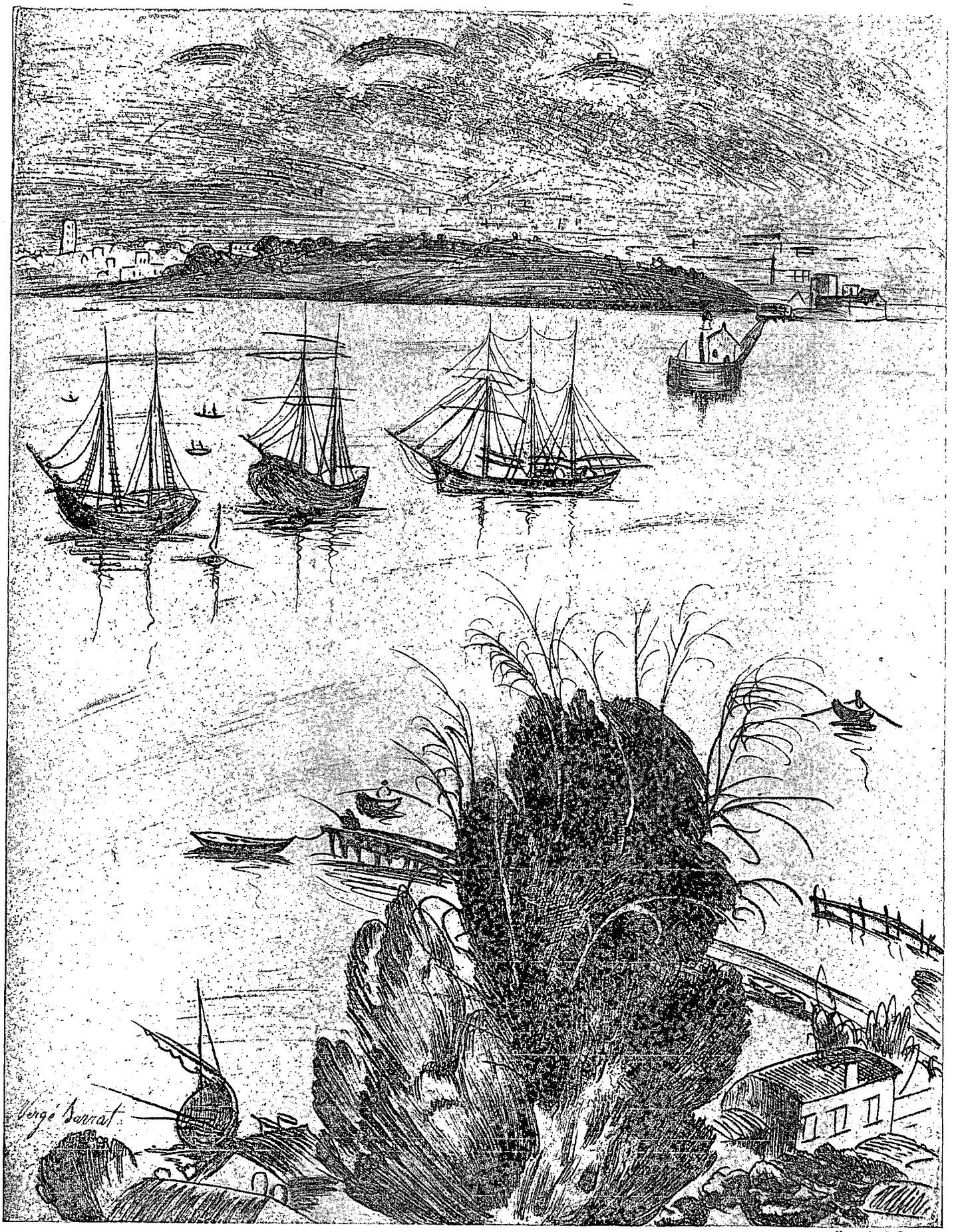

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

VOLUME 336 JULY · 1929 NUMBER 4343

The World Over

THE SPRING ELECTIONS TO THE French Chamber of Deputies reveal a slight swing to the Left and include two surprising upsets. Edouard Herriot, former Premier and founder of the Left Wing Coalition, was defeated by the Socialists and only last minute measures saved his twenty years' service as Mayor of Lyon from being broken.

This marks a definite split between the so-called Radical Party of anti-clericalists and the straight Socialists, whose leader, Léon Blum, has been returned to the Chamber from another district after a Communist had routed him from his usual stumping ground. Poincaré is not likely to mind the leftward drift, but such a division in the ranks of the *Cartel* may seriously affect the smooth workings of government.

The other outstanding result of the election is the triumph of the Home Rule and Communist parties in Alsace. The municipal council of Strassburg has for the first time been taken away from the 'national' parties and even the Socialists have suffered considerably. This result may be definitely taken as a reply by Alsace to Poincaré's repression of the Home Rule Movement and it indicates that at least one of the old 'Lost Provinces' finds any outside authority displeasing, whether it be French or German. As Poincaré himself hails from Lorraine, the blow hits him close.

The New Leader, London

THE 'NEW LEADER' PROPHESIES LABOR'S VICTORY

THIS CARTOON, which appeared some weeks before the election, almost exactly expresses the result. The Conservatives were defeated, the Liberals made no gains, and Labor governs England.

WHEN BARON KOENIG, A twenty-two-year-old German sportsman with an amateur's interest in airplanes, bought a baby single-seater monoplane late last summer and set out alone on a nonstop flight from Berlin to Moscow, he intended to do nothing more unusual than compete for the Hindenburg Cup, offered annually for the best 'sporting flight' in Germany. He had had only seventeen hours of actual flying experience. His plane, a tiny Klemm-Daimler single-seater, equipped with a twenty-horsepower Mercedes-Benz two-cylinder motor, was so small that he could land it at as low a speed as twenty miles an hour, get it off the ground with a run of eighty feet, and cover fifty miles on a gallon of gasoline! But one thing led to another. Arrived in Moscow, the young German looked at a map and saw no reason why he shouldn't fly south to Baku. When he reached that port on the Caspian Sea, he remembered that Persia was only a step to the south, and flew on to Teheran. After four weeks of sight-seeing in the Persian capital, he set out for Karachi, undecided as to whether or not he would sail home from there.

When he reached this seaport, however, he found a telegram from the German Government demanding his immediate return; so he got into the air at once and set off again — eastward to Calcutta, Rangoon, and Bangkok. And it was not until he reached Singapore, after a 1,200-mile nonstop flight from the Siamese capital, accomplished between 6:45 A.M. and 4:15 P.M., that he confessed himself satisfied, and took ship for home.

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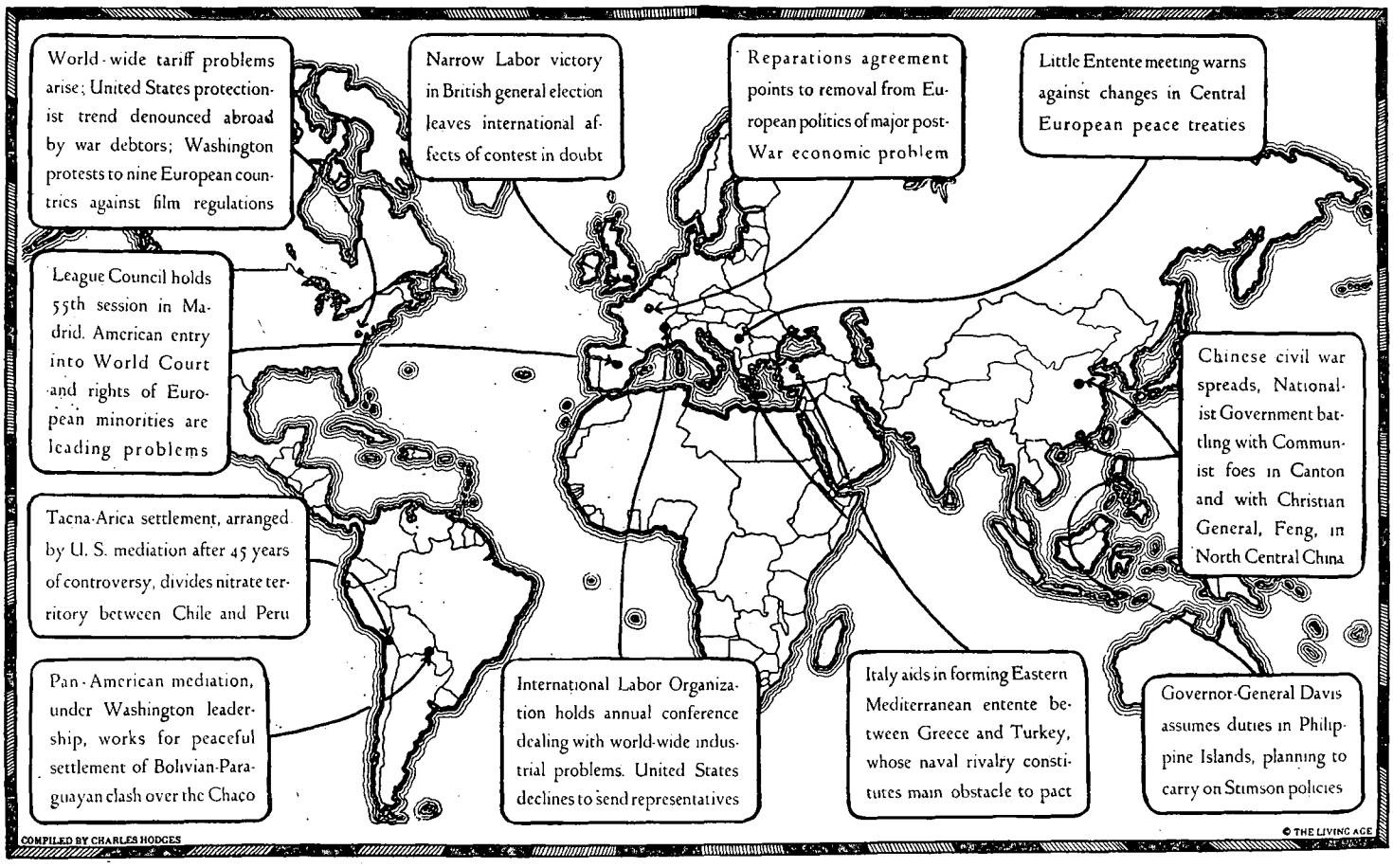
World-wide tariff problems arise; United States protectionist trend denounced abroad by war debtors; Washington protests to nine European countries against film regulations
Narrow Labor victory in British general election leaves international affects of contest in doubt
Reparations agreement points to removal from European politics of major post-War economic problem
Little Entente meeting warns against changes in Central European peace treaties
League Council holds 55th session in Madrid. American entry into World Court and rights of European minorities are leading problems
Chinese civil war spreads, Nationalist Government battling with Communist foes in Canton and with Christian General, Feng, in North Central China
Tacna-Arica settlement, arranged by U. S. mediation after 45 years of controversy, divides nitrate territory between Chile and Peru
Pan-American mediation, under Washington leadership, works for peaceful settlement of Bolivian-Paraguayan clash over the Chaco
International Labor Organization holds annual conference dealing with world-wide industrial problems. United States declines to send representatives
Italy aids in forming Eastern Mediterranean entente between Greece and Turkey, whose naval rivalry constitutes main obstacle to pact
Governor-General Davis assumes duties in Philippine Islands, planning to carry on Stimson policies
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

The young German's aim, in his own words (he speaks English perfectly), was 'to find out whether it was possible for an ordinary amateur to travel and see the Eastern countries by air in his own machine.' The answer was emphatically, 'Yes.' Baron Koenig, in an eight-months' trip, spent only twenty-eight days in actual flying and saw half the world. He found navigation easy, and flying, sport. Only once did he come near a mishap. Crossing a 12,000-foot mountain range in Persia, he ran out of gasoline just as he topped the final peak and glided down to the desert below, where he was entertained by a local sheik until more fuel could be procured.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT is to be congratulated for cutting its visa fee to Americans from ten to two dollars, but we hope that the matter will not end there. One of the greatest barriers to international travel and understanding is the existence of the elaborate system of visas and passports that has grown up since the War. Many small European nations, seeing that large countries insist on entangling themselves in red tape and saddling themselves with extra officials, feel that they would be surrendering some sovereign right if they were to abandon passports entirely. A few more enlightened countries like Switzerland, however, realize that they can profit by a minimum of passport control. It is therefore up to the larger nations to take decisive steps.

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG, UNlike the United States Congress, is apparently perfectly willing to receive suggestions from outside the charmed circle of its membership, and even from outside the borders of the country. It was thus that the German legislators recently had the opportunity to listen to a few hints on the subject of peace from no less a person than Mr. H. G. Wells, and likewise to a similar address by M. Titulesco, former Rumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs. On the latter occasion, Foreign Minister Stresemann sat in a front-row seat and distinguished himself by the frequency and the enthusiasm of his applause.

Possibly the German Foreign Minister agreed with what the Rumanian was saying; possibly he was merely expressing his esteem for a man who once won an argument from him with an extremely neat retort. Stresemann and Titulesco were one day walking away arm in arm from the League Secretariat at Geneva after a particularly hot discussion of Hungarian claims against Rumania. Stresemann was attempting to convince his Rumanian colleague of the justice of the Hungarian cause.

'After all,' he said in conclusion, 'you must at least admit that the Hungarian thesis is legally impregnable.'

'Ah, my dear colleague,' answered Titulesco. 'Do you know who it was who said: "Foreign affairs are not carried on with legal theses"?'

'No,' said the mystified German.

'Bismarck,' answered the Rumanian, smiling.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES SUFficiently explain the failure of King Boris of Bulgaria to win the hand of the Italian Princess, Giovanna. Although the Vatican succeeded in settling its differences with the Italian State, it did not stand ready to approve a marriage between King Victor Emmanuel's daughter and a prominent member of the Greek Orthodox faith. The Bulgarian Church, for its part, maintained an

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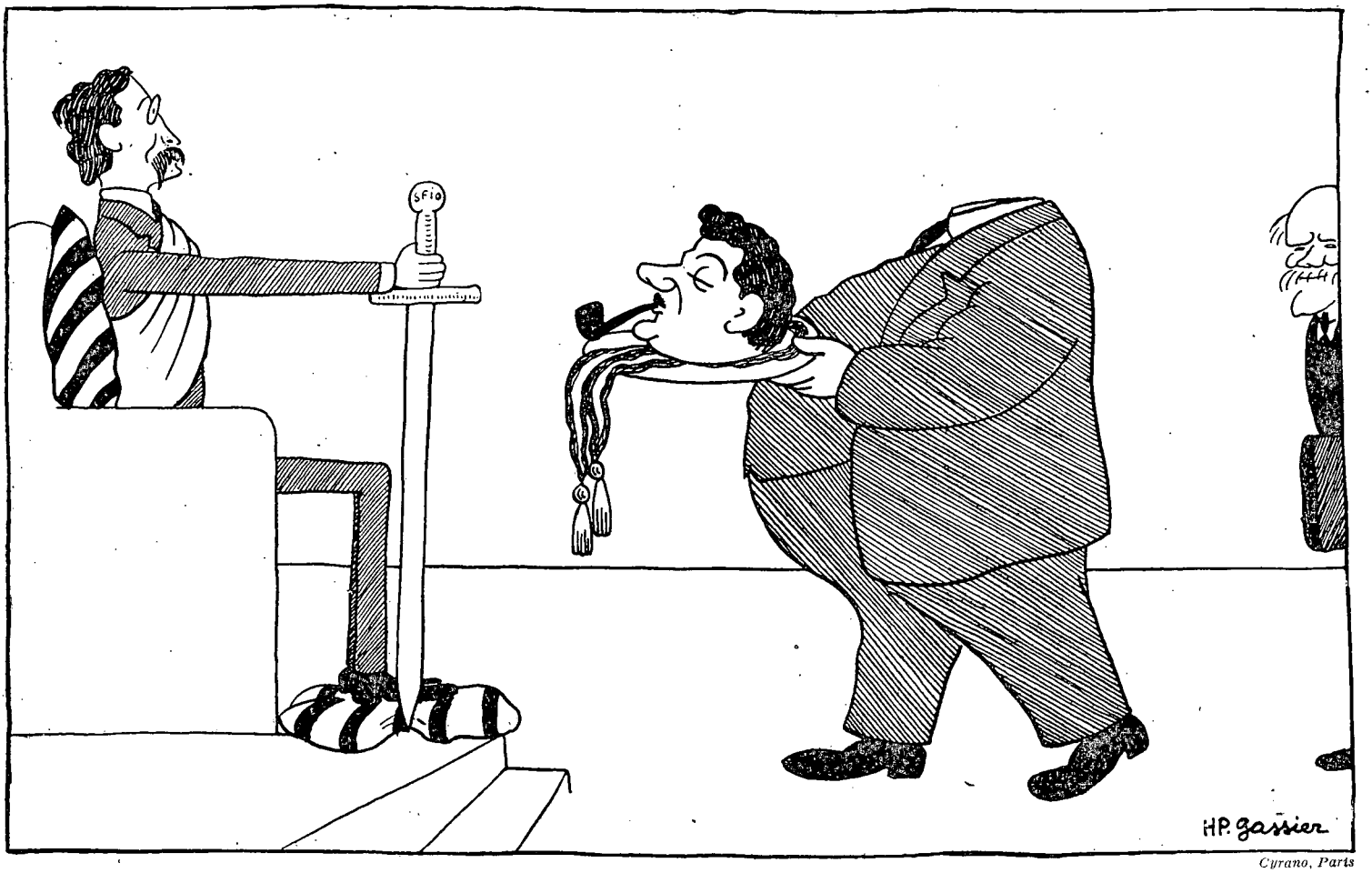

Cyrano, Paris

M. Herriot Presents His Own Head to a New Herod

For the first time in many years M. Herriot was almost defeated in the mayoralty election at Lyon.

equally firm position. Since the War, the Greek Orthodox Church, which Russia used to dominate, has split into a number of Nationalist groups — Bulgarian, Serbian, and so forth. Lacking central authority, the bishops of this church may later be compelled to turn either toward Rome, because of its international prestige, or toward the Church of England, whose teachings more nearly approximate their own. For the moment, however, the National Orthodox Churches are particularly jealous of their power and, if the Bulgarian patriarch had sanctioned the marriage of his King to a princess of Roman Catholic faith, it might have proved an impolitic concession. Next year a general synod of all Orthodox Churches is to be held and meanwhile Italy must recognize that her policy of expansion in the Balkans has suffered a temporary setback so far as Bulgaria is concerned.

This is not the first time that the engagement of Princess Giovanna has been rumored. The 'Fairy Princess of the Balkans,' as she is often called, has already been wooed by Archduke Albrecht of Habsburg, a possible candidate for the Hungarian throne, and by Ahmed Bey Zogu, self-made King of Albania. But the international intrigues of Mussolini, to say nothing of religious and family considerations, have so far kept one of the most charming young princesses in Europe from a marriage for reasons of state.

FROM A PRACTICAL EXPERIment on a very limited scale, it might be argued that the principles of Communism, which have aroused so much alarm in recent years, are not necessarily fatal to society. Proof of this is to be found on the little island of Runö — two miles wide and three miles long — in the Bay of Riga, just off the Esthonian coast. Here, for more than a thousand years, a community of Swedes have lived and thrived on purely Communistic principles. About three hundred of these people occupy twenty-seven farms and make their living by fishing and by hunting seals. Private property is confined to clothing, arms, and similar personal belongings, but nobody can sell his farm, and all forest and pasture lands are common property. When any work has to be done, the neighbors lend a hand but receive only their meals by way of pay. All money received from sales of fish or seals to the outside world is distributed equally among the islanders. The local officials, who include a president, a secretary, and a judge, are elected by men and women alike and serve without pay for a fixed limited period. But the most interesting sidelight on the whole affair is that the islanders are intensely conservative and reject all novelties, for the simple reason that the present state of affairs has suited their fathers and should therefore suit them.

THE WORKINGS OF ITALIAN diplomacy in the Near East afford a very pretty picture of Fascist foreign policy. Greece and Turkey, having finally settled various outstanding differences, have now been manœuvred into the orbit of Italian influence. Each country has already made a separate treaty with Italy and the three of them may get together in some even closer bloc that will lead to more active trade and smoother diplomatic relations.

France, the chief rival of Italy in this part of the world, has received a setback in Turkey's refusal to renew a railway concession that the French had exercised for the preceding three years.

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BEYOND THE FAMILY'S MEANS. 'Seventeen hundred millions a year. . . . We can easily pay that, children!'

Even more important is the possibility of Turkey's backing Italy's claim to a mandate in Syria.

The position of Greece is somewhat less certain. Like so many other afflicted countries, she has had to turn to a strong leader, and Venizelos has risen to the occasion. He it is who put through treaties with Italy and Yugoslavia and who introduced important domestic reforms and public works. In respect to the treaty with Yugoslavia, the French Press regrets that Venizelos did not go a little further and commit himself completely to the French system of alliances, particularly to the Little Entente. But Venizelos clearly wanted to be able to play the game both ways. He desired to keep the good will of Italy by establishing friendly relations with Turkey and he wanted to stand in well with France by signing a treaty with the Belgrade Government. The French Press, meanwhile, is full of virtuous demands for a Balkan Locarno, the result of which would be to thwart Italy's ambitions in the eastern Mediterranean. The Balkans themselves, suspecting that Italy has the moral support of England, look toward Rome rather than Paris for help.

GERMANY'S FAMOUS *DRANG Nach Osten* — her impulse to expand toward the East — did not end with the World War. She maintains the closest relations with Russia, she interests herself in the affairs of Persia and Afghanistan, and she has recently turned her attention to Rumania.

General Hans von Seeckt, former Commander in Chief of the German Reichswehr, has been investigating the possibility of planting a large German colony at the mouth of the River Danube. There are now living in Rumania 800,000 Germans who helped elect the present Premier, Iuliu Maniu, and defeat the pro-French Liberal Party.

The idea of a German colony at the Danube delta is particularly displeasing to the French, who believe that the occupant of this strategic position controls not only the Rumanian grain output, but is also easily able to deal with Russia. The scheme discussed by General von Seeckt, who, incidentally, commanded the German Army that conquered Rumania during the War, merely calls for the settlement of Rumanian subjects of German extraction and does not admit foreigners. The fact that such a man went to Rumania at all shows that relations between the two countries must be excellent, and the possibility that German capital may finance the Danube project indicates that this cordiality is likely to continue.

THE RIVALRY OF TWO MEN underlies for the moment much of the trouble that is agitating China. The success of General Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the Nationalist Government at Nanking, has attracted the hostility of many lesser leaders. Perhaps the most powerful of these is General Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called 'Christian General,' who has shifted his allegiance more than once in the past few years. He has, however, always enjoyed the reputation of standing in particularly well with Moscow and since the finances of the Nationalist Government are now in a parlous state, Feng looms large on the horizon because of the Moscow money that is said to be behind him.

It is therefore only natural that British observers in China should take a gloomy view. The imperially minded Englishman is quick to detect the Red hand of Russia wherever dissensions may exist, and China, divided into a great number of small groups, provides the wily Russian with an excellent opportunity to apply the ancient maxim of 'Divide and conquer.' Such, at any rate, is the view of many pessimistic foreign sojourners in China, who can see no end to the present condition of internal warfare which the Russians are so easily able to encourage.

IT IS ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE ironies that the liberals and radicals who have always advocated woman suffrage now find that all their efforts have only served to increase the conservative vote. Germany has witnessed this fact repeatedly and has collected some interesting figures on the voting ages of both men and women. It seems that the sterner sex takes most interest in politics between the ages of 50 and 55 while women below 45 are the only ones who flock to the polls in considerable numbers. As for women over 60, they hardly vote at all.

Fear influences the feminine vote more than any other emotion. Fantastic

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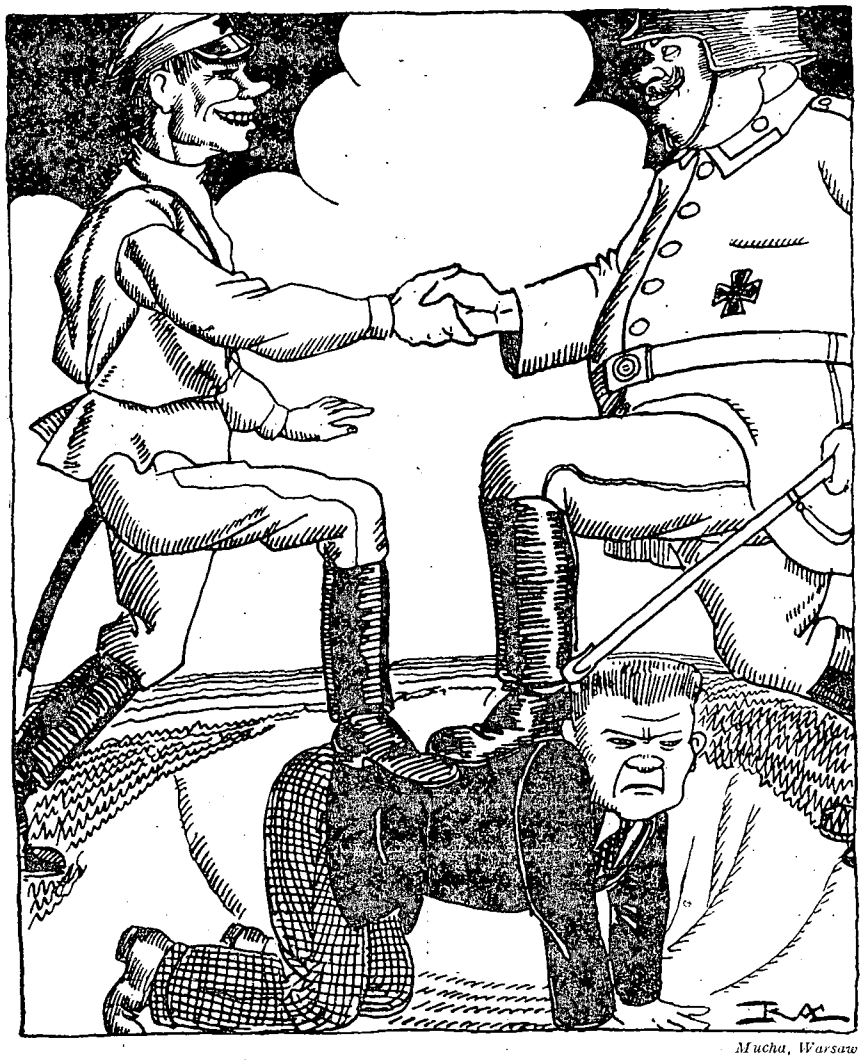
reforms and experiments make small appeal to the average housewife, who is a good deal more concerned with domestic economy than with anything else. A patriotic plea, pointing out some real or imaginary danger, seems to be particularly effective. Our own Daughters of the American Revolution have given more than one evidence of woman's innate conservatism, and the society of German women that recently declared Remarque's book, *All Quiet on the Western Front* (reviewed in this number of THE LIVING AGE), a menace to the manliness of the nation is following the same tradition.

France, however, has not yet adopted woman suffrage, and the Joan of Arc celebrations always give the 'Votes for Women' crowd an opportunity to raise their voices. During the celebrations of the 500th anniversary of the Maid's delivery of Orleans, a group of Paris suffragettes laid a wreath at the foot of Joan's statue in the rue de Rivoli, with the inscription: 'To Joan of Arc, who saved France, but who would not be thought worthy to elect a municipal councilor.' But, as M. Abel Hermant remarked in the *Temps*, Joan would probably have taken no interest in such civic duties and could not have voted anyway because she died before she came of age.



Mucha, Warsaw

GERMANY GOES EAST

RUSSIA AND GERMANY come together over the fallen body of oppressed Poland.

JAPAN'S MANCHURIAN POLICY, which is always governed by her interest in the South Manchurian Railway, has been altered by the collapse of all central authority in the Manchurian capital. During the reign of the late Chang Tso-lin, Japan pursued a so-called 'positive' diplomatic attitude that made her unpopular in many parts of China, but now that the Nationalist Government at Nanking has begun to dominate the affairs of Northern China, the Japanese have seen fit to trim their sails to the changing winds of fortune. All this is particularly humiliating to Baron Tanaka, the Japanese Premier, who has consistently championed a strong hand in China. It is interesting in this connection to recall that not many years ago Mr. Thomas W. Lamont visited Japan with a view to loaning the South Manchurian Railway forty million dollars, but our State Department did not sanction the arrangement. Now, however, we find the Japanese Foreign Office admitting that the situation in Manchuria is very dark indeed.

SUCH AN OUTSTANDING FIGure as Mussolini lends himself naturally to the satiric barbs of European humorists. Here are two recent stories about him. It seems that the conversation in a certain Paris salon had turned to the fact that the Duce occupies seven or eight cabinet ministries himself. This led one of his admirers to extol the great man as a supreme example of the reflective virtues and to assure the assembled company that Mussolini made a practice of shutting himself up alone and weighing his projects in his mind.

At this point a bright young man from the French Foreign Office remarked to his neighbor, 'Oh, so that is what they mean in Italy by a cabinet meeting.'

The other Mussolini story is attributed to d'Annunzio, who was asked what he thought of the new situation created by the agreement between the Vatican and the Fascist state. 'Do you know,' d'Annunzio replied, 'Nietzsche's famous remark, "If there were a God, how could I support the fact that I am not he?" Well, that is more or less what is happening in Italy. Four of us want to be king — the Pope, Mussolini, the King, and myself — and each of us tries to achieve his ambition by a different route — the Pope by diplomacy, Mussolini by force, I by genius, and the King by discretion.'

AN AMUSING story, told of a visit of the Shah of Persia to England, has recently been published abroad.

Arriving at Victoria Station, the Shah was placed in an open carriage and driven in state through the crowded streets of the city. He looked to left and right, and was inclining his head in graceful recognition of the plaudits of the people, when suddenly he caught sight of a small boy who had shinned up a lamppost and was engaged in thumbing his nose vigorously at the passing monarch.

'What,' asked the Shah curiously through his interpreter, 'does that interesting gesture indicate?'

His hosts hesitated. Finally some ingenious person suggested that it was an ancient British method of signifying profound respect.

Nothing untoward occurred until the Shah's departure from London. The Shah appeared in the window of his private car, smiled at his wellwishers, then, as a final gesture of farewell, thumbed his nose magnificently at the massed gilt and braid and broadcloth that had come to do him royal honor.

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Debts, Reparations, and America

When Will the Day of Reckoning War Claims Come?

ONE thing at least the Paris Reparations Conference will have accomplished. By stimulating further discussion of the whole subject of war debts and reparations, it has brought the world one step nearer to a final liquidation of all unsettled war claims. This is, therefore, an appropriate moment to summarize a few of the outstanding problems that have been more clearly than ever revealed in the course of the past few months.

First of all there are the reparations — that is to say the money claimed by the Allies for damages inflicted by Germany during the War. A large part of all the bickering that has been going on for the past ten years has been devoted to fixing this amount. At first the Allies demanded that Germany should repair all damages; then they tried to make reparations handicap Germany to their own level; later still, when the Dawes Plan was adopted, the measure of reparations was Germany's capacity to pay. And now things have come to such a pass that the Allies are only insisting on enough to pay their debts to the United States, plus a comparatively small amount for reparation of actual damage. Neither France nor Italy has begun to receive from her former enemy enough to pay for the physical damage she suffered during the War, and both countries have even given up claiming such damages.

THE problem of Allied debts to the United States, which ostensibly played no part in the negotiations of the Paris experts, is more clear cut, our loans to Europe representing a fixed amount of money which we have already pared down in a series of accords, some of them still unratified. Since England borrowed more from the United States than the other Allies did, she laid down the principle contained in the Balfour Note whereby she undertakes to collect from her own European debtors only enough to pay her obligations to the United States. So much, then, for the international aspects of debts and reparations. Now let us look at the individual war claims and war aims.

The outstanding aim of France in the World War was to repel the invader and secure herself for all time against the German menace. She suffered more actual depredations than any other Allied country and therefore claimed the lion's share of reparations. To-day she finds herself the strongest power on the Continent, with her lost provinces back in the fold and a series of alliances woven about her as a further guarantee of protection against her disarmed neighbor. She has rebuilt many of her devastated regions at her own expense, yet she is by all odds the most prosperous of the larger European states. Her worries are political rather than economic. Her newspapers are much more alarmed by the possibility that Germany may be playing possum than they are by the fact that France has had to meet many reparation costs out of her own pocket.

THE position of England is more complicated. The posthumous memoirs of Marshal Foch, prepared by Raymond Recouly, contain a rather bitter reference to the fact that England at once secured what she was after in the War when the German Navy and Merchant Marine were swept off the sea and when the German colonies were entrusted to British care. France, on the other hand, failed to win the security for which she had been fighting, since she did not extend her frontier to the Rhine. But England, who at once attained the ends for which she had struggled, soon found herself in the midst of a trade depression and now does not relish paying a large bill for a war whose gains turned out to be disappointing.

Opinions are bound to differ as to the war aims of America, but from a purely practical, if sordid, point of view it can fairly be said that America threw in her lot with the Allies because she had supplied them with so much goods and money that she could not afford to see them lose. The successful outcome of the fighting assured American bankers and manufacturers that they would be taken care of one way or another and the great popular bond issues that helped pay their bills are still selling at handsome prices and yielding regular dividends. In other words, the United States fought Germany to make sure these loans would be paid in full by somebody, and the American position on debts and reparations — at least, as Europe sees it — boils down to how much of the American war loans to the Allies will be paid by American tax payers, how much by Allied tax payers, and how much by German tax payers. Although the Allied countries have long since resigned themselves to shouldering most of the expense for the war damages they suffered, they feel that the least Germany can do is to pay them enough so-called reparations to settle their accounts with the United States.

BUT it is a question of how far they can wisely go. Germany has wiped out her internal war debt by virtual confiscation of government securities, having done what would in this country correspond to paying ten cents on the dollar for all Liberty Bonds. Her assessed wealth has dropped from 157 billion marks in 1913 to 98 billion marks in 1927. Before the War more than 15,000 Germans were worth a million marks or more — now there are only 2,300 mark millionaires. Entirely aside from Germany's interests, the Allies feel it would be unwise to reduce Germany to an utterly abject position. The dangers of social unrest are considerable and the prospects of helping German business expansion are not unattractive, especially to the new breed of international bankers that has grown up since the War.

At present, Germany is paying reparations on the Dawes Plan, which means that a foreigner — Mr. S. Parker Gilbert — supervises the country's finances and sees to it that they are not unduly strained. The Rhineland remains occupied. German statesmanship is now aiming to have the Rhineland evacuated as soon as possible and to achieve a greater measure of financial independence — hence the meeting of the experts in Paris. The Allies, for their part, will insist that Germany keep on paying more than enough to meet their obligations to America — how much more is the only question. As for our own claims to reparations from Germany, they amount to only 2½ per cent of the total sum and include 250 million dollars of private claims and 290 millions for the cost of Rhineland occupation. The former amount is obviously fixed and on the latter we have taken a somewhat stubborn position because the British and French have received 90 per cent of their occupation costs to our 30 per cent. Whatever concession we might make in the matter of reparations would therefore be little more than a gesture, but it would show that in a very small transaction we had been outmanœuvred by Britain and France.

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Tacna–Arica: A Settlement with a Future

The President of the United States, in a New Diplomatic Rôle, Helps Solve the Key Problem of South American Politics on a Basis of Reason Rather than Law

THE Governments of Chile and Peru on May 16th officially accepted the terms proposed by the President of the United States for a settlement of the dispute over the two tiny Pacific seaboard provinces of Tacna and Arica, which Chile had seized from Peru after a war which took place nearly fifty years ago. It is true that these same terms had been agreed upon more than four months earlier, after direct negotiation between President Ibañez of Chile and President Leguía of Peru. But the fact remains that officially it was a proposition offered by the President of the United States which brought about the settlement. It is true, also, that the dispute will not legally be terminated — even in so far as it concerns Chile and Peru — until a treaty embodying the terms accepted by the Governments has been ratified by the Chilean and Peruvian Congresses. But the fact remains that terms which represent a 'reasonable' rather than a 'legal' settlement, and show more signs of practicability than any suggested in the past, are actually to be acted upon by the legislators concerned.

In setting to one side the legalities of the forty-six-year-old Treaty of Ancon, which provided for disposing of the two provinces by plebiscite, and in reaching a settlement which in effect means arbitrarily giving Arica to Chile and Tacna to Peru, the diplomats have gone a long way toward cutting the Gordian knot of South American politics and doing away with insistence upon legal rather than natural rights. The major disputes between South American nations involve boundary questions, and their settlement has been dangerously delayed principally because the nations concerned have insisted upon bitterly defending their 'legal' rights. These, in most cases, have been based upon only the haziest of historical facts, going back to a period when the New Spain was shaking off the yoke of the Old, and the ragged soldiers of Bolivar and San Martin were thinking far more of plunder than of law. It has proved a nearly hopeless task to settle claims made on such a basis; and the Tacna-Arica accord, which abandons outmoded law for modern reason, is an optimistic sign for a future in which common sense may prevail in South American politics.

President Hoover, in acting, 'not as arbitrator, but in the exercise, at the request of both parties, of good offices,' has set a precedent which may determine the policy of the United States toward Latin American disputes for some time to come. It was as arbitrator that President Coolidge spent seven years in fruitless attempts to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute by bringing about the plebiscite provided for in the Treaty of Ancon, by which Tacna and Arica were originally placed in Chilean hands. It was only by abandoning the rôle of arbitrator that President Hoover was able ultimately to assist in bringing about a settlement. Obviously this new procedure of allowing the disputing parties to agree unofficially between themselves upon the terms of a settlement, and then having these terms officially proposed by the President of the United States, has many advantages. It cheats malcontents in the disputing nations of an opportunity to wreck an arbitral settlement by crying on the dogs of nationalism against North American 'pressure.' Instead, it puts them in the position of committing a breach of manners if they oppose the 'suggestion' which the United States makes 'at the request of both parties,' and in the same way makes a protest of the settlement by a third party less likely than if the two disputants alone were concerned. At the same time, it leaves the United States under no obligation whatever if the 'suggested' terms prove to be the cause of war rather than peace. Thus, in the present case, the fact that it is President Hoover who has 'suggested' the terms of the settlement should smooth the new treaty's way through the Peruvian and Chilean Congresses, and should make landlocked Bolivia, which wants either Tacna or Arica as a seaport on the

R. Partridge

THREE WAR SPOTS IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE ACCEPTANCE BY CHILE AND PERU, subject to ratification by their respective Congresses, of a treaty settling their dispute over the possession of Tacna and Arica, opens the way for the settlement of two other pressing boundary disputes: that concerning the Oriente region, between Ecuador and Peru; and that concerning the Gran Chaco, between Bolivia and Paraguay. See smaller maps for details.

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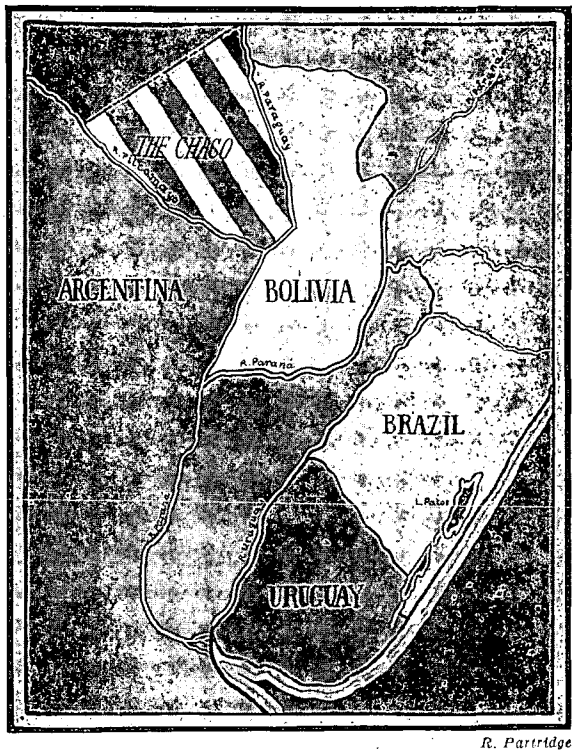
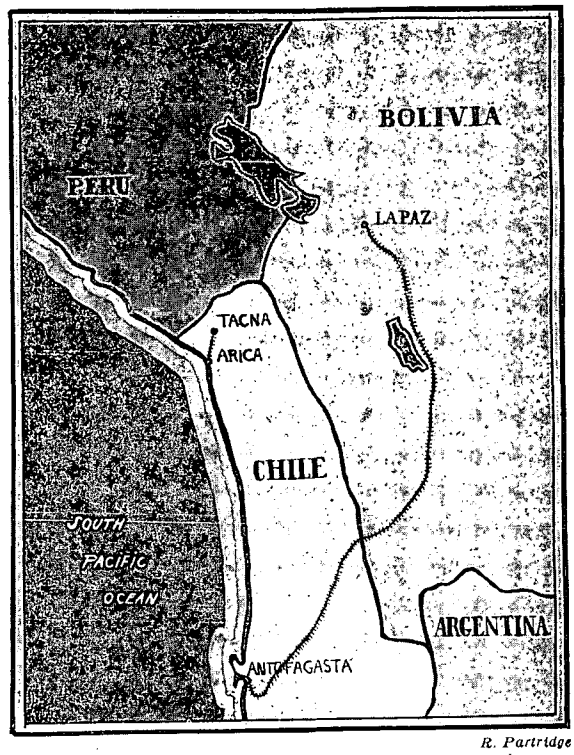


THE GRAN CHACO DISPUTE

BETWEEN BOLIVIA AND PARAGUAY. If land-locked Bolivia is refused freedom of access to the Pacific through Tacna or Arica by Chile and Peru, she must force a passage to the Atlantic at Paraguay's expense. Her method would be to seize the triangular section of the Gran Chaco region between the Paraguay and Pilcomayo Rivers, barred on the map; this would give her a frontage on both rivers, and enable her to ship freely down to Buenos Aires and the sea.

world, and for which President Hoover may well be called upon to 'suggest' the terms of a settlement once again.

One is the Gran Chaco, at present the scene of desultory fighting between Bolivia and Paraguay. This is a triangular region, hot and fertile, whose possession by Paraguay would cut Bolivia off from direct access to the Paraná River. This stream flows into the Atlantic past Buenos Aires, and down it must move all goods shipped from the rich centre of the continent to the sea. If, after the Tacna-Arica settlement is concluded, Bolivia obtains from either Chile or Peru the access to the sea which she requires, presumably she will modify her efforts to break her way to the Atlantic at the expense of Paraguay, and the

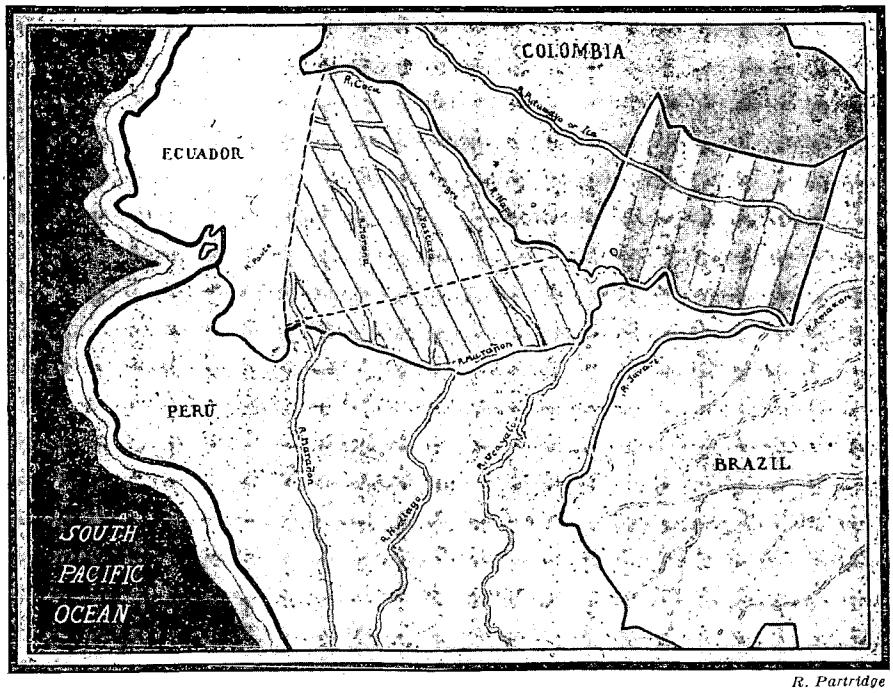


THE TACNA-ARICA DISPUTE

BETWEEN PERU AND CHILE. When Chile defeated Bolivia and Peru in the War of the Pacific fifty years ago, she not only seized Antofagasta, which had been Bolivia's principal outlet to the sea, but retained temporary possession of Tacna and the seaport of Arica. Now, if the treaty proposed by President Hoover is ratified, Chile will get Arica, Peru will get Tacna, and Bolivia will be left no nearer the sea than before.

Pacific, hesitate a moment at least before going to war to prevent the definitive allocation of the one to Chile, and the other to Peru.

Tacna and Arica themselves comprise only nine thousand square miles of unproductive territory, useful only for its seaports, and useful for them principally to Bolivia, a third party which is left out of the settlement entirely. The real importance of the Tacna-Arica settlement, therefore, and its principal interest to Americans, lies not so much in its immediate effect as in its reaction on two dependent and equally dangerous disputes which it must inevitably bring before the eyes of the



THE ORIENTE DISPUTE

BETWEEN ECUADOR AND PERU, which involves more than 100,000 square miles of wonderfully productive territory, largely unexplored. What Ecuador wants is the barred area, called the Oriente, between the Rivers Napo and Marañon, each of which would serve as commerce carriers to the Amazon. If Peru refuses Ecuador's claim, the latter country will be reduced to the narrow seaboard area indicated in white. The second barred area, to the right of the map, is claimed by Ecuador, Colombia, and Peru.

Gran Chaco dispute can be settled peacefully. If, on the other hand, Peru and Chile refuse Bolivia the seaports that she needs, and if the prospect of getting them by force seems unlikely, she will undoubtedly redouble her efforts to reach the Paraná, and the Gran Chaco dispute may become the cause of widespread war.

The second dispute, though little known to Americans, is perhaps the more important of the two. It involves the so-called Oriente region of the upper Amazon valley, an amazingly fertile territory of nearly 100,000 square miles, drained by the magnificent Napo and Pastaza Rivers, which is claimed by both

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Peru and Ecuador. The Peruvian claim is based upon the legal argument that the old viceroyalty of Peru included all the affluents of the Amazon up to the head of navigation of each. The Ecuadorian claim is based upon the practical arguments that this territory comprises nearly half the area of Ecuador; that all Ecuador east of the Andes is worthless unless Ecuador controls the water routes to the Amazon which are the only practical means of shipping goods out of the region; and that Peru, in undisputed possession of the whole southern portion of this rich basin of the upper Amazon, the Montañas region, drained by the Ucayali and the majestic Huallaga, has already more territory than she can possibly settle. By a curious provision in a protocol signed by the two countries in 1924, it was agreed that this dispute should be submitted to the President of the United States for arbitration *immediately after* the settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute.

Thus President Hoover will very probably have two lively disputes forced upon him for arbitration or 'suggested' settlement in the near future — the first because the interests of peace in South America will demand it, the second because the disputants have so agreed. There are many who feel that the best hope for a liquidation of South American disputes lies in a general conference, possibly held under the leadership of Brazil, the least dissatisfied of the South American nations, and of the United States. In such a conference the disputants would lay their claims before the world, and in doing so would necessarily be forced to scrap those claims which heretofore they have never had to expose to the pitiless criticism of public opinion. Whether the final settlement will come in this way, or by arbitration, or by some such process as Mr. Hoover's 'suggested' settlements, the Tacna-Arica agreement has nevertheless convinced the diplomats that common sense and not legal claims must rule if disputes which stretch back to the days of Bolivar are to be settled in conformity with the requirements of a modern world.

The League Council on Tour

Does the League Session in Madrid Set Any Final Precedent?

THE Council of the League of Nations has just held its fifty-fifth session in Madrid, against the background of the Spanish dictatorship. This change from the Geneva headquarters opens up interesting possibilities of a Council future in which these conferences may go beyond the confines of the Old World itself.

Of course there is nothing revolutionary in the Council holding an occasional session outside the city of John Calvin. Its early meetings were a roster of European capitals, with watering places thrown in now and then for local color.

AFTER all, there is more than a difference in miles between Geneva and Madrid. The whole setting of the Council sessions is transformed. The Swiss tradition of freedom, jealously preserved by a liberty-loving people, even where League privileges are concerned, finds no counterpart south of the Pyrenees.

The present move, therefore, represents a significant combination of circumstances. In the first place, we must remember that Spain, bitterly disappointed in the rejection of her claims to a permanent seat on the Council at the time Germany joined the League, has returned to active membership. Then again, two world fairs have been launched to symbolize the New Spain which is making a fresh bid for place and power as the spokesman of the Spanish-speaking world. Thus the League meeting presents an unrivaled opportunity for Geneva to pay a tribute to Spain's spirit of conciliation, to hallmark, as it were, Primo de Rivera's none-too-secure régime, and to give Madrid publicity which no high-pressure propaganda could provide.

BUT the political strategy of a gesture from Geneva to the capital of the Spanish-speaking world has not been without its difficulties. Public opinion is the very lifeblood of the League of Nations. Indeed, the Council has been spending a great deal of its time recently in working over projects which seek to improve transportation to Geneva, telegraphic and wireless communication with the world at large, and the working conditions of journalists. The result is that the Swiss headquarters are rapidly developing facilities which bear vitally upon the growth of international understanding. These cannot be transplanted overnight to a capital on the fringe of the world's news centres.

Probably much more important, however, is the attitude of the Spanish Government toward the representatives of the world Press. Spain has existed for a decade under censorship which has widely affected her position in world news. The dictatorship, which had to control the news in self-defense, found itself engaged in a bitter vendetta with international press agencies. Though Madrid has provided the fullest technical facilities for the transmission of news, there has been grave fear of censorship on the part of newspapermen.

THE Council agenda promised plenty of news. Of great importance to the United States was the Root formula which may make possible American entry into the World Court. The Council likewise had the opportunity to pursue further the effects of the Gibson declaration on naval disarmament. From the European point of view, the minority question presented the most delicate political problem — particularly as the committee of three appointed at the April meeting to go into the matter rejected the major German demands for the improvement of the lot of some thirty or forty millions of people who do not 'fit' into the post-War boundaries. Then there were such routine matters as the approval of changes in the Statute, or organic law, of the World Court; the convocation of a conference on the codification of international law; and the appointment of a committee to follow up the recommendations which have been made with regard to the double taxation of international business.

THE educational value of having the Council meet in various countries has been stressed by friends of the League who desire to see meetings in the New World. When the question came up some years ago Sir Austen Chamberlain and others concurred in the hope that the Council might meet in the Americas and even in Asia. While Latin America has been a persistent bidder for the honor, Canada more recently has been advanced as the logical spot for the experiment. The proximity of Ottawa to the United States plays no small part in these calculations, and if the most important power outside of the League of Nations were to get a 'close-up' of Geneva activity it might prove the turning point in American policy.

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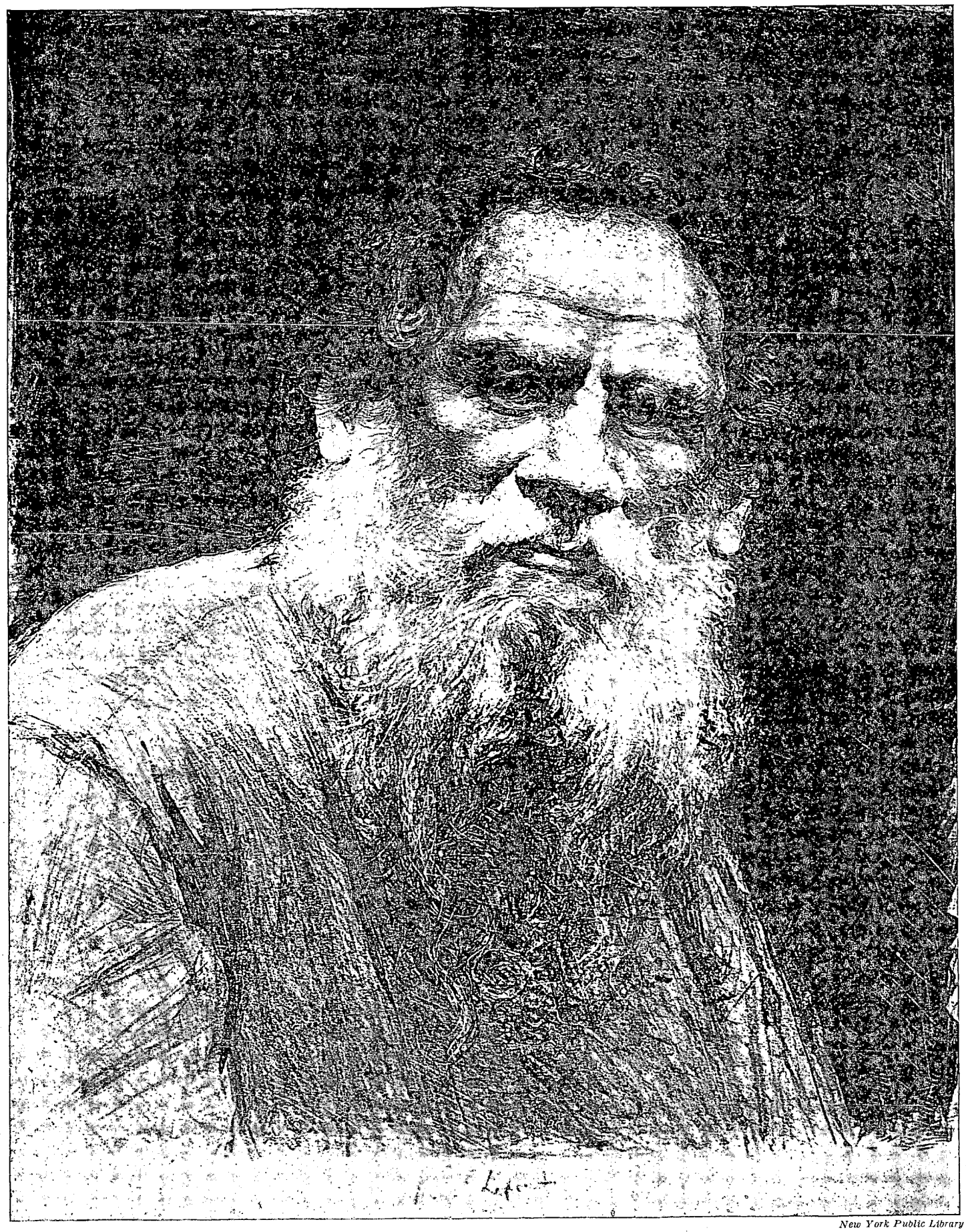

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Conversations with Gerhart Hauptmann

The Grand Old Man of German Literature Talks of Life and Letters and His Mountain Home, and Gives His Opinion of Tolstoi

By Joseph Chapiro

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna National Liberal Daily

I HAVE come again to Agnetendorf and I am once more near Gerhart Hauptmann, with whom I go walking for hours every morning regardless of rain and wind. I rummage through his manuscripts and sometimes turn up one that is still unpublished. Hauptmann reads to me from it. Suddenly he stumbles on a word that awakens memories in him. He puts his spectacles down on the manuscript and talks for a moment of men, of books, of events. Then he resumes his reading. For the time being there are no other guests in Wiesenstein and I can give him my undisturbed attention, question him, and study his character. One evening I discovered a manuscript written in 1918, an extraordinary manuscript of seventy-three pages. Someone had headed it, 'A Characterization of Jehovah,' and, further on, Hauptmann himself had added, 'Even if this manuscript were written only to be burned, I had to produce it.' I handed it over to Hauptmann. He began to read aloud from it, and the reading took three full evenings. During this time a friend from Berlin arrived, and we took turns reading the manuscript. Hauptmann interrupted us and criticized as if he were a complete outsider. But he was still in agreement with everything he had written, and even added arguments. I reminded him that we had already had many discussions about the Bible, that this theme constituted a large part of my book about him. This manuscript, however, represented the shortest and at the same time the most persuasive criticism of the Old Testament that I know. Attempts have often been made — by Voltaire, for instance — to direct brief criticisms against the Bible. But these criticisms were fragmentary; and, since they had to do with only a few points in the Old Testament, they serve primarily as witticisms, showing little unity of treatment and no guiding thought. But Hauptmann began with the first sentence of the Bible, concerning the creation of the world, and ended with *Job*, binding all the episodes together and emphasizing all contradictions until his observations yielded a significant characterization of Jehovah which did not prove very flattering. While we were talking about it, various names were mentioned, among them that of Tolstoi; but we had no time to linger over names and continued the reading of the newly found manuscript until late in the evening.

Next morning I went out to walk with Hauptmann. The paths were damp and the landscape had a look of autumn. We hardly met a human being on the long paths through the wood, but this only made us more intent on talking about human beings. Over the mountains a veil of mist threw an ever deepening shadow. Often Hauptmann stood still and looked at the mountain range, trying to discover in the fog a certain spot, a hut or a little hill, that he knew must be there.

While he stood and looked at the barrier of mountains he began to speak. In this valley the larger part of his life had been spent. Every tree had a voice for him. Every path in this countryside was bound up for him with some experience. He remained silent for a moment and then, as we began to walk on, he said: —

'This place is no longer a mere geographical conception in my mind. It has become a living thing, expressing itself in a voice that is modulated to suit my memories. Sometimes this rocky immensity whispers to me. Sometimes it thunders, then suddenly becomes silent and contemplates me reproachfully. I often have this experience with monuments, with dwelling places, with places where people have been born or have died. I was recently in Nürnberg for the four-hundredth anniversary of Dürer and, as I sauntered about there on the rough cobbles of the streets, and stood in the square in front of Dürer's house, I was deeply moved. I saw before me the ancient city of Dürer. I could almost hear his heavy tread as it echoed in the darkness of night. I had the sensation whenever I took a step that I was treading on someone's foot, that I was crushing something that was alive. The same thing happened to me not long ago in Schiller's native city. His house stands opposite a fountain, where the passionate child must certainly have played every day. I laid my hand on the old stone of this fountain as if I could still feel Schiller's skin and the warmth of his boyish hand. I had the same experience in the ancient theatre of Verona; in the Roman Coliseum; among the ruins of the Parthenon at Athens; and when I traveled about the Mediterranean, where, thousands of years ago, the greatest carriers of culture and the greatest destroyers of culture crossed each other's paths and left that azure sea alive with ineradicable memories.

'There are stones centuries old which, if we look at them properly, become no longer matter only, but spirit as well. If we could understand stone as spirit rather than as mere stone, it would make the past — no, the pasts, for there are many of them — vividly alive. The pyramids and sphinxes of Egypt, the statues and temples of Greece, the theatres and palaces of Rome, the Gothic cathedrals and the wonderful plastic art of the Middle Ages cause us to wonder at their incredible technique and the incomparable artistic sense of those times — then all at once those things begin to seem unimportant, the form evaporates, and we perceive only the spirit behind it which speaks, which suggests, and which peoples and animates empty places. Even in museums, where stones have been gathered from every part of the world and from every age, and have thus been torn from their original atmosphere, tools, hammers, knives, and spear heads reveal something of their spirit. The stone of which they are made becomes an abstraction, and they appear to us as pure spirit, with its compelling power of suggestion.

FOUR days ago I returned to Agnetendorf. Each time that I come back after a long absence and awaken during the night, it is difficult for me to get to sleep again at once, for the atmosphere of this house oppresses me. Not only do the pictures, the coins, the old books, and other works of art seem to reproach me for abandoning them, and for removing them from human eyes for so long a time, even though they are not yet worthless and dead, but the whole room begins to murmur. The past appears before me, calling me to account and

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requiring me to defend myself. And even these stones that I laid myself, that I put one upon another to make this house, have words for whoever will listen. A whole epoch of human life sleeps in them, subject to the summons of the invisible magician within ourselves. Coming across a package of letters is enough to give tongues to walls. Here, surrounded by silence, I hear, feel, and experience more than I do anywhere else in the world. The springs of silence gush forth. Their mute, ever-rising flood within these walls of stone makes of me a spiritual essence, which I am not ordinarily. I consider it partly a matter of destiny that I live in this house, where every bit of furniture possesses its particular mode of speech.

'Of course, thirty years are a negligible period of time in comparison with the millions of years whose silence broods over the ancient granite of this mountain range, but even that short time contains the silence and the speech of eternity. Here, my little forest home speaks to me about myself as if there were nothing else in the whole world. When I return to this house after a long absence, I suddenly realize that it is myself to which I have returned, and that I have been living in exile from myself. A man either has his own world or none, and, when he has one, he must give it attention and preserve it, since it is perishable. It would be vain to say this to-day to most men. Most people flee from their own world because it is too serious, too true, and too solitary for them. There are, however, a few men who have such an insuppressible yearning to know themselves that even in the last late hours of their lives they abandon everything and everyone to find themselves and to return into their own world.'

WE STOOD still for a moment. The rain was falling steadily, but we did not hear it. We proceeded on our way — Hauptmann walking at his usual deliberate pace, so that I had the feeling that I was continually overtaking him. A peasant's cart passed us on the road. The occupants greeted us. We remained for a short time on the edge of the road and when we were alone again I asked Hauptmann: —

'Whom did you mean when you spoke of a few chosen spirits whose search for themselves made them forsake everything and everyone in the last hours of their lifes? In your own work I have found almost no such cases, for most of your heroes consider their escape as an escape into death. I could imagine death to be a release from the world and from insufferable human companions, and at the same time as a release from one's self — as complete oblivion. Were you thinking of concrete cases which, if they were not taken from life, at least exist in history?'

'No, dear friend, my observations have no relation to my work. Generally speaking, I draw very little upon my work when I talk about anything. A writer should never cite his characters as examples to prove a point — that would be an acknowledgment of mental impoverishment, an admission that he is not capable of looking at life over the heads of his creations and of considering it as life, rather than as written and printed poetry. I write because I can do nothing else. Whether it is good or bad is the affair of the critics, who do not interest me at all. To compose is to create, and the urge to create is a natural urge that is stamped on each of us to greater or less degree. Have you ever wondered why people who have not the slightest artistic talent often, without conscious thought, while in pursuit of some idea draw something automatically with a pencil or pen? If you examine these so-called drawings you will notice that, although they may appear to be nonsense, they are intimately bound up with an idea, even if this idea is an abstract one. I have experienced and seen much in my life, and a great deal of it hovers before my mind in forms which I am driven to capture in words. Therefore these forms are taken from life and reflect life and conflict, and are not exceptional cases even if they appear to be so. The development of exceptional cases would perhaps be feasible in a novel, but not on the stage; certainly not in painting, but conceivably in sculpture. If you wish to have an example of how a person must preserve his own world and struggle for its maintenance and improvement I shall give you as an illustration an almost contemporary figure — Tolstoi.'

I WISHED to talk to you about Tolstoi,' said I, interrupting Hauptmann. 'You told me once, I think it was six years ago, your impressions of Tolstoi. You said that whoever was ignorant of Tolstoi's existence during his life learned of him at his death, and whoever did not then realize his significance would perceive it unmistakably twenty years later, since, as you thought, Tolstoi would leave no mind or soul untouched by his influence. In two years that period of twenty years will have passed. We are celebrating his hundredth birthday. Have you, by chance, reread his works in the interval? Do you reflect often on the fate of this man? Have you been particularly interested in the spread of his ideas since the War? Have you given any thought recently to his individuality, to his life, to all the material about him that has appeared in the last few years and that illuminates his life and his surroundings with a clear light, even though much is still inexplicable and will probably always remain obscure?'

'No,' answered Hauptmann hesitatingly. 'No, I have not really kept track of what has been published about him in recent years. Besides, I do not believe that much has been translated, with the exception of his letters. It is not possible for me, as it is for you, to get everything at its original source and, if I could, I am not sure that it would interest me. Tolstoi is so great that one does not have to be able to read Russian to realize his greatness. I think I know him; I think I understand how great he is. Perhaps this Tolstoi that I know is a Tolstoi of my own creation; perhaps he represents the most amazing elements of an extraordinary personality which everyone idealizes or modifies in his own mind. But I will admit that Tolstoi often occupies my thoughts — not only his writing, not only his ideas, but also his being and his destiny. Yes, above all his destiny.

I USED to regard Tolstoi as a modern Savonarola, a timid Luther, a destroyer of customs, an insurgent. Now, after he left his home to die in a peasant's hut, I see him in the guise of a wanderer, a pilgrim who moves down an endless path in order finally to find himself, to penetrate into his own world. However impressive his goodness and his solicitude for humanity may have been, his yearning for himself — that self which threatened to become lost in never-ending family friction and in the contradictions of his environment — was greater and perhaps more lovely. All religions are based on altruism; but, in spite of this, all religions advocate solitude, reversion to one's self, absorption in one's own nature. Buddhism and the religion of Islam, Christianity and Judaism are all agreed on one point: an individual must possess his own world, must find himself, must constantly discover afresh the way to himself, whether he be guided to that end by spending forty days in the desert every year as Mohammed recommended, or by gazing fixedly at his navel for hours every day. In the case of Tolstoi this struggle toward himself took an unusual course, in which he showed an amazing persistence and tenacity. Tolstoi always existed in the midst of an idea. That is, he treated the impossible

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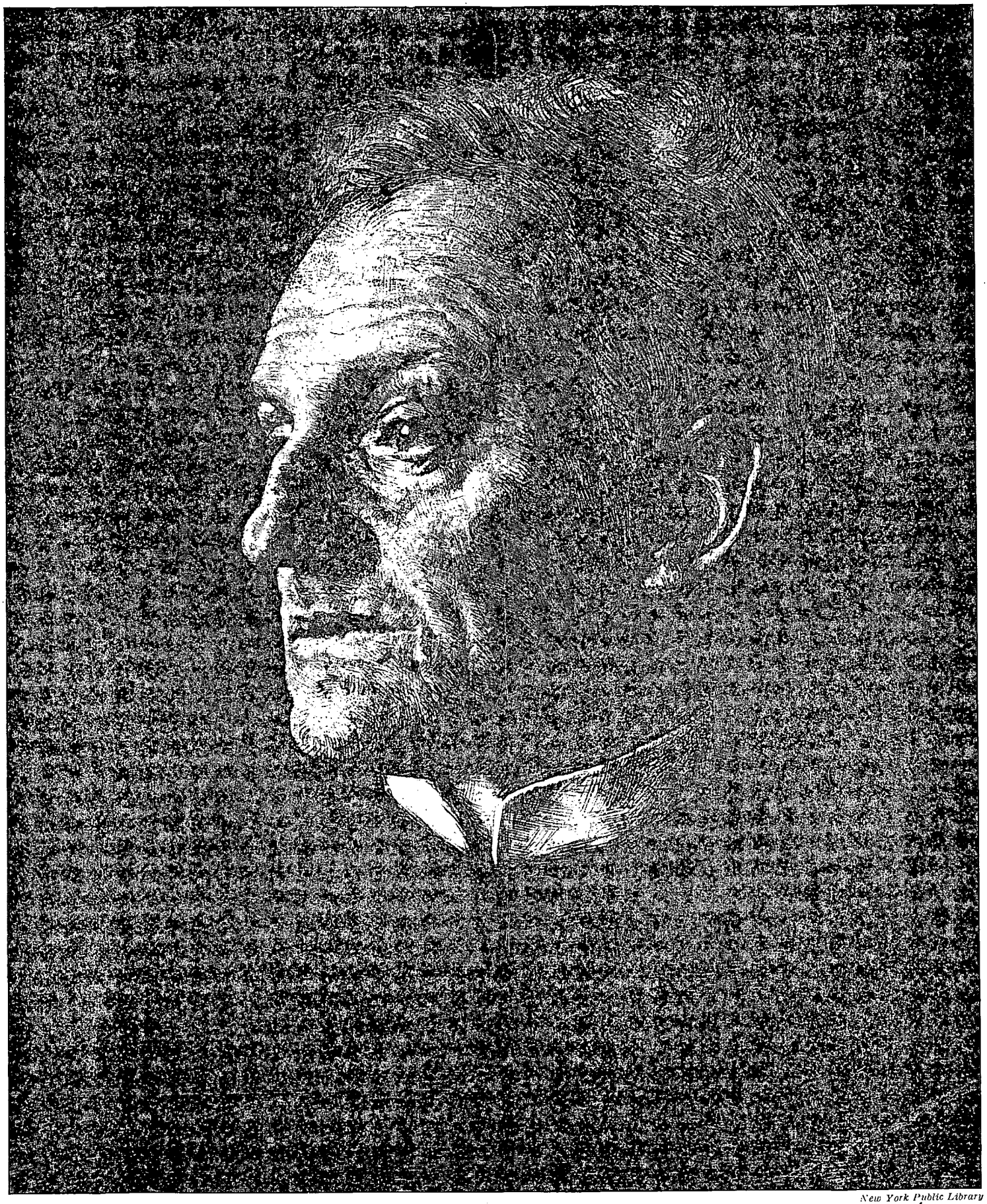

New York Public Library

GERHART HAUPTMANN IN MIDDLE LIFE

FROM AN ETCHING BY HERMAN STRUCK

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Wide World

GERHART HAUPTMANN

A PHOTOGRAPH showing the famous German literary man as he is to-day, with a flowing shock of white hair.

as if it were possible. He had the character necessary to permit him to merge himself completely with the idea, thus making himself able to ignore the contradictions within his own household, or at least to remain undisturbed by them in carrying his life-work to its fulfillment. For, as a German poet has magnificently said, it is only when character and idea coincide that results are produced which have the power to amaze the world for thousands of years. It is only this combination that makes men great. Many, many people have ideas and talent, but character is a genuine rarity, even when it manifests itself fully only once in a man's lifetime. Tolstoi's flight, and his death, made of the great writer a great man — a miracle which has its proper place in world history. Observe how all the attacks on Tolstoi which appeared to be bitter truths during his lifetime seem negligible to-day, in view of such a remarkable combination of ideas and character! I have heard people repeat indignantly that he insisted on his linen being perfumed with Parma violets; that, although he was a vegetarian, his table was exceptionally fine; that he was an epicurean and spent hours on a dunghill so that he could inhale more deeply the fragrance of the tea roses in his garden and appreciate them more profoundly.

'Who now takes these things seriously, when the name of Tolstoi is brought up? In this life one's struggle is toward something vast, and one does not notice the small paradoxes in one's daily existence, although those who surround one may see these paradoxes through a magnifying glass. We form societies for the protection of animals, we pity the flower that withers without water or the horse that falls in the street — and, when we eat meat, we forget completely the tortures the animal had to undergo before it reached the table. These are inconsistencies which are matters of training and habit, against which it is far more difficult to fight than against a principle or an idea. Human consciousness is like a man who is bound; he loosens his ropes at the point where they irk him most, and thereby causes them to cut more grievously into another part of his flesh. A man who falls into inconsistencies in his struggle to find himself resembles a person who has debts that he wishes to cover. He takes money from one place in order to stop up a gap, and succeeds in forming a similar gap in the place from which he took the money.

'A just discharge of debts involves payment from abundance rather than from an indispensable minimum — a sweeping settlement. Then one realizes the unimportance of each individual debt and affliction.'

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Persons and Personages

Trotski in Constantinople — The Richest Man in Europe — A World-Known Swedish Explorer — Hungary's Regent

With Trotski in Constantinople

(S. Saenger in the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague)

One of those inexplicable decisions that we mortals commonly attribute to our own inspirations caused me to set forth suddenly to Constantinople. Who would not have greeted as an undeserved and gracious gift from heaven this opportunity to see the paradise of the Bosporus in the first days of spring? But whatever scenic value this trip to the Near East might possess was as nothing compared with the experience of several contacts with the historic and proletarian personality of Lev Trotski.

To escape the importunate and sometimes unfriendly curiosity of the inhabitants he has withdrawn himself to a remote, almost rural part of Pera, the large settlement on the European shore of the Bosporus. There he lives in a modest but clean lodging on the first floor of a little stone house like the narrow single-family houses of the Belgian or Dutch middle classes. His stay in the Hotel Tokatlian, the great caravansary which is surrounded by the deafening tumult of Pera Street, must have meant inconceivable torture to the hero of the Russian Revolution, for he was prevented from moving freely and from making any attempt to be alone and even from breathing naturally. Yet people who succeeded in breaking through the police cordon which had been formed around the exiled man agree unanimously that he maintained an inflexible tranquillity and courtesy in these oppressive and harassing surroundings and that throughout the whole affair he has not shown the least trace of nervous irritation.

When I met him out there in Bomonti he appeared to be in good health. As he came up to me with a bearing that was friendly but reserved, free from all tendency to dramatic pose and with the unaffected assurance of a firm personality, he looked like a scholar or a research worker who is immersed in his own world of ideas and who has little relationship to the volcanic agitation of this changing life. We sat down and slowly began to converse. First impressions of this man, who has interposed a powerful hand in the fate of a great people and of all civilized human society, were unique and vivid. Trotski is of respectable medium height, broad-shouldered, and quite stockily built; his firmly arched chest bears witness to the normal reserve strength of a fundamentally healthy and sound body. But it is his forehead, eyes, and hands that stamp the man most emphatically. His eyes are gray-blue with large round pupils. They are rather dull when he is listening and look as if they had been exhausted by a great deal of reading, but even in his characteristic neutral and dispassionate pose one can discover no trace of malice or deceit. Then suddenly the conversation becomes animated. His eyes gleam with wit, determination, and irony while the listeners prick up their ears, listen attentively, and think to themselves: 'What a tremendous effect the words of this man must have, either on a single listener or on the masses, when they convey his logical, subtle thoughts in the fluent Russian mother tongue.'

Trotski speaks excellent German, but with a slight South Russian accent. He is hindered now and then in speech by a hesitancy that is unavoidable if one searches for exact shades of meaning. His words sound full of conviction but they are neither challenging nor dogmatic, even when he is assigning blame or expressing contempt. Although our conversation subsequently extended over many topics, some of them controversial, I was unable to detect even the faintest trace of

Simplicissimus, Munich

Trotski Goes into Exile

The once worshiped popular leader of Soviet Russia is condemned to exile by his former associates.

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resentment or ill will. And often the gravity of his countenance becomes illuminated and changes to a friendly smile that impresses you with his amiability and charm. But from his eyes, which must have revealed often enough the intransigent hardness of the man of action struggling amid dangers, and from that full mouth which has let fall sharp arrows of fatal condemnation and command involving the death of men, your gaze is drawn again and again to his forehead rising broad and high, framed by a thick crown of stiff gray-black hair. On the temples of this wonderfully modeled forehead lies the shadow of concentrated thought and will power. In amazing contrast to this expression of unusual energy, his hands are soft, and he uses them sparingly in illustrative gestures.

It is a genuine pleasure to hear this man engaging in conversation that often assumes dialectical form, because when he talks his whole personality manifests itself in a surprisingly conciliatory manner. Trotski's powers of speech must be extraordinary when he speaks Russian. In 1923, while Lenin was still alive, Lunacharski, who has since become one of Trotski's opponents, called him the greatest orator of his time. His writing shows that his fluency is not merely decorative or theatrical like that of Briand. Trotski's literary style is fashioned from convictions that have their origin in the world of ideas and that are the creation of a revolutionist's will power.

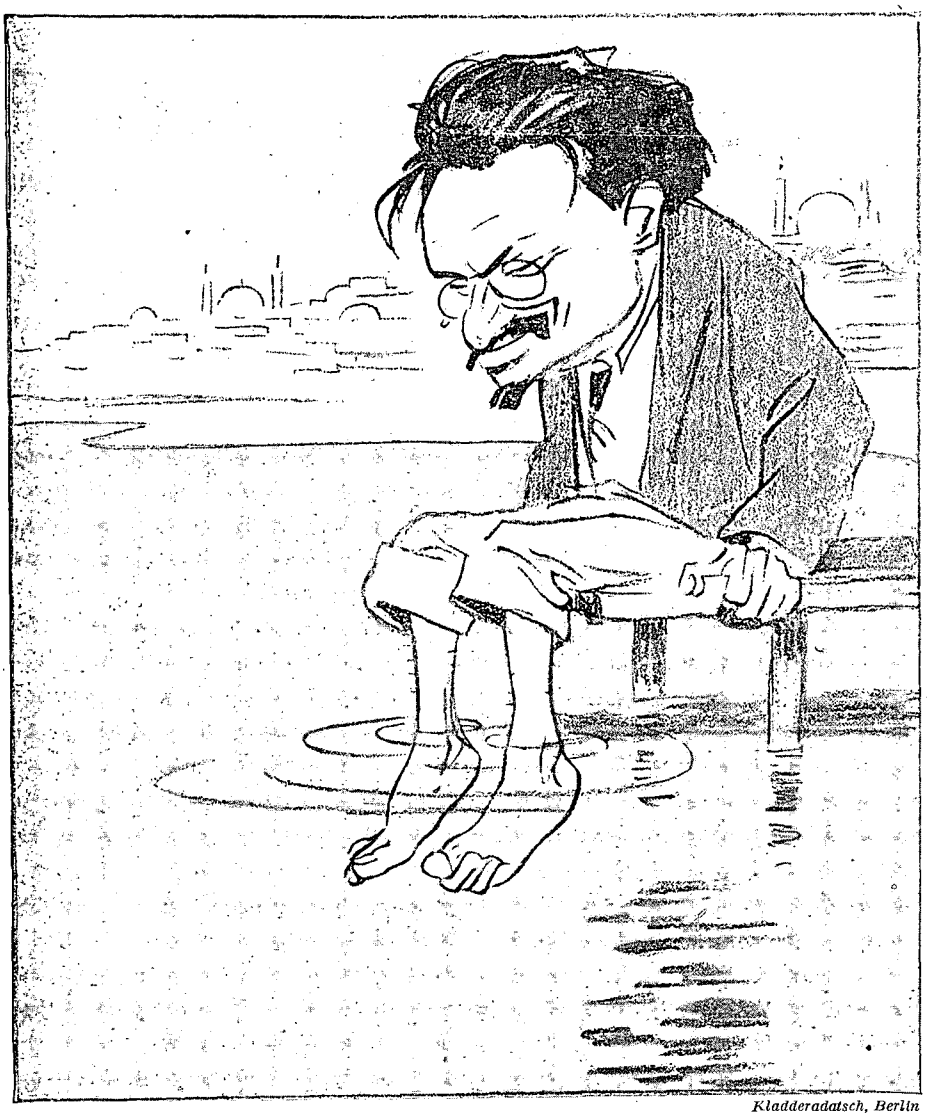
Trotski assiduously avoids discussing Russian affairs or his enemies in the Kremlin in detail. Naturally one senses his belief that he alone possesses the true touchstone. His admiration and veneraton for Lenin are sincere and affectionate. Trotski feels that Lenin's great power lay in the fact that he never failed to take into account the concrete foundations of the evolution of society. In this connection he has coined the significant phrase: 'The truth is always concrete.' From this conception Trotski deduces Lenin's feeling and his own for a naturalistically determined tendency in the evolutionary process. He reproaches his opponents theoretically but decisively because they consider that it is possible to maintain an isolated national socialistic state in the midst of capitalistic surroundings, in spite of the fact that to-day there are no political boundaries to the economic capacity for production. It was unnecessary for him to indulge in personal abuse, for his lips curled in a way that revealed his thoughts.

At that time, he was counting on the refusal of the German Government to give him permission to enter Germany, although the tidings had not yet been officially communicated to him. He spoke about it without bitterness and called it an extremely interesting political symptom. The main motive for this refusal seemed to him to lie in the consideration regarding foreign policy that Stresemann believed himself obliged to weigh. Strangely enough, Trotski did not hold the government at Moscow responsible in this connection, but Chamberlain. Probably there was a trace of mischief in his motivation to that belief.

Trotski does not trust the capacity of the bourgeois capitalistic states to reach over the Chinese walls of their particularism and nationalism in order to unite in the establishment of a closely organized world economic order. When I traced a picture of the economic oppositions among European 'parlor economists' and referred to the reparations negotiations, he grinned comfortably and looked on all this as corroboration of his fundamental beliefs. For America, he predicted a great economic crisis and drew from that fearsome warnings against any further development of capitalism.

The conversation touched on many other matters which cannot be discussed here. Although I do not count myself one of Trotski's comrades in belief and in spite of the fact that from premises similar to his I often draw different conclusions, I must admit that I have almost never participated in such a stimulating and fruitful exchange of ideas.

The voluminous and carefully planned memoirs that he is writing in the leisure time that his exile affords him (an exile which Trotski considers an intermission of indefinite duration in his life) hold promise of being a human and historic document of the highest rank.



Kladderadatsch, Berlin

TROTSKI GOES WADING IN THE GOLDEN HORN

HAVING BEEN refused admission to Germany, where he was to have taken a 'cure' at Wiesbaden, the former Communist leader is reduced to the waters of the Bosporus.

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Sir Basil Zaharoff

(Ernst Decsey in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna)

THE first time his name came to the fore was in the English House of Commons after the War when Walter Guinness suspiciously asked who was responsible for England's policy in the Near East. Were things really being run by Lloyd George, or were they being directed by a mysterious individual who was Greek, English, and French, all at the same time, who controlled half the munition factories in Europe, and whose name was Sir Basil Zaharoff?

Lloyd George said nothing, but from behind the desk at which he was presiding came a voice saying, 'I have not laid eyes on Mr. Lloyd George since early in 1919 and have never had any understanding with him.' The English newspapers printed this barefaced lie, which was the first and last public utterance of Sir Basil Zaharoff. No one believed him, for they all knew that this financier, whom England had knighted and on whom France had bequeathed the Legion of Honor, had been instrumental in making Greece a base of operations for the Allies during the War. This effort had cost him fifty million francs of his own money, but there was no concrete evidence as to how much the Allies were really in his debt or how decisive a part he had played in winning the War, for Sir Basil Zaharoff likes to work behind the scenes. And now he is sitting in a wheel chair, gray-haired, old, and embittered, beneath the azure skies of Monaco.

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF was the son of Greek parents and his name was originally Basileios Zacharias. He was born on the sixth of October, 1849, in the little Anatolian town of Mughla in Asia Minor. His family had been driven out of Constantinople during a massacre of Greeks and the name, Zacharias, had been Russified to Zaharoff. Later, however, they returned to Tatavla, the Greek colony of Constantinople.

Little Basileios soon gave evidences of his future greatness. He changed money, served as a guide to foreigners, and was finally sent to an English school by a rich landowner named Iphestidi. In the hotel where he worked he learned every language in the world and with the Levantine gift for turning all speech into money, he began to make his way in Constantinople. But Constantinople was only a beginning.

One day while young Zaharoff was standing in front of the bank at Galata, he witnessed a massacre of Greeks, and from that moment his mind was obsessed with the idea of freeing Greece and making it a great country. Meanwhile, he had the good fortune to be befriended by a relative of his mother's named Sevastopulos, who took him into business. For the first time in his life, he got some idea of orderly bookkeeping and the systematic handling of money. Although the methods were hardly those of Lombard Street, they served as a useful school to this young Levantine businessman.

TWO years later, young Zaharoff executed a daring stroke that caused a warrant to be issued for his arrest and that obliged him to flee to London. His uncle, for whom he had been working, pursued him and had him seized. His deliverance was fantastic. The morning of the trial was so cold that Zaharoff wore an old overcoat in the chilly, damp court room. Suddenly he heard a piece of paper rustle in his pocket. He pulled it out and his face lit up. Saved! It was a letter that he thought he had lost. In it his uncle explained that Basileios Zaharoff had the right to take a certain amount of money out of the bank. The English judge was about to award the case to the uncle when Basileios waved his hand and shouted: 'For God's sake do not let him take an oath, for he is about to swear falsely.' The judge paused. Basileios pulled the paper out of his pocket, an interpreter translated it, and there it was, written in black and white, that Sevastopulos had promised his nephew certain rights and a certain amount of money a year. But since the nephew had not been paid, he had simply taken the money out of the bank himself. The uncle staggered back in amazement and the judge set young Basileios free.

A life that began so romantically was bound to continue in the same way. Basileios went from London to Athens, where he was regarded with some suspicion. His only influential friend was Skuludis, who later became a minister. This man recommended young Zaharoff as a commercial genius to the Athenian representative of the English munitions firm of Nordenfeldt when the latter was promoted to another city. On the fourteenth of October, 1877, the firm of Nordenfeldt made Zaharoff its representative in the entire Balkan Peninsula. Zaharoff was quick to see the possibilities of the munition market. Thanks to his gifts of persuasion, he dominated the purchase of arms and munitions during the Russo-Turkish War and with acrobatic skill saw to it that Greece enlarged her army. His first trump card was the submarine which the firm of Nordenfeldt built, and its first customer was his own fatherland, for big nations were timid about experimenting with such novelties.

BUT a second and even bigger trump card followed the submarine. The munitions industry was suddenly shaken to its foundations by the news that an American inventor, Hiram Maxim, had constructed a gun that could shoot a hundred bullets a minute. The firm of Nordenfeldt had just put out a new rapid-fire cannon of its own and the competition of this machine gun looked dangerous. Hiram Maxim was already in Europe exhibiting his invention before various general staffs. How could he be defeated? Only one man could do it and that man was Basil Zaharoff.

Learning that experiments with the Maxim gun were being held at the arsenal in Vienna, Basil arrived just in time to find Hiram Maxim explaining his invention to archdukes and generals. Everyone was fascinated and the Emperor Francis Joseph himself was congratulating the inventor. But the Emperor had not reckoned on Zaharoff.

The next day Hiram Maxim presented himself at the War Office but met with a cool reception. The Emperor had spoken very flatteringly, to be sure, but Nordenfeldt's representative had later explained that this gun was a mere toy and of no use in real warfare. Maxim was amazed. After long haggling, he received a commission for 160 machine guns. But at this point the inventor made his greatest discovery. He saw he had to make the acquaintance of Nordenfeldt's representative. He must get to know this crafty intriguer who could speak every language but knew nothing about the technical aspect of the munition business. It was obvious that men of his type were the real heads of government bureaus, arsenals, munition factories, and armies.

BASIL for his part realized that if the firm of Nordenfeldt could acquire the services of such an inventor they would control the world and the result was that Torsten Vilhelm Nordenfeldt and Hiram S. Maxim pooled their munition businesses. But Zaharoff was no longer a mere representative. He was a director with stock of his own, and, a year later, in 1897, the Maxim Nordenfeldt Guns and Ammunition Company was sold to the English munition firm of Vickers for £1,353,334. Ernest Cassel, the London banker and the friend of Edward VII, financed the deal and Zaharoff's career entered its third phase.

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Now he was master, for Vickers also controlled the Naval Armaments Company and all its docks. Through Vickers one dominated the lives and destinies of millions, for Vickers made everything from small machine guns to huge superdreadnaughts. As soon as one had waged a successful war one bought still more companies and appointed foreign secretaries and members of the nobility to one's board of directors. At this point Zaharoff first saw the fundamental secret of his whole business. The munitions industry meant more than making munitions. It had a wider purpose than that. He said to himself that if the policies of nations were not molded in accordance with his desires, then he must see to it that other policies should be undertaken.

In this way the Great Powers entered a period of military competition in which each nation intentionally overestimated the power of the other in order to spend more money itself. From the Russo-Japanese War, Zaharoff made fabulous millions but his charities during the World War were utterly deceptive and people make a great mistake if they look upon him as a benefactor. All his generosity was merely a smoke screen behind which he increased his profits still more, at least until he tried to finance his life's dream of building Greece into a great power and settling accounts with Turkey.

DURING the War, he spent millions of his private fortune to depose King Constantine from the throne of Greece and to expel German emissaries from the country. After the War, he spent millions more in helping Greece to occupy Smyrna and to embark on military expeditions in Asia Minor. On this occasion, however, he met his first defeat. For once in his life Basil was governed by sentiment instead of by business policy. The Turks under Kemal Pasha annihilated the Greek Army, occupied Smyrna, killed thousands of Greek soldiers on the field of battle, and captured six Greek generals. Sir Basil's youthful dreams of revenge ended in catastrophe. The man who had spent all his life pulling wires behind the scenes was half revealed and light was beginning to penetrate the darkness in which he had lived. He had used England to further his own policy in the Near East and as soon as this fact became known, Lloyd George fell.

No longer can Sir Basil bear to hear people speak of ancient Greek culture. This gray-haired old man in a wheel chair cannot even hear the name of his native land. Every night the words, '*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*,' beat through his tortured brain.

THE mystery man of Europe who ruled Lloyd George, the ruler of England, finally sought refuge in love. This was the only redeeming human feature of his otherwise completely mercenary character. Many years ago in the course of his travels he had made the acquaintance of a noble Spanish lady who became his friend and constant companion. She was called Madame Maria del Pilar Antonia-Angela-Patrocinio-Simona de Muquiro y Beruete, and this lady, whose name is a good deal longer than the name of her admirer, finally became his wife. But she did not marry him until she was sixty-five years old and he, seventy-five. She did not marry him until she had become the widowed Duchesse de Villafranca de los Caballeros, until her husband finally died after years in a lunatic asylum, until she had become the white-haired grandmother of five grandchildren, until Basil's own career had been ruined. She spent her last years with him in the villa that King Leopold of Belgium had built for his morganatic wife, Baroness Vaughan. For over thirty years this strange pair, Maria and Basil, had lived together, and, when they were finally married, the aristocratic Spanish lady, whose name had become Lady Zaharoff, was struck down by the capricious fates and died in the spring of 1926, a year and a half after their marriage.

The widower was a broken man. This mysterious European, whose remarkable activities had won him an English title and the Cross of the French Legion of Honor, this financier of world powers, this greatest of all war profiteers, is fundamentally a pauper. Everything his heart cherished has vanished, both the happiness of his wife and the happiness of his native land. He cannot hear these things spoken of. He will not have them brought to his memory. He sits in a wheel chair in the sun. Sir Basil Zaharoff closes his career by discovering the happiness of Diogenes.

Memories come and go. Money buys everything, but one thing it cannot buy. It cannot set a man free from his memories, it cannot protect a man against fate. And, if it cannot do this, what can it do? Nothing.

SVEN HEDIN

(From the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva daily)

DR. SVEN HEDIN, the great explorer of the deserts of Central Asia, was recently resting from his labors in Berlin. Resting is perhaps not the right word, since, as a matter of fact, he was preparing a fresh expedition. His face was deeply tanned by the Asian sun, and he smiled cheerfully. He seemed a little stiff, a little dried up; his appearance reminded me of the look of eternal beatitude of the lamas of Tibet, and of the profound wisdom of the old men of Mongolia.

Nothing could be more instructive to a European journalist than a prolonged conversation with so interesting a character as Dr. Hedin. He is the legendary hero of a thousand youthful dreams. He is one of the greatest explorers who have ever lived, and one whose life of sacrifice has considerably increased the scientific equipment of the human race. He has passed long years in the deserts of Central Asia, and the many books which he has published in Europe, reporting his travels and his discoveries, form a sort of mysterious background which impels respect and admiration for the man.

'I do not intend to stay long in Berlin,' the Doctor told me. 'I want to get away as fast as I can. I plan to go to Stockholm for a few days, and then go back to Asia. I cannot stand being in Europe for long. I have only been here a few days now, and I am already anxious to get back to the East. It is terrible to see what goes on here. I am depressed by the frightful monotony of the daily struggle for existence, and by the futility of all the effort that is expended in it. I feel out of harmony with all this. Wherever I look, I see only injustice: men are unjust toward each other; nations also are unjust. It is heart-rending. We must hope that the reign of injustice will not last much longer. The main thing, however, is to prevent future war! Europe cannot stand a fresh catastrophe like the last.'

'But the very region from which you have just come,' I interposed, 'has been wracked by war for centuries! What about China, for instance?'

'It may look that way in Europe,' said Dr. Hedin, 'but it is not true. Asia is so incommensurably vast that a war can take place in one part of it without even being felt in the others. As a matter of fact, the age-old wars of which you speak have attracted scarcely any attention among the vast majority of the population of Asia. The continent as a whole is calm, peaceful, quiet. That is why I always feel comfortable there.

FOR instance, I knew Chang Tso-lin well, and he impressed me as a fine, good man. I used to talk with him at great length, and I admit that I am sorry that he was beaten; but I think, nevertheless, that China is better off for his defeat. He was obviously an obstacle to peace. Now that the Southern Army has taken Peking, we must hope that unity, order, and calm will be reëstablished. These upsetting events do the

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country a great deal of harm. China is a nation which deserves to live in peace; I must confess that among the Chinese I have met men whose equal I have not found elsewhere in the world.

'One of the reasons I am now in Europe is to pay a debt of gratitude to one of my old friends, the governor of the province of Sing-kiang. The old general has held his office since 1911, and I actually consider him one of the greatest military geniuses who have ever lived.

'The proof of this is that in Sing-kiang no one ever dreams of breaking the peace. My relations with him were most friendly. As we approached his province, the rumor spread that a strong military expedition was moving forward to conquer the country. One of the members of my caravan was disarmed and imprisoned when he reached the provincial frontier. But when I was able to see the general myself, it was a different matter. He fully understood what we were planning to do; and, indeed, I have never in my life met so intelligent a man as that old military governor of Sing-kiang.

THE old gentleman is a true representative of the beauty of the old Chinese culture. He is a soldier and a despot, but at the same time a wise, well educated man. He keeps a diary in which he notes everything he does and thinks, everything of good or evil that he has accomplished. This diary already consists of some thirty volumes. He asked me to read them — an invitation which I consider the most flattering compliment that he could have paid me. But that is not all. The old tyrant, who is at heart so indulgent, is also a great poet. I will even say that he is one of the greatest poets who have ever lived. But what difference does it make to Paris or London or Berlin if there happens to exist in the province of Sing-kiang an old yellow-skinned general who writes verses which can actually be considered the equals of the finest examples of the poetry of Europe?

'I was his guest for two weeks, and during that time he served us no less than forty-four courses every day. We could not believe our eyes when we saw the delicious dishes that he placed before us — treasures from all the seas of China, strange fruits of the bamboo, and other rare foods without number. And the kind old man refused to accept any excuse for not eating them all. Afterward, he begged me to buy him an automobile in Europe, and I am happy that in this way he gave me the opportunity to return to him the great compliment that he deigned to pay me.'

Dr. Hedin then spoke of his plans for the future.

Keystone

SVEN HEDIN

A FAMOUS SWEDISH EXPLORER, scientist, author, and military man who is shortly coming to visit and lecture in America. M. Hedin was commissioned by the Ex-Kaiser during the War to write a report on the efficiency of the German Army. This report brought him the temporary ill will of the Allied Powers.

'It is not quite true to say that my next trip will be another expedition like those of the past,' he said. 'It will rather be a sort of traveling university. There will be nine faculties, and each of them will have more to do than they would in any university in Europe. My companions and assistants have to work in the midst of danger and privation. Our aim is to increase scientific knowledge concerning Central Asia. We shall probably make no sensational discoveries; we shall content ourselves with careful scientific observation. Included in the party will be geologists, archæologists, meteorologists, mathematicians, and so on, who will work together to plot out a map of the great white desert, which has been known for so many years, but which has never been carefully studied. The results of our efforts will of course be published in Europe. Our expedition will include also motion-picture cameras and operators, together with fifty thousand feet of film. In this way we can show better than we can by words what Central Asia really looks like.

I DO not feel the need or the desire for rest. Traveling is my way of resting. I can't bear staying in one place, and it is an effort for me to do nothing. We keep always on the move. Last Christmas I was ill in the desert. It was twenty-

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four hours before I conquered the liver disturbance from which I suffered; but the most painful thing of all was to be forced to postpone my work for that length of time.'

'But you are no longer young, Doctor,' I interrupted. 'You may be overestimating your strength.'

'Work doesn't bother me. I am used to it, and I don't even think about it. I don't feel well except when I am out there in Asia; I am uncomfortable here. There, I know I am alive; in Europe, I do not live at all!'

Nicholas Horthy

THE chapter in world history called 'Hungary after the World War' might with equal appropriateness be entitled 'Nicholas Horthy.' For Horthy is the man who guided post-War Hungary into a haven of tranquillity and order by consolidating a disorganized country and stabilizing a worthless currency. Since 1920, he has had uninterrupted control of the Government.

Horthy is primarily a soldier, and his military education was admirably adapted to his nature. He is a silent person, but, when he does speak, his words invariably shape themselves into a command. It is part of his genius that these commands have no harsh or intolerant note, but sound almost like ideal wishes in process of fulfillment. This is the specific talent by means of which he has achieved all his successes, both human and professional.

The Hungarians have dubbed Horthy 'the Sailor,' for the uniform he habitually wears is that of an admiral of the former Austro-Hungarian Navy. This uniform has become symbolic to him; it signifies devoted service to his fatherland, service to his former Emperor, and, at present, service to his people. He only doffs his uniform and adopts civilian garb when he seeks recreation in hunting, or when he engages in his favorite sport of polo.

NICHOLAS HORTHY has never lent his ability or the authority of his office to the encouragement of revolution. He feels that his uniform retains the efficacy it had in the days of the Dual Monarchy; he honors it with the same faithfulness that he felt when, at military school, he wore the Emperor's uniform for the first time. And he would consider any illegitimate attempt to usurp power in Hungary a flagrant treachery to this uniform. At present he is keeping the country in order until its king appears, for he is in the service of an unknown ruler, and the Hungary that his efforts have unified remains a monarchy.

Obedience is an essential element of his being, even when there is no one above him to issue orders. His work proceeds exactly as if he were being directed by a superior, whether he is pursuing his official duties in the marvelous castle on the Danube at Budapest or elsewhere. His behavior with the diplomatic corps and with the populace is the same. He rarely laughs. His countenance, like his character, is grave and under firm control. He is friendly, amiable, and of penetrating vision. Some people change noticeably during their lifetime, but Horthy has always retained the same calm character. Possibly his innate obedience and integrity have become intensified, but in any case this stable, well-balanced man has met with affection wherever he has gone.

His rise to established reputation was rapid. He was born in 1868 in Kenderes, in Hungary; he studied at the Reformed College of Debreczen and at the Naval Academy in Fiume. In 1900, he became a naval lieutenant. A year later he married Magdolena de Purgly, the daughter of a wealthy Hungarian farmer of Arad, and her beauty, her intellectual qualities, and her simple nature have contributed to his popularity.

AT THE outbreak of the World War, Horthy was created a commandant by Francis Joseph and attached to the fleet at Fiume. After winning various minor victories, he broke through the Allied blockade with three cruisers and two destroyers on May 15th, 1917, and attacked the Allied fleets in a terrific sea encounter near Otranto. For seven hours he battled five British battleships and eight Italian and French vessels. His flagship, the *Novarra*, was crippled; but Horthy, though wounded himself, stuck to his post and conducted his entire fleet back to its home port. Raised to the rank of Rear Admiral and placed in command of the naval forces of the nation, he retained this post until the end of the War.

Horthy then returned to Kenderes. At this point in his career a man of weaker spirit would undoubtedly have retired to private life, even if he were necessary to his country. But Horthy did not choose to resign and brood upon his memories. He had no desire to take off the imperial uniform that he had defended with affection and honor. He could be seen in his small native town, tranquil, serious, with stern belief in his own strength, watching with suffering heart the devastation of his fatherland. Hungary had torn herself away from Austria. It would have been utterly impossible for Horthy to abandon his country at that juncture, not only because his life had been completely military, but because his courage, discipline, and allegiance to principles of order had fostered the growth of his profound patriotism. And just then everything he believed vital seemed at stake.

In Budapest, the Bolsheviks had planted the red flag on the sacred coronation mound of the kings of Hungary. There was rioting and desolation in the streets, the countryside was being pillaged, and the Rumanians were coming in from the east to press their claims to Hungarian soil. It looked as if no one could bring order out of chaos.

But in southern Hungary, Nicholas Horthy quietly began to form the 'White Army.' Volunteers streamed in from every corner of the land, with confidence in this leader whose name was already a byword. In a few days the army of counter-revolutionists had been formed, and Nicholas Horthy succeeded in an amazingly short time in achieving his most brilliant stroke and freeing the Hungarians from a dreaded enemy. Advancing to Budapest, he distributed his troops to protect the country against the Rumanian invasion, and assumed control of the Government.

That was in 1920. It would then have been possible for Horthy to turn Hungary into a republic, or to seize the throne himself. But it must be remembered that he was an officer, that his life had been thoroughly military, and that his conduct, in his profession as on the polo field, had been precise, upright, and strictly honorable. He had always been so consistently correct that at this crisis he could be nothing else. Standing within reach of the throne of his legitimate rulers, Horthy put forward no claim to it, but became its protector and self-constituted guard.

In the eyes of the public, Horthy now stands at the peak of his career. He is Regent of the Kingdom of Hungary, but calls himself vice-regent or administrator. Far away in the little village of Lequeitio in Spain, Otto, eldest son of Charles IV, the last king of Hungary, is being trained to succeed to the throne. The archdukes in Budapest await the will of the people. But the eminence of his position does not disturb Nicholas Horthy. It is all subordinate to more important matters. His diplomatic ability permits him to maintain a neutral attitude toward the monarchical question. Anxiety over the royal succession is secondary to the practical task of reconstructing a devastated country. He puts his trust in treaties of friendship and commercial alliances with neighboring states, and in building up a sound economic structure for his own.

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Statesmen of France

From the Gambettists to Poincaré, with a Forecast of the Future

By Daniel Halévy

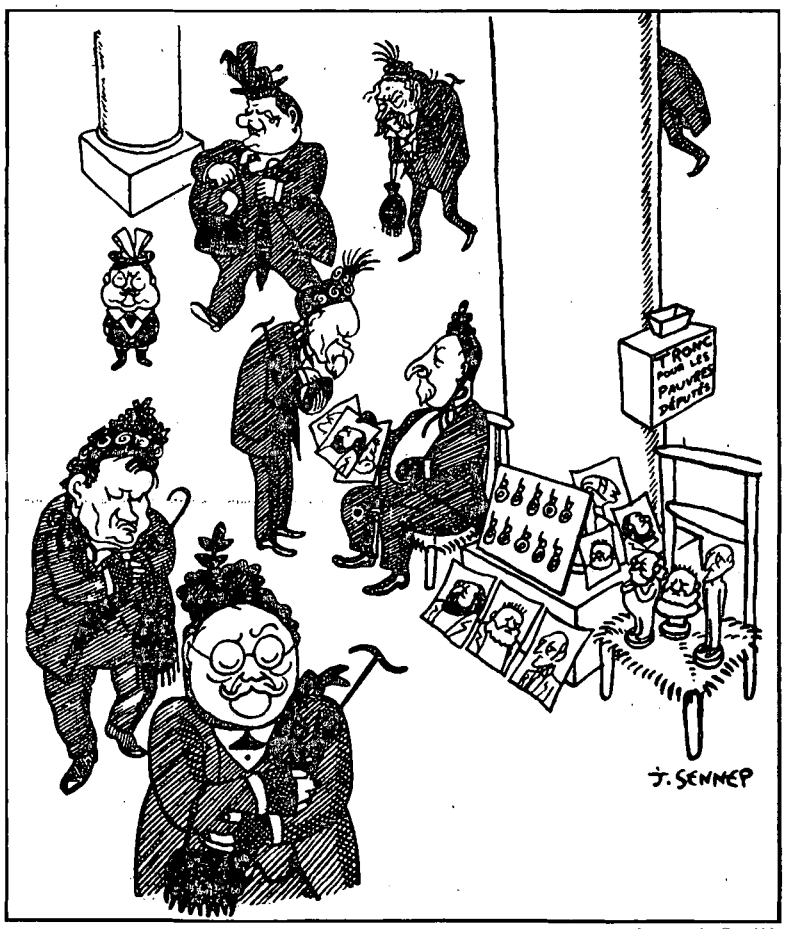
Translated from the *Revue de Genève*, Geneva Political and Economic Monthly

NEARLY two years ago, as I was passing through a village in the Rhône Valley, I saw a placard on the wall of the local auditorium and a large crowd struggling to make its way within. The placard announced a political meeting. It was just before the elections which assured M. Poincaré of continuing in power.

I went into the building. The audience was composed almost entirely of workmen, with a few *petits bourgeois* among them. Some of them were seated, but most of them remained standing. I examined their faces, and discovered standing against the wall, a little retired from the rest, the few notables who were present. They were talking together in low voices, as if they did not feel quite at home in that crowd.

The Valley of the Rhône is to-day almost one hundred per cent Republican. It was almost one hundred per cent Republican in feeling, if not in fact, a hundred years ago. When Napoleon landed in the south and came up like thunder toward Paris through this region, he found his way prepared for him by the secret agents of Freemasonry, which remains to-day the mistress of the Republican régime. 'The Eagle,' said the Emperor magnificently, 'will fly from steeple to steeple . . .' It would have been less magnificent, but more exact, to say of this particular part of the Rhône Valley: 'The Eagle will fly from Lodge to Lodge . . .' For in Grenoble and Lyon it was the Masonic Lodges which did honor to Napoleon as he passed. The valley from that time forward was ready for the Republic, and has since become completely Republican, in the French sense of the word. The lesser people are masters: they run the municipalities; they hold the seats in Parliament. And the notables and the priests are politely shut up in their own houses.

TO RETURN to the meeting. On the platform sat the candidates, in splendid array. I shall not go into their speeches, their arguments. Under cover of fine phrases, more or less well pronounced, all the village intrigues, all the petty ambitions and jealousies could be seen. But one curious thing struck me particularly: the frequency with which the name of President Poincaré appeared in all the speeches, the gravity with which it was pronounced, and the involuntary respect which the mention of the name caused these men to show — Socialists or Radical Socialists, all of them, and all, by instinct, by social position, and by belief, his enemies. Poincaré! The big auditorium, filled with his enemies, rang with his name. And the fact that the crowd accepted his return was clear.



Sennep, in Candide

SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE POOR . . . DEPUTIES

AS THE CABINET MINISTERS pass out, they are requested to drop a coin in the box for the unfortunate members of the Chamber, while M. Barthou, seated, lets each select a souvenir portrait of his particular hero — Gambetta, Jaurès, or Waldeck-Rousseau. Premier Poincaré is about to make his choice, while in the background, reading from left to right, are Painlevé, Herriot, and Briand.

Filled with his enemies, I said. Is that strictly true? Ordinarily an enemy is a person against whom one fights for a right, or for a piece of land. You strike at him and he returns the blow. But the name of Poincaré in the mouths of these people somehow did not sound like the name of an enemy. Just how did it sound? All I can say is that it had a ring which marked it as *different*. Poincaré! Poincaré! As the name was repeated again and again it was clear that there was no feeling of love or hate involved; only the admission, the recognition of power, the respect that power commands, and, together with this respect, a submissiveness which astonished even those who felt it.

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ! An absolutely inexpressive figure, which might have been carved in wood by some clumsy artisan. Speech that carries no magnetism with it. Dryness, coldness incarnate. . . . All this, however, is only a misleading exterior which masks a hidden passion and a hidden fire. President Poincaré's passion is for the State, and for the State alone. His power lies in the marvelous intuition which he brings to affairs of state, and in the steady pressure of his will.

There is something mysterious about

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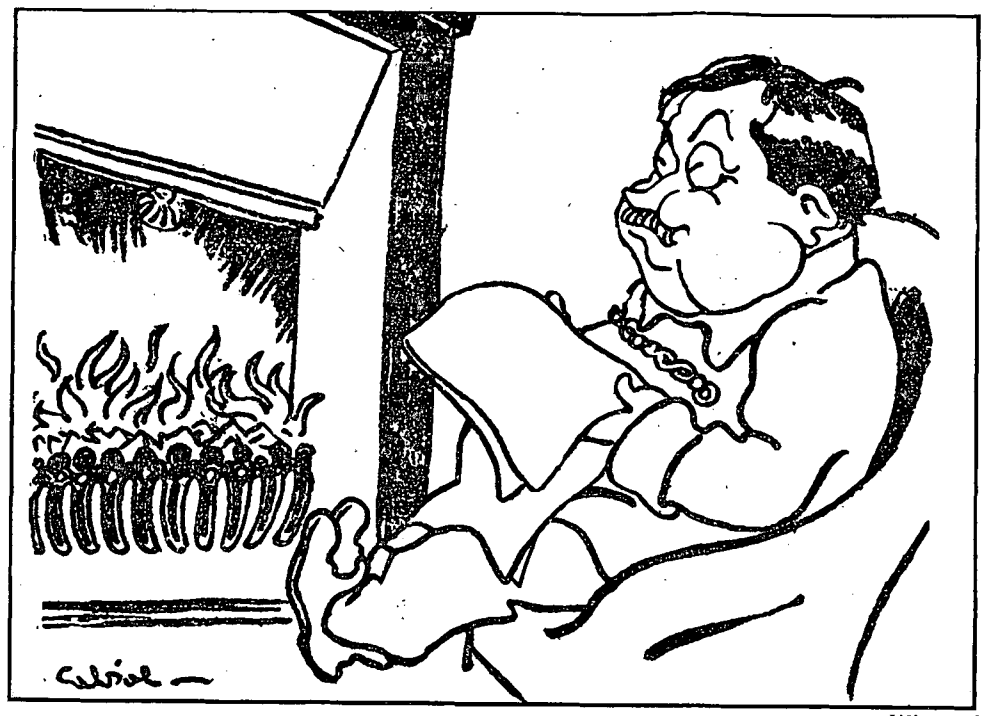

L'Humanité

MINISTERIAL EASE

PAINLEVÉ: 'Thirty soldiers frozen to death? Come, come, it can't be possible!' (A Communist jibe at the French Minister of War for alleged neglect of privates in the Army.)

the statesman. It is because the people sense this mystery that they are impressed and submissive. What is a statesman? He has as much individuality as a musician, a painter, or a poet; but he is far more rare. There are plenty of political bosses and political orators. They are men with a talent for speaking to others. They play upon the feelings of their listeners, express those feelings and exalt them; but their aim is to exalt alone, rather than to lead. The statesman does not need to talk to others; their physical presence is unnecessary to him. Richelieu lived very much apart from men, and preferred the company of two or three kittens playing on his knees. In the statesman is a will to work for the people's interest. He has no need to talk to them. His rôle is to make clear to them the general will, and to force each of them to respect that will. Whenever the masses appreciate the statesman's intuition, astonishing effects are produced. They give him whatever he asks; money or blood, they bring it to him and pour it out at his feet.

The statesman is by definition a person who appeals to the imagination of the people. Whether he be a Richelieu, a Napoleon, a Frederick the Great, a Bismarck, he leaves a deep mark in the minds of the masses. But in our democratic society, besides commanding respect and submission, he has also the ability to produce a sort of stupor in others. 'The fascination of the man,' writes an Alsatian publicist, M. Kuener, about Poincaré, 'is one of the most amazing things that I have ever encountered in my political life.' 'One of the most amazing things' — that is the proper tone.

In past centuries, the State was incarnated in the body of monarchical custom — a way of life which was different, set apart from normal life, and which served as a means of training individuals for service to the State. Royalty and nobility were like private schools which taught the secrets of service. In our modern democracies, these schools no longer exist. The State has been turned loose, and is at the mercy of parties, of partisan groups, and of the leaders who speak in the names of these groups. These party leaders have reached the highest offices; they have taken over the State. How is it possible for them to speak at the same time both for their own group and for the State? They are in a false position, and are forced continually to defend it. Under such circumstances, can the State hope to survive?

In this problem is the whole drama of the Third French Republic. The State is dislocated, harassed by groups; and the prophets of misfortune are busy predicting its imminent ruin. For the last fifty years, from Veuillot to Maurras, they have been predicting it. Yet the State has not fallen and is still sufficiently imposing to mock its detractors. It often seems close to collapse, but it always resists. It seems as if it were defended by a sort of secret army, which corrects irreparable errors, turns back mortal blows, and, suddenly appearing in the most desperate hour, saves the situation by almost miraculous intervention. Sometimes this invisible army is grouped around an individual who commands it and who symbolizes it in his person — a Waldeck-Rousseau in 1899; a Clemenceau at the end of the War; and, after the War, a Poincaré.

How is this army organized, how recruited? That is a question for deep consideration. We have had many real statesmen; no doubt we shall have many more. Where did they come from in the past, and where will they come from in the future? Leave Poincaré to one side for a moment. Let us go back.

FIRST, there was Gambetta. No sooner do I mention him than I am overcome with doubt. What are we seeking? The origin of the great political tradition of the Third Republic, the tradition of its statesmen. Without a moment's hesitation I named Gambetta. But was Gambetta himself really a statesman? It is far from certain that he was; in fact, it is almost certain that he was not. Once, only once, he risked trying to form and to head a ministry. In three months it was broken. For the first time he faced the opposition of parliamentary groups, and he showed his weakness. Eighteen months after his fall he died, for reasons that still remain largely unknown, but in which sadness and extreme discouragement certainly played a large part.

But a statesman is, by definition, a man who is never saddened or discouraged. What was there, then, in Gambetta's character which has left the memory of him so strong in the minds of his people, which has given him a position at the beginning of the line of statesmen which he founded, but to which he did not himself belong? Gambetta was a poet. It was with the marvelous intensity and ardor of a poet that he looked at the Fatherland and the State. He was not strong-willed, but he had the proper instinct, the proper manner. He was a splendid actor, in the best sense of the word. He loved France in the same way that an actor loves his theatre and his author.

He died. So much the better. As far as one can see, if he had lived, he would have been miserable, dragging the memory of a magnificent past through the petty struggles of petty politicians. But death came, and he was transfigured. He had been destroyed by the Radicals; the leaders of the groups had banded together against him. It was thus that the Mænads destroyed Orpheus. Even

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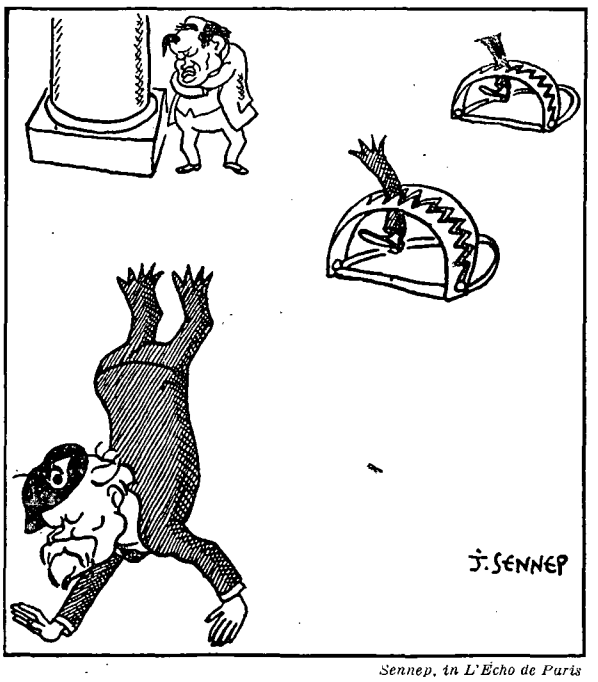
Orpheus must die. Every cult seeks its martyr, and Gambetta was the Orpheus, the martyr, of the Third Republic. His transfiguration began with the very day of his funeral. The façade of the Palais Bourbon was hung with crêpe. From every city in France came delegates bringing wreaths and votive inscriptions. At the gate of the Père la Chaise Cemetery, the whole Paris garrison filed past his bier to do him honor, and the salutes which were rendered the remains of the young tribune who had led the defense of France in 1870 were no empty gesture.

GAMBETTA! The name of the man who, while he was alive, had suffered so many insults now that he was dead became one of the symbols of the Republican régime and of the French nation. Each year, on the anniversary of his death, his worshipers gathered together in the little house at Ville d'Avray in which he had lived. Their speeches glorified the classic traditions of the French State and built them into the new régime with which France was experimenting. These annual gatherings were an indication of how closely the Gambettists kept in touch with each other, and of the intimacy which had sprung from the memory of him who was gone. There was Gallifet, one of the fine soldiers of the old French Army; Rouvier, the best financier the Third Republic ever had; Waldeck-Rousseau, who was shortly to play so important a rôle in the Government; Étienne and Thomson, the two men from Algeria who did so much to build up the French colonial empire; Spuller, Challemel-Lacour, and Hébrard, brilliant minds who were the informal advisors of the group; Joseph Reinach, the nervous publicist, who, as long as he was able to hold a pen in his hand, was to fight for the nation and the Republic.

Thus, around a mere memory, there grew up an 'army' which was to take its place at the very heart of the Republican régime and was to form a sort of invisible ministry — a ministry which was a hundred times stronger, a hundred times more useful to be connected with, than the official ministries which were set up and driven out by a shifting Parliament. Even Parliament itself felt the moral authority of the Gambettists, and bowed before it. Every time that the imprudence or the incapability of the deputies brought them to the edge of the abyss, it was to the Gambettists that they turned, it was into the Gambettists' hands that they abdicated their power. Such a Roman magistracy is indispensable to a republic; and, though no provision for it is written into the Constitution, it nevertheless exists and exercises a real power.



Sennep, in L'Écho de Paris

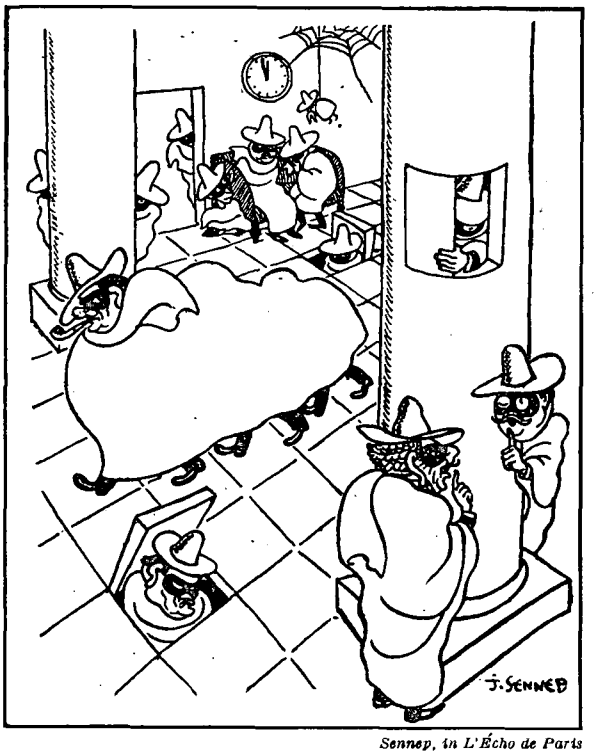
ONWARD, EVER ONWARD!

EVEN POLITICAL BEAR TRAPS in his path cannot stop the forward progress of Premier Poincaré; tear off his legs, he only walks upon his hands.

Whenever it was necessary to hail the enemies of the Republic before the High Court or to render them harmless by methods of summary justice, the Gambettists appeared once again in the breach. They defended the budget against the assaults of the lobbyists. They forced appropriations for the Army and for colonial expeditions. They imprisoned or banished Royalists or Anti-Semitists. They passed rapid and secret judgment upon revolutionists, and threw them into prison. This was their task. Constans was dictator against Boulanger in 1889. Waldeck-Rousseau was dictator against the attacks of the Anti-Semitists and the Nationalists ten years later.

CONSTANS more closely approached the temper of a dictator and a dictator's coldness than did Waldeck-Rousseau. He had a deep scorn for parliamentary intrigues, and had retired from active political life in 1876. Thirteen years of solitude were his preparation for his biggest task. Called upon at the height of the wave of demagogy and Royalism, he came to the assistance of the Republic. He proved that he could govern, and that he knew the value of surrounding himself with capable men. Those whom he chose formed an interesting group. In the Ministry of War he placed Gallifet, Gambetta's old friend. Both he and Gallifet were veterans in politics. As Minister of Labor he appointed Millerand, a Socialist; and as Finance Minister, Caillaux, a young man with a conservative upbringing, but with an adventurous spirit. These were the two new members of the school. They were to spend twenty months, twenty months of difficult governmental problems, at Waldeck-Rousseau's side, learning the secrets of the trade. Later they were both to become statesmen, each in a different way.

Millerand was to become the statesman of the Conservative Socialists, Caillaux the statesman of the Radicals, who were by their nature incapable of producing one from their own ranks. For there are secrets of statesmanship which are not written into constitutions, and which can be learned only by experience and from contact with one's elders.



Sennep, in L'Écho de Paris

ANY DAY IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER

SECRET POLITICS and intrigue, seen by the famous French political cartoonist, Sennep. M. Herriot and his pipe are recognizable in the central foreground.

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Sennep, in Candide

POINCARÉ — JOAN OF ARC

FRANCE'S PREMIER rushes somewhat jerkily along the path of Confidence to the salvation of France. His horse is balky, and difficulties bestrew his path; but the flag of the founders of the Republic — Gambetta and Waldeck-Rousseau — flies ever from his lance. Herriot can be recognized in the right background, and Briand in the rear.

THUS a tradition was set up — the tradition of the founders. Now it was to be carried on by others. How is it that we have been able to cover such a long period of political history without once coming upon the name of Poincaré? It is because Poincaré came of another stock. But by 1892, after the Boulangist troubles and the Panama financial scandal, the secret army of the founders had lost considerable prestige. New men, representatives of a new generation, appeared. There were four of them, four friends (friendship is always a strong force in politics, and is the very soul of such secret armies). They were Poincaré, Deschanel, Barthou, and Jonnart. The moderate conservatives, that eternal Left Centre which is the expression of the liberal middle classes, placed great hope in these four young men. On the whole those hopes were not realized. The four young men were strong enough to stagger the old secret army, but not to break it, and for them the older group conceived a merciless hatred.

The loss which Raymond Poincaré suffered because he was bold enough to attack the elder statesmen, in 1892, can not be overestimated. He lost exactly twenty years of his life, and the country twenty years of his services. In 1889, when it became necessary to act to destroy the Nationalist agitators, two names were mentioned: Waldeck-Rousseau, of the old generation, and Raymond Poincaré, of the new. To-day we know that Raymond Poincaré would have been a better choice than Waldeck-Rousseau. He would have defended the State with just as much energy, and, in addition, with the strength of youth and with a breadth of mind which Waldeck-Rousseau, old and skeptical, did not possess. Waldeck-Rousseau later retired voluntarily, with the cold disdain of a Republican Sulla, choosing his own successor and, incidentally, choosing him badly. Raymond Poincaré would not have retired in that way. He would never have abdicated. He might have been driven from power by a new majority, but he would have fought on. Instead of that, he was forced to remain silent, with his reputation attacked by the accusations of the elder statesmen. They accused him of being a moderate, of being weak; they denounced him as a false servant of the lay, Republican State.

IT WAS in 1912 that Raymond Poincaré suddenly reappeared. Italy had just declared war on Turkey. Italian troops were landing in Tripolitania, and shipping in the Mediterranean was under close Italian surveillance. From any point of view, the situation was already full of danger. Europe was entering into the shadow of the World War.

At this particular time the old secret army no longer existed. Time had done away with it; it was cut to pieces from within, weakened from without. Therefore, the parliamentarians turned to Poincaré and called him out of the retirement into which they had forced him. The worried Assembly, reassured and completely transformed by the sound of his voice, gave him a strong majority. Besides Poincaré, there was Millerand, the Socialist who had studied under Waldeck-Rousseau in 1899; and there was Briand, that other Socialist who for six years had been gaining experience, studying, and maturing. Apparently the Socialists are not troubled by the incapacity to produce statesmen that characterizes the Radicals.

With Millerand and Briand as a nucleus, there appeared a new group, a new secret army. The surviving Gambettists (Reinach, Étienne, and Thomson) supported it and entered into it, without really being of it. The new secret army was never to have the cohesion which the old one had gained from the almost tender memory of the beloved and revered founder. It was to have a different kind of cohesion, a cohesion born out of the stress and strain of a tragic struggle. Those who composed it were to be given a new name, after the War: the *personnages consulaires*, the Consuls. They were rent by rivalries and even by hatreds, whose strength we are still far from knowing. For there is still a good deal of mystery about these people who gave up their lives to a task which was necessarily conducted largely in secret. But, in spite of hatred, they were to remain closely bound together in the terrible calling that was theirs, in the grip of the State.

IN THIS rapid glance at the statesmen of France, one name has not yet appeared: Clemenceau. Should he be

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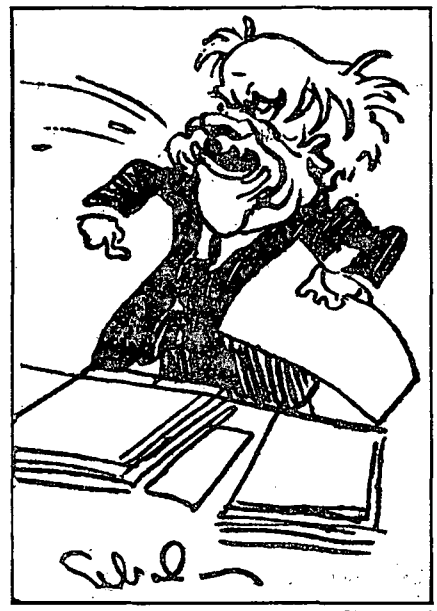
included among them? Clemenceau is a wandering star. His course is unpredictable and is like no one else's. He never belonged to the Gambettist group. In fact, he never tired of ridiculing them. He never joined any party or any group, not even that group which is above all the others, the State. He is not a statesman; he is a fighter. His whole life has been passed in struggling, slaughtering, biting, destroying. At bottom, Clemenceau is an assassin. He was appointed Prime Minister in 1906 and stayed in power for three years, which is a remarkable record. But it is impossible to point to a single institution or a single reform to which his name is attached. His strength lay in his genius for insolence and in his strong-arm methods. There was one time, it must be admitted, when this strange genius was invaluable to the State. This was at the close of the War. Everyone was tired — tired of killing and of dying. What was needed to bring the tragedy to a close was a man who was not tired of these things. That man was Clemenceau. Afterward, in time of peace, he showed his true self again — a man with very real but limited ability. Then he went into solitary retirement, where alone he is great.

Now let us turn to more recent history. Its teachings are manifold, for in it we see the play of M. Poincaré's brilliant gifts. No one should fail to read in M. Georges Suarez's book, *De Poincaré à Poincaré*, the story of the statesman's return to power in 1926, and of how he succeeded in bringing to his support a majority which two years before had been elected expressly to oppose him. It is a fast-moving story. M. Suarez writes extremely well of the great crisis, the ruin of our credit, which was the work of the Radicals. The whole French political family becomes alive and speaks at the touch of his pen. All the restless parliamentarians: Herriot, Painlevé, Caillaux, and Briand, a great parliamentarian, but a mediocre statesman. Hovering over all is the strange authority of President Poincaré.

BRIAND and Poincaré! Two more dissimilar men cannot be imagined. The conversations which took place between them during the ten days of the ministerial crisis, as reported by M. Suarez, indicate the curious contrast. For a long while, possibly even from the very day of the elections at which the Radicals had triumphed, Briand had been working with his cunning perseverance to tire them out, to undermine their position. In June of 1926 he felt that the moment was near when Poincaré should come back. He called upon him.

Kote Fahne



L'Humanité

COMMUNISM LOOKS AT THE NATIONALIST, POINCARÉ

ON THE LEFT, a German Communist sees France's Premier as the cold, inexpressive figure which M. Halévy describes in the accompanying article. On the right, a French Communist sees quite another Poincaré, pounding the tribune and shouting out his wrath.

'Are you willing to help us?'

'Yes,' answered Poincaré. 'When you want me to, I shall become your minister of finance.'

'What should you plan to do?'

'I should demand the immediate passage of a law calling for indirect taxation to yield eight or nine billion francs.'

Briand jumped. He is a negotiator, a conciliator.

He does not like at all to ask a parliamentary body to make an obvious sacrifice, in so many words. That is his weakness, his greatest fault. For this reason he is not the statesman he might be.

'Find some other way,' he said to Poincaré.

'There is no other way.'

Briand closed the interview at this point and sought help elsewhere, although he did not find it. Eight days later, the financial situation having become steadily worse, he called on Poincaré once more.

'Tell me again what you plan to do.'

'My plans have changed,' answered Poincaré. 'Ten days ago I said that I would be your minister of finance. Today I will accept that post only on condition that at the same time I am given the prime ministry.'

A week later he had both offices and stood once more before the Chamber of Deputies.

'You never appear except in days of misfortune!' a deputy shouted at him. If I am not mistaken, it was the Communist, Cachin.

'That is because you never think of calling me to office when times are good,' answered Poincaré.

Apparently peoples will not submit to the necessities of state or to statesmen except when they are driven to it by anguish — the anguish of war, the anguish of bankruptcy.

THE Gambettists are of an already distant past. President Poincaré is of the present. Shall we be able to find statesmen for the future? There are several names that I might mention, several careers that I might sketch. André Tardieu, for example. He is already important; he belongs to the present, but still more he belongs to the future. There is no doubting that M. Tardieu is a true statesman. What has his training been? How did he acquire the power which Parliament recognizes in him? The answer is that M. Tardieu grew up outside of party ranks — outside of politics, for that matter. When he finally took his place in Parliament he came as a free man, choosing his own hour and choosing it late in life.

He comes from a liberal middle-class Parisian family. He is a man of profound culture. When he was a youth he passed his examinations for the *École Normale*, which is, in a sense, the French Oxford. But although he had passed the examinations, he never actually entered the school. The idea of three years shut up within college walls did not attract him. He was far more interested in society, and in diplomacy. The year 1895 found him in Berlin as an attaché of the French

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Embassy. The sons of the German Emperor were his friends. Chancellor von Bülow liked him and saw him often. Here was an unexpected schooling, in the course of which he learned a great deal. In 1889, he was back in Paris again as Waldeck-Rousseau's *chef du cabinet* during the dictatorship that was described above. It was the finest kind of school, the best possible experience. Here he came to know the old Gambettists, and was quick to learn from them whatever seemed to him useful.

WHEN Waldeck-Rousseau retired from power, André Tardieu became a journalist. Every day during the ten years that preceded the War he wrote the leading editorial on European affairs for the Paris *Temps*, and wrote it with great brilliance. His work was read in all the chancelleries of Europe, and Herr von Bülow found himself suddenly confronted and opposed by the young man who had attracted his notice in Berlin. 'There are six major powers,' he once said humorously, 'and a seventh — M. André Tardieu.'

In 1914, Tardieu entered Parliament, but not to stay long. The War broke out, and for two years he commanded a company of *chasseurs à pieds*, a crack unit which was always on the firing line. When the United States came into the War, he was sent to Washington. It was he who kept President Wilson informed of French military needs. He watched the magical organization of an immense American Army. Then came victory, and a peace to be made. Clemenceau, who negotiated it, would tolerate only one man as his collaborator and counselor: André Tardieu. Clemenceau, a powerful figure. Here was another school, still another experience on top of those which he had had in Europe and in America from Bülow, Waldeck-Rousseau, Wilson. Here, if ever, was the true apprentice who, in high circles, close to the great men of the earth, had breathed the air of statesmanship and had been nourished by its rich sap.

L'Humanité

ANDRÉ TARDIEU

FRIEND OF WILSON, of von Bülow, of Clemenceau, and of Waldeck-Rousseau, he is the outstanding younger statesman of France. In Premier Poincaré's Cabinet he is Minister of the Interior.

THIS is a broad subject, this problem of the statesmen of France. I was going to close it here, but I am suddenly reminded of other examples which can not be neglected. In France, the problem of finding statesmen is becoming more and more pressing and more and more

L'Humanité

MARCEL CACHIN

THE FIERY COMMUNIST whose interruptions are one of the major reasons why the course of business in the French Chamber of Deputies is not smooth.

difficult. It is difficult because Parliament is necessarily shifting more and more toward Socialism. It is pressing because France is growing to be more and more an empire, inevitably drawn into broad problems in the face of which a socialistically inclined Parliament stands disconcerted, passive, paralyzed, essentially incapable of reaching a proper decision and of acting upon it. What is going to happen? What has already occurred?

The Empire has its own life and structure, and this will save it; for it forms its own leaders in the complex administrative organization that it requires. There are men like Sarraut, Steeg, Varenne, Violette. They differ greatly in capability and in moral standards, but this makes no difference. They are attracted to the service of the Empire. They become gov-

L'Humanité

LOUIS BARTHOU

IN 1892, POINCARÉ, Jonnart, Deschanel, and Barthou dared to oppose the elder Gambettists. To-day, Poincaré is Premier, and Barthou his Minister of Justice.

ernors in Indo-China, in Algeria, in Tunis, in Morocco. A man like Steeg in Morocco, for instance, has kept himself apart from Parliament for a dozen years. The task which he has been assigned makes it unnecessary for him to be present in Parliament, and he can concentrate on problems which give him experience and power that in Parliament he could never have acquired. No doubt he knows this; and if he has neglected Paris for so long, he has done so voluntarily, in order to train himself for statesmanship.

Another example is Albert Thomas. He began as a Socialist, and during his early years was bound close to the traditions and to the memory of Jaurès. But he also left Parliament behind him — not to go out to far places as a colonial administrator, but to head the International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations. He travels everywhere. He is studying Europe, and to-day there are few men who know the Continent better than he, or who are better prepared to attack the tremendous problems of a United States of Europe, which can no longer be considered merely a dream. He will go into Parliament again, but in his own time and in his own way. He has bought a home in the Allier, the old farm centre of our country — no doubt a Republican region, even one far advanced in Republicanism, but at bottom the home of moderate opinion. Albert Thomas, *député de l'Allier*, will come back to Parliament full of experience and unshackled by party obligations.

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Lord Birkenhead's Orations

One Great Conservative Reviews Ten Speeches of a Former Cabinet Associate

By the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

THIS volume* carries our minds back across the tremendous twenty years through which we have passed. The titles of its chapters not only display its variety, but remind us of the milestones of our journey. 'Tariff Reform,' 'Votes for Women,' 'Sir Roger Casement,' 'The Air Service,' 'Divorce Law Reform,' 'The Irish Treaty,' 'House of Lords Reform,' 'The Indian Troops in France,' 'The Nurse Cavell Film' deal with issues and episodes all of which have bitten deep into our life and thought, most of which are still the subject of fiercely active controversy. Lord Hugh Cecil's cool, but engaging, foreword agreeably presents to the reader alike the orator and his art.

Two qualities distinguish all, or almost all, Lord Birkenhead's speeches: their masculine common sense and their reliance on lucid argument. The first springs from his own nature. His way of looking at questions of all kinds represents, apart from party politics, the view of a very large number of ordinary, active, practical, patriotic English men and women. His powerful intellect and considerable scholarship have never led him either into particularist queerness and oddities of thought or into its more delicate refinements. Although many of his countrymen disagree with his opinions, although his views on almost every topic have been, and will be, sharply and deeply challenged, nevertheless, it is always a John Bull who speaks.

WE ARE listening to a strong, sensible, pugnacious man, who has fought his way forward through every march in life's campaign, who has never sought by any mental device to shield himself from realities, who has been ready at every moment to confront any antagonist or face every vicissitude. A French writer has said that the best part of a man is the dog part; and certainly these speeches are instinct with the canine qualities of sagacity, fidelity, and serviceableness upon all occasions. It must be added that this is a dog who not only barks, but bites.

Lord Hugh Cecil has very rightly brought out the strong foundation of wide reading and close classical and legal study upon which Lord Birkenhead's speeches, even in their most swashbucklering style, are, in fact, built up. And here it may be said that to obtain a mastery in the law a man must go through mental and moral processes which force him quite early in life to reach precise, definite conclusions upon a vast number of topics. This was certainly so with the late Lord Oxford, whose clear-cut mind had long before his prime reached a system of convictions which reduced open questions, whether connected with this world or the next, to a minimum. Those who admire the virtues of consistency will be struck with the homogeneous character of these speeches. The twenty years they cover have witnessed the greatest convulsion of the world. Almost every institution in Europe has been changed. Even in our own country a silent

Lions and Lambs: Harcourt, Brace & Company

WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE TORY CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer reviews herewith the speeches of one of his former associates, Lord Birkenhead.

* The Speeches of Lord Birkenhead, with a Preface by the Right Honorable Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P. (Cassell. 12s. 6d. net.)

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Lions and Lambs: Harcourt, Brace & Company

'MR. SMITH,' LORD BIRKENHEAD

THE BRILLIANT CANADIAN JURIST who preceded Winston Churchill as Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer.

but far-reaching social and political revolution has taken place. But the same man immediately recognizable speaks to us through all these chapters.

THE one outstanding exception is 'The Irish Treaty,' upon which a fine speech to the House of Lords is printed. No one had more to lose in personal friendships and consistency by supporting the Irish settlement than Lord Birkenhead; no one had more to gain in satisfaction of political ambition by opposing it. The 'Galloper Smith' of 1914 played a vital part in the sombre-generous decisions of 1921. To the taunts and reproaches of former confederates he retorted with an aggressive combativeness which intensified, even while for the moment it quelled, their not unnatural anger. But his final passage may speak for itself: —

> If we in our day should be so happy as to succeed, history will record of our generation that we inherited, indeed, a mighty Empire, but that it was menaced abroad by a powerful and most resolute enemy, while at home it was enfeebled at its very heart by a plague spot of disaffection and sedition. And in such an event the annals of that history will record on a shining page that we—our generation—after five years of martial vicissitude, broke in rout the foreign enemy, and, having done so, here at our doors recaptured in a nobler conquest this island of incomparable beauty, and, in doing so, became reconciled to a people so individual in its genius, so tenacious in love or hate, so captivating in its nobler moods.

BUT, with this one exception, all is of a piece, and the experienced minister of Mr. Baldwin's administration merely reproduces in 1925 and 1928 the views, the moods, and methods of the young Mr. Smith whom Liverpool returned to Parliament in 1906. His general outlook upon life and affairs has not been seriously changed, except upon Ireland, by the hurricane which has swept across the world. It has not been weakened or, to his own consciousness, stultified by all that has happened to men, and to himself among them. It has been neither embittered nor appreciably mellowed. There it stood, and there it stands, for good or for ill; his contribution, signed with his mark.

Reprints of speeches always suffer from the fact that the scene, the circumstances, the atmosphere, the passions are gone, and only the word-skeleton remains. The audience and the emergency to which they were addressed have passed away. The calm, enduring appeal of literature is necessarily excluded from the orator's technique. Embalmed eloquence, preserved dialectic, and pickled polemics can do no justice to the effect produced upon the occasion. No page can revive the aptness of the spoken word or its true relation to an intense but swiftly moving and essentially fleeting situation.

Those who read these speeches at the time, and, still more, those who heard them can alone do justice to their merits, or realize how well they fitted the urgent need.

For the most part, they were delivered with no apparent verbal preparation, and with few, if any, notes. But what, indeed, surprised me more than once — knowing from long experience the difficulties of the performance — was to hear Lord Birkenhead, as Lord Chancellor, maintain for an hour or more a closely wrought, connected argument without even a scrap of paper to mark the course; and to see him able to turn aside, if necessary, at every step to chastise an interrupter or develop a subsidiary unpremeditated theme, while always sure of returning to the main causeway to resume his advance.

There was also this quality in Lord Birkenhead's speeches which I deem specially attractive to the listener. They seemed to grow in strength and color as they proceeded: the beginning, quiet even to a point of mumbling, and an air of hesitancy in word and tone conveyed the sense of a man poising before throwing a weight, of a pugilist slowly stripping himself for the encounter. But as the discourse proceeded and the speaker warmed to his task he seemed to draw upon an ever-increasing facility, and the strength of spontaneous natural oratory flowing harmoniously from one mind to another exerted its potent sway.

Mr. Pitt, I have been told, once translated a sentence of Tacitus as follows: 'It is with eloquence as with a flame: it requires fuel to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns.' The reader of these speeches in years when Lord Birkenhead's contemporaries will have vanished from the scene will remember that such a description accorded with the impression they produced.

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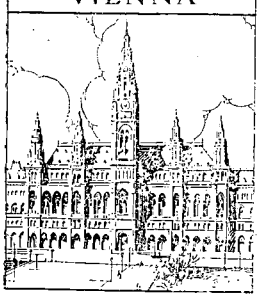
Metropolitana

The Cake Lady of Vienna — A Soviet Reception in Moscow — Berlin Nights — Tokio's Westernized Daughters — The 'Foire du Trône' in Paris

VIENNA



THE news that Frau Anna Sacher, for reasons of health and financial considerations, intends to hand over the famous hotel bearing her name to her son-in-law in Vienna, has created consternation among those that are left of the aristocracy of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. For, as long as the Sacher still kept going, might they not hope that the old order had not entirely passed away?

Under the Emperor Francis Joseph it was said that in Frau Sacher's clientele 'every fifth guest was a prince, every tenth an archduke, and every second a count, and between them was to be found many a Herr von So-and-So!' If tales of the 'good old times' are to be believed, many a wild archducal party met in the Sacher; but its walls could also tell of many a secret diplomatic agreement between Austria and Hungary, which might never have been reached via the Hofburg.

After the establishment of the Republic, the Hotel Sacher fell upon quiet days. There was no court, and most of the old families were impoverished, or compelled to live abroad. Also, new modern hotels had sprung up, like the Bristol, the Grand, and the Imperial, which catered especially for the American tourist, and quite overshadowed the by this time rather old-fashioned Sacher. To Frau Sacher's great credit it must be said that during the hard times after the War no member of her old clientele was ever refused admission, even though he was too poor even to tip the waiter.

The Sacher cuisine is still a byword in Vienna, and a very favorite cake, the 'Sacher Torte,' is everywhere known by the name of its originator. Anna Sacher started life as the daughter of a butcher; but her business ability and strength of character soon helped her to rise in the social scale. Her husband, who died many years ago, went to Paris and brought back the secrets of the French chefs. Even to-day the Viennese gourmet speaks with a watering mouth of the Sacher *entrecôte* and *tournedos*, and advises a hotel guest, discontented with his fare, to try the Sacher: 'Wenn's Ihnen net passt, geh'n S' zum Sacher!'

Curious tourists are often taken to see the famous Anna Sacher, whose favorite diversions seem to be a good fat cigar and her pet bulldogs. And so she passes from the stage of life, but not, apparently, from that of the footlights, since a *comédie de mœurs* is promised, with a heroine of the type of the strong-minded Anna. And to make it more realistic the part is to be taken by the long established favorite, the Hungarian actress, Sara Fedak.

(From the *Observer*, London)

MOSCOW

IT IS the evening of an official Soviet reception in Moscow. All is quiet in the city. From a few illuminated house fronts a number of red flags are waving, lit by the beams of a spotlight. Before the Palais on the Moskva stands a long line of automobiles with red flags and the flags of foreign countries displayed on their radiator caps. The Director of Protocol of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs is standing on the staircase receiving guests. He is a handsome gentleman who was formerly a Secretary of Legation, but who has now joined the new régime. His name is Florinski and many clever stories about him are reported about the town. His swallow-tailed coat becomes him perfectly, and he has the amiability of a man of the world. In the doorway of the *grande salle*, M. and Mme. Litvinov are also receiving guests. Madame is English, but her intelligent, narrow, dark head looks more like a South European's. She is an authoress and a very clever woman. The People's Commissar, M. Litvinov, and all the other gentlemen of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs look thoroughly West European: Stein, the head of the Central European Department, whose name has figured in every diplomatic conference of the last ten years; and his Communist colleague appropriately named Rothstein, Director of the Press Bureau of the Foreign Office — a charming man and a former member of the old Revolutionary Guard, who was exiled before the War to France and the United States. He speaks many languages and his knowledge is almost universal. M. Stomoniakov is here with a lady — his secretary. M. Karakhan has a very beautiful woman with him. There are also a few young secretaries from the Foreign Office, but the rest are foreigners except for Sheinman, the President of the Russian State Bank, sly, suave, and understanding, not wearing swallowtails like the other diplomats, but a dinner jacket. And, last but not least, General Budjonny, the Red Cavalry commander. Before the War this man was only a quartermaster in the Tsar's guard regiment; but during the Revolution he developed such remarkable qualities of leadership that he reaped great rewards from the new Government. He has an understanding manner and a stern yet cheerful face, with kind eyes and a turned-up dark moustache — exactly the appearance one would expect of a Red general. His severe uniform is set off by patent-leather boots that gleam like mirrors, and his sweet, coquettish young wife accompanies him. But besides these there are only foreign guests present — people who meet each other almost daily at receptions, dinners, and luncheons in the various embassies and legations.

The *beau monde* in Moscow is very small. There are a few visiting travelers, but the city is otherwise isolated inside the larger world of Russia. Except for the gentlemen of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, who are officially commanded to go in for social intercourse with the foreign bourgeoisie, scarcely a Russian dares enter the houses of the foreign diplomats. Even scholars and artists, none of whom are present this evening, hold aloof. For the *beau monde* really has no connection with the true Moscow. Its members live with each other and meet each other as often as possible. It is as though they were continuing to inhabit an island of bourgeois customs in a country that had already left such customs far behind. Even to-day, when they are the officially-invited guests of the Government, these groups keep almost exclusively to themselves. The few Russians are lost in the throng of foreigners. It is the pretty, conventional scene of the usual international set; women with their huge *robe-de-style* skirts billowing about them; girls dressed

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in light blue and pink; charming middle-aged gentlemen with iron-gray hair at their temples, and young, handsome ones as well. M. Harbeth, the French Ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, with Mme. Harbeth; the Italian ambassador with his very pretty wife; the altogether charming German chargé d'affaires accompanied by his spouse — all are present. They were being entertained at the Czechoslovakian Embassy yesterday; the day before they were celebrating, let us say, the Turkish National Holiday, and to-morrow they will be invited to the Italian Embassy, perhaps, for the birthday of Victor Emmanuel.

One scarcely perceives that one is the guest of official Russia, for here the proletarian revolution remains most discreetly in the background. A baritone and a soprano, both from the People's Opera, are singing — and singing excellently. A young man introduces the artists. He, too, has seen pre-Revolutionary society; now he is a theatrical director and also holds the office of *maître de plaisir* for foreign diplomats in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. Now Abramova dances, a young and highly gifted ballerina. She is pretty and high-spirited and all the gentlemen stand up to get a better view of her. 'Olga, are you able to see everything?' the Red general asks his pretty young wife. He is charmingly modest and genial, this military man.

The buffet of the official Russian reception is famous. Those who knew the magnificence of former years say that the caviare and French champagne no longer flow as they once did — and they take it as a sign of Soviet poverty. Outsiders, however, find the fare abundant. Afterward, there is dancing — as at all other receptions all over the world. Pretty women and some who are not so pretty dance — the Russians, too, despite the fact that dancing is most unpopular and considered an expression of bourgeois frivolity. But M. Florinski and the earnest *maître de plaisir* both tread a measure — for that, after all, is part of their job. The other Russian gentlemen converse with their guests. M. Scheinman is deeply engaged in a serious conversation with a gentleman. A little further over, someone is singing, and General Budjonny receives compliments on the beauty and grace of his young wife, to which he replies that she has a beautiful soul, which is really all that is necessary.

It is late now and the visitors are bidding their hosts farewell. Outside, the chauffeurs are waiting in the wet and cold. When there are receptions of foreign diplomats in Moscow in the winter, the drivers are asked into the servants' hall to eat and drink; but to-day, at this official Government reception, they have to sit outside and get nothing. From the topmost tower of the Kremlin waves a red flag lit from below by electric lights, a marvelously beautiful and thrilling sight, and, above all, 'good theatre.' And perhaps this reception to the foreign diplomats, given by the Russian Government to the exclusion of the Russian public, was 'good theatre' too.

(Rosie Graefenberg, in *Querschnitt*, Berlin)

BERLIN

LONDON has its club life, its hotel restaurants — a few smart expensive night clubs where drinking stops at 12:30, some twenty small foreign restaurants in Soho, the Café Royal, and practically nothing else. How could one '*bummel*' there? It would cost a fortune, even if it could be done — and it simply can't.

In Paris, of course, we all know the gaiety of the nightly round of Montmartre, the bluff of the Latin quarter, and the countless restaurants where one can eat to enjoy; but there lingers a feeling that it is all a show for us foreigners. Where are the French?

But what can Berlin provide? There are a thousand *Konditoreien*, all more sumptuous and much more modern than those of Paris or Vienna, but they aren't *gemütlich*, they are always going full blast. But they have one saving grace, *Hier findet man Anschluss*.

To see the Berliners' real night life one must avoid the eternal round of bars and dancing places in the western part of the city. They are too international. And besides being very expensive, they are identical with those in any other city in the world. One must explore, get away to the East, South, and North; in fact, one must go on a '*Bummel*.' Some of the following brief descriptions will no doubt be recognized.

An old cellar, its walls black with the smoke of a hundred years, its ceiling too low for anyone but a dwarf. Bare wooden tables. Students sitting with their girls while empty wine bottles gradually line up in close formation on the tables. Students, still sitting, embracing their girls; students singing lustily, singing of their girls. All in good humor — no one disgraces himself in spite of the fixture provided for *Seekranken*. These are historical rooms.

Everybody knows the engraving of this, perhaps the oldest, certainly the quaintest cottage in all Berlin. Famous men once lived here, but now it is a small *Bierstube*. They say that this is where the caricaturist, Zille, started his career of sketching, and copies of his works still adorn the walls. The place can at least provide types for an apache ball, and they are interesting, too; in fact, anyone can soon become interesting here, with beer at ten pfennigs and corn brandy at twenty pfennigs a glass.

Here we are in one of the few dance places in Berlin that is always full. From the advertisements, one would expect to find all the men in evening dress, or at least in smoking jackets, telephoning rapidly to someone across the room, but so far as the dress is concerned that isn't the case. The idea of the 'table telephone' is unquestionably sound, and it might be used more if there were anyone pretty to telephone to, and also if the women and their male companions were more obliging about passing the telephone to the girl of one's choice. There is a sharp contest in this part of the town for original lighting effects, a fountain or many fountains being nowadays absolutely *de rigueur*.

Downstairs is a dance place rather like the arcades of the Palais Royal in Paris on the 14th of July, while two floors up, in another curiously lighted hall, the extreme youth of Berlin behaves itself exactly as its elders are doing down below, and, in fact, dances to the same music, all of which is broadcasted from one central band.

The propaganda lectures on free love at the educational cabaret are taken very seriously, but, in spite of the lecturer's assurance, it is extremely difficult to understand how a man can really find delight in the thought of his wife's unfaithfulness. These performances are attended almost exclusively by men, though numerous ladies of the house appear in time for the lighter side of the evening's entertainment, which includes 'tableaux vivants' and dancing.

One can also sit in the midst of a Bavarian village in the heart of Berlin. Typical Bavarians in national dress — natives of Berlin — serve beer, drink beer, and sing to their hearts' content quite regardless of the guests, except when they stop to hit new arrivals on the back. An aged monk leads one down to a crypt, where he expounds the erotic life of Berlin to the assembled congregation, seated on coffins.

The '*Bummel*' could be prolonged indefinitely if it were not limited by

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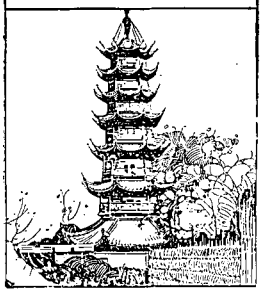
one's capacity for drink and by the three-o'clock closing time. There are *boîtes* copied from those of Paris — French songs but no French people. Students can be found in underground beer parlors or imitation grottoes, and one can join them in their songs. And there are bars remarkably like the 'Puffs' of former days as well as cabarets which, in spite of excellent performances, look as though they could never pay for the artists, barmaids, and attendants, who far outnumber the beer-drinking guests. One can dance in huge halls which are disguised as the Bavarian Alps or frolic with the aged in places reserved *Nur für ältere Jugend.* And then one may wind up at one or another of the few places which still have night concessions — crowded and very smoky of course — where to the music of a guitar or a piano one drinks beer out of a bottle and seeks to recognize popular actresses or celebrities of the criminal world. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

(David Fish in *Querschnitt*, Berlin)

TOKIO



A SLIM girl, wearing a smart gray suit and a pert gray *cloche* hat, stood hesitating in the doorway of the restaurant of a large department store in Tokio. She was taller than most Orientals; and her costume was in such perfect Occidental taste that she could only just have returned from the West.

In this room full of kimono-clad Japanese women, she obviously felt a little uncomfortable, a little *dépaysée.* Her eyes searched the tables until they fell upon one at which was seated another woman in Western dress. Quickly she moved forward, and dropped into the chair opposite, though she did not speak. The waitress came up with a tray containing the other woman's meal — Western dishes, specially ordered — and offered the newcomer a menu. Without saying a word, the girl in gray brushed the menu aside, looked up, and then made a gesture toward the tray opposite. Perhaps she did not speak Japanese well. At all events, the waitress understood the gesture, and moved off.

At the next table sat a group of Japanese women, who never once took their questioning eyes off the gray figure. One of them had a little boy of six with her. When the stranger sat down, he leaned over to his mother and mumbled something, but his mouth was so full that the words were lost. His mother shook her head and motioned him to be quiet. But a little later the child had emptied his mouth and spoke up again: —

'*Kachan,*' he said, 'is she a modern girl too?'

He asked the question, not rudely, but in a matter-of-fact tone. Nevertheless the girl in gray flushed deeply, and a few moments later arose hurriedly to make her way out. As she approached the doorway, a careless Japanese woman carrying a bundle brushed roughly by her.

'*Gomen kudasai mase,*' said the girl politely, stepping aside. The Japanese was perfect, with just the slightest accent.

Next day on the crowded Ginza the traffic halted for a moment to let those who wished make their way across to the little safety islands where the trolleys stop. In the midst of a group that surged forward was a tall, graceful Japanese girl, talking animatedly with a very stylish young man dressed in British clothes. She, however, wore a dark-red kimono with *zori* cords of the same shade, and a lovely dark-purple *haori.* Looking at the perfection of the costume, one could scarcely believe that it was the same girl who had seemed so uncomfortable in her gray suit in the restaurant the day before.

'This — and you — and everything,' her companion was saying in English, smiling down at her, 'looks very different from the last time I saw you in London.'

'At that time I never dreamed of seeing you in Tokio,' she replied in beautiful English. 'It's as crowded as that day on the Strand, isn't it?' And they both laughed.

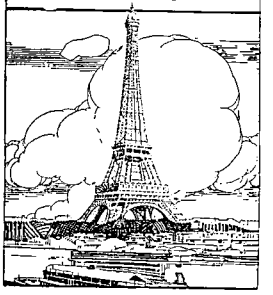
The car came. The two entered, separately. There were no seats, and the girl took hold of a strap. This time, too, all eyes were on her; but they were admiring eyes that looked with approval upon the tall figure in the graceful kimono. A polite soldier arose and gave her his seat. She settled into it quietly, at peace.

The conductor arrived. She reached into her pocketbook for a coin. But the Englishman had already made his way to her side, and stopped her in a booming voice.

'Please allow me,' he said cheerfully, and held up two tickets.

Her face flushed, and she hesitated; then she murmured 'Thank you.' The courteous soldier looked in astonishment first at the man, then at the girl. Then he deliberately turned his back upon both. Women exchanged amused glances. The Englishman talked, loudly; but there was no sound other than his voice and the clicking of the wheels of the car. These are commonplace incidents — the daily tragedy of the modern Japanese girl who has been educated abroad.

PARIS



RAIN. A gray sky, and the rich odors of a popular festival — anise, fried fish, soap. A hurly-burly of street organs and calliopes. *Madelon* and *Valencia,* turned into waltzes by the wheezing of the machine. Drums, and clattering cymbals. Thin, unhealthy faces under dark caps. Girls with wet hair plastered down on their foreheads. Strangely assorted couples swaying on the merry-go-round, whizzing through the air on roller coasters. A neurasthenic lion imitating his ancestors as best he can, and emitting an heroically lionlike growl. Rain. *La Foire du Trône.*

In spite of its regal name, the *Foire du Trône* is as democratic as you could wish, and, what is more, highly international. The lion tamers are Italian; the dancers, Egyptian; the wizards, Hindu; the shooting-gallery proprietors, Anglo-American; the wrestlers, Marseillais; and the fish merchants, from Belleville. The crowd itself is much the same as that at any other fair. It varies according to the hour of the day. At two o'clock in the afternoon, for instance, it is 80% merrymakers, 10% pickpockets, 8% people whose way happens to lie down the street where the fair is being held, and 2% plain-clothes gendarmes. The gendarmes increase rapidly in number until eight at night, when they all quit. They are easily recognizable — even if one discounts the infallibly distinctive cane, moustache, derby, and size-14 shoes — by the fear that the fakers show when they approach. But they are pleasant enough, and never arrest anyone.

By midnight the people are tired and ready to go home. They gather their children together and move off to neighboring cafés. Their places are taken by those who have just come out of the *Théâtre Français* or the *Opéra Comique* and don't want to go to bed with a bad taste in their mouths.

This year, there are more monsters than ever. Not among the spectators, but in the side-shows. Like the Dawes Plan, they come from America.

(*Candide*, Paris)

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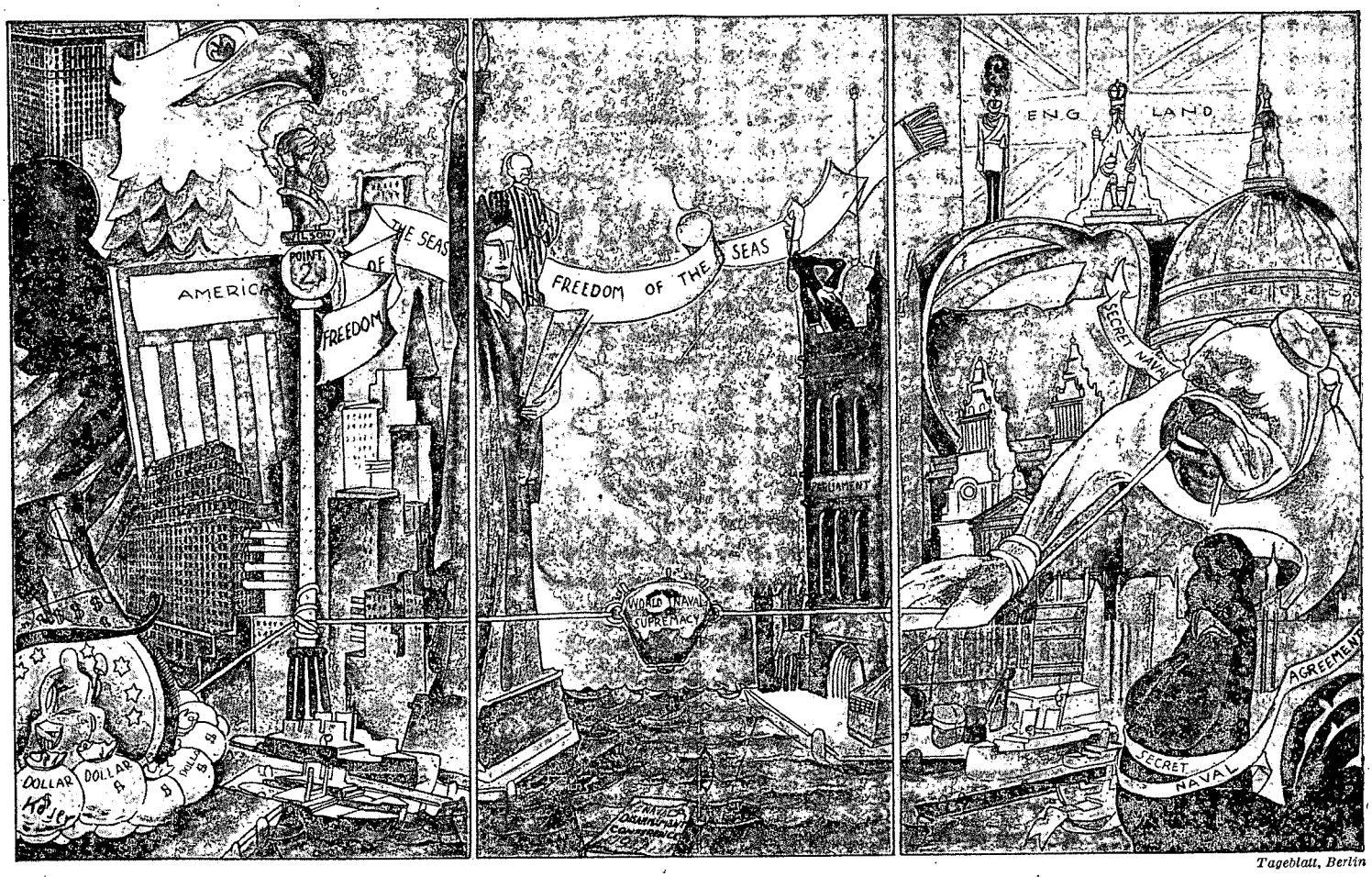

Tageblatt, Berlin

GERMANY SUMMARIZES BRITISH-AMERICAN RIVALRY

JOHN BULL, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the King, and a guardsman glower across the sea at the American Eagle, Mr. Coolidge, and the Statue of Liberty, with the supremacy of the seas the chief point at issue.

England Turns toward France

Will England and France, Jealous of Their Oversea Possessions, Pursue a Common Anti-American Policy?

By L. Dumont-Wilden

Translated from the *Revue Bleue*, Paris Political and Literary Fortnightly

WHEN Trotski was in Constantinople, he allowed himself to be interviewed by an international journalist named Willy Sperco, who published their conversation in *Candide*. The exiled revolutionary, taking occasion to point out that he was a member of the same race as the prophet Jeremiah, began foretelling catastrophes.

'I think we are headed for war,' he remarked. 'England made war on France during the Revolution of 1789, she made war on Germany, and she will make war on America. Every country that suddenly becomes prosperous automatically becomes the irreconcilable enemy of England. A terrific struggle for the dictatorship of world capitalism is under way. England and her colonies include three-quarters of the world. But wherever she goes she encounters the United States. The antagonism between these two countries will dominate the world for a decade, perhaps for a quarter of a century.'

This outburst need not be taken too seriously. One feels that the ex-dictator is suffering from the ill humor that assails disaffected revolutionists. He is giving rein to his inherited fondness for gloomy prophecies; he expects the universe to collapse because the Soviet experiment did not succeed. Nevertheless, the growing hostility between England and the United States is causing alert people serious anxiety.

The Wilsonian peace that followed the Versailles Treaty at first looked like an Anglo-Saxon victory. Great Britain, in her chimerical fear of France, remained true to her traditional policy of opposing any nation that attempted to dominate the continent of Europe. Together with the United States, she refused to grant France a frontier on the Rhine, which most Frenchmen, and many Europeans, believed to be the best security that could be offered to the most devastated country. This frontier also seemed to offer the best possible guarantee of European peace.

IN FIXING the amount of reparations and in opposing the Ruhr affair, England separated her cause from that of France. But the American Senate had meanwhile refused to ratify the Versailles Treaty. It failed to join England in the mutual guarantee of French security which both countries should

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have offered. At this point, the policy of joint Anglo-Saxon domination received its first setback and the United States has since made it plain that it wishes to play this ambitious leading rôle by itself and to dissociate its diplomacy completely from that of London. The Americans are convinced that they won the War and that Europe lost it — all of Europe, especially England.

The fact is that people are beginning to wonder whether England did not suffer more profoundly from the War than France. France has buried her dead and bound up her wounds. In spite of highly unfavorable circumstances, in spite of the mistakes and uncertainties of her policies, she has, in the course of the last ten years, given still more evidence of that vitality of hers which has so often astonished the world. In spite of the cost of reconstruction, her economy has really been more solid than Great Britain's economy, for Great Britain sacrificed everything to the prestige of the pound sterling. In doing this, she made a truly admirable financial sacrifice, but, as a result, her industry and whole social fabric are paralyzed by her army of unemployed, who numbered 1,439,000 last November.

The problem of unemployment dominates her whole political life and may well bring about the return of a Labor government, though such a government would soon find itself facing the same difficulties that the Conservative government faced, for these difficulties are less due to parties and ministers than to circumstances beyond human control.

Kladderadatsch, Berlin

JOHN BULL SEES A STRUGGLE AHEAD

THE NAVAL RIVALRY between Germany and Britain ended in the destruction of German naval pretensions; what of the rivalry between Britain and America?

ENGLAND owed her past prosperity and greatness to the fact that she was the first nation to understand that economic power was of all importance to the world. At a time when such rival nations as Spain and, still later, France were still playing at dynastic politics or at magnificent display, she had adopted a policy of commercialism. The English were also the first to discover the economic laws that governed the modern world. They industrialized their country at a time when other nations believed that agriculture was the ultimate source of national wealth. In doing so, they made certain sacrifices. The entire class of little country landowners was deliberately sacrificed and converted into an industrial proletariat. Bossuet's famous saying applies to peoples as well as to individuals: 'At the origin of all great fortunes there are things that make one shudder.' But England in this way became the chief producer of wealth in the world. Raw materials poured into her confines and departed in the form of manufactured goods. This fact explains the tremendous volume of business and the equally tremendous profits that made London the banking centre of the world. And Great Britain, except for Ireland, thus became a country without peasants, a country of 44,000,000 miners, laborers, shopkeepers, bankers, and sailors. And the more the world expanded and the more world needs increased, the more England manufactured, sold, and accumulated.

Such were the prodigious conditions which the War destroyed. For four years the English merchant marine transported nothing but munitions and war supplies. For four years English factories only turned out war materials. For four years the English banking system did nothing but lend money to more or less solvent Allies, to such a degree that it even had to borrow from neutrals. The result was that all lucrative functions which the country once monopolized passed into other hands. England wanted to put an end to the menace of German competition and found herself faced with the victorious competition of the United States.

This state of affairs, rather than the artificial maintenance of the pound sterling, is the fundamental reason for the unemployment crisis that has so profoundly stirred the domestic politics of the United Kingdom. Each party has its own remedy, but all these remedies involve grave difficulties.

The Laborites proclaim that, if production is reorganized along Socialist lines, the unemployed will find work to do and the country will again be able to sell its wares abroad.

The Liberals under Lloyd George think they can achieve the same result by a kind of scientific reorganization of industry by rationalization, while the Conservatives have conceived of a still more radical remedy: they propose organized mass emigration of one-tenth of the population of the British Isles. This remedy would serve two purposes, for the emigrants would go to the Dominions and thus British colonies would be strengthened by a new influx of British blood and would be less disposed to forget their motherland.

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ENGLAND is also gravely worried by the tendency of her Dominions to evolve a form of autonomy that already amounts to almost complete emancipation. British pride learned a bitter lesson when the American colonies won their freedom, and, since that time, England has exhibited exemplary wisdom and broadmindedness with her oversea possessions, granting them increased degrees of autonomy the further they developed themselves. Since the War began, the bond that ties the great Dominions to London has been scarcely more than a moral bond, allegiance to the Crown. But this bond is so strong that in the hour of peril Canada, Australia, South Africa, and all the Dominions gave the Empire their full support. Many Canadians, Australians, and South Africans died on the Somme for British honor, but this fraternity of arms and this loyalty have not prevented the autonomist movement from growing. No longer does Downing Street direct imperial policies with an autocratic hand. Canada and the Irish Free State have their own diplomatic agents. The same will soon be true of the other Dominions, all of whom are giving increasing evidence of the fact that they are independent nations whose allegiance to the Empire is purely voluntary. 'I am a Canadian,' said a Quebec industrialist to me the other day, 'but I retain my title to British citizenship because, thanks to that title, I am a member of the biggest commercial firm in the universe.' Perhaps the fact that England is ceasing to be the biggest commercial firm in the universe explains why the Dominions seem to wish to detach themselves from her.

Ever since 1880, each colonial and imperial conference has been marked by a growing desire for independence on the part of the Dominions. Was it not a significant fact that they refused to join an imperial Council of State? Moreover, it is incontestably true that in South Africa, Australia, and Canada a national sentiment has appeared which is quite distinct from imperial sentiment. Unquestionably, moral forces still bind the Empire together, — a pride in belonging to the greatest empire in the world, a certain common stock of customs and mental habits, — but they are rather fragile bonds and the Dominions do not receive an influx of British workers with any great joy. They are well aware of the advantages they enjoy because of the unoccupied space within their borders.

Does this mean that any of the Dominions would consider breaking loose from the mother country? That question has not yet arisen, but the various Dominions do intend to play a part in the British Commonwealth equal to the part England herself plays. Another factor that has cooled their ardor for independence is the feeling of security that the invincible British fleet gives them. That is why England has been following the constant progress of the American Navy with such close attention, not to say anxiety. 'When Washington began attacking English naval preëminence,' said M. Jean Luchaire in a penetrating article in his own review, *Notre Temps*, 'she began breaking up the Empire. Americans and Englishmen are familiar with this fact, but most Europeans are not. The vast diplomatic manœuvre we are now contemplating in the form of negotiations for naval disarmament involves the very existence of the British Empire. It is not that an insufficient navy will be destroyed in a war, but that the Empire will simply dissolve in peace times because the Dominions will no longer be able to count on the invincible British Navy to defend them.'

This is a dark side of things. The prestige of old England is not dead, and I believe that in case of danger the Crown could still count on its colonies just as it did in 1914, but the fact that such a problem can arise is a sign of the times.

HERE is food for thought for people who believe in historical justice. England finds herself confronted by a world power that makes its own interpretation of the freedom of the seas and that endeavors to turn the policing of maritime routes to its own profit. But political destiny is not concerned with a just distribution of punishment and reward. When the British Empire, the principal force for stability in the world, faces a serious crisis, all other Western nations automatically face a crisis, and particularly colonial powers, of whom France is the most important. If England is defeated, or even draws in her horns in the Far East, it is a defeat for all Europe.

Successive London governments have made a serious mistake in separating their cause from the cause of France. Apparently they have at last understood the true state of affairs, for the *entente cordiale* has never been more intimate. What a mistake it would be if we, on our part, cherished any rancor. British imperialism has been softened by time and no longer endangers anybody. The same thing is by no means true of the economic imperialism of the United States, which is now the creditor of the entire world and seems to be pursuing its task of enslaving Europe with financial arms. Unquestionably, there is no more peaceful power than America. Pacifistic phrases have always proved themselves highly effective with the American mob, but what empire ever dreamed of making anything but peace reign on earth, provided that that peace was its own?

M. JEAN LUCHAIRE believes that the safety of England and continental Europe lies in a United States of Europe, and he hopes that the present crisis in England will open that country's eyes.

The United States of Europe! What an old dream it is! What an antiquated Utopia! Of course the Utopias of yesterday sometimes become the realities of to-morrow, but how many questions must first be settled, how many prejudices must be conquered, how many chapters of history must be effaced! What formula will be able to reconcile the legal equality of various separate nations with their actual unequality? Is the League of Nations a step in the direction of this ideal? But the League of Nations is an outline of the United States of the World. Haven't we put the cart before the horse?

Roads

By R. Merdith

From the *Irish Statesman*, Dublin

First think of things that pass along the roads.
The gentlemen and ladies in their laces,
The horses, and the donkeys with their goads,
And chanting brown-gray monks with eager faces;
All things that tramp the weeping dust of roads.

Then listen to the crying of the stones:
All these are dust and we are dust and how
Have these the power to tramp and move their bones?
And we can understand the people now,
But when have men been merciful to stones?

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Schwartz Galleries

TODDY AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE

FROM AN ETCHING BY W. H. BOUCHER FROM A PAINTING BY W. DINDY SADLER

Intimate Museums

Houses of Famous Literary Men Which Have Been Converted into Show Places for the Benefit of the Public

By Marion Berry

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

THE idea of turning the homes of great writers into intimate museums is not only a charming plan, but is an excellent way of keeping ever fresh and vital in our minds the lives and habits of our literary heroes and idols. These old houses that have so bravely withstood the passing of time and the changing of customs reflect the personalities and characters of their famous inhabitants.

A visitor with but half a grain of imagination has only to cross one such threshold to feel himself back in another era, not as a sight-seer, but as a friend on a personal visit. Thus the boredom and dryness that some of us unconsciously connect with time spent in a formal museum is dispelled; an hour in the home of Balzac or Dickens is far from being merely 'interesting'; it is a genuinely thrilling experience.

In the courtyard of No. 47, rue Raynouard, Passy, there is an old-world cottage that is, to my way of thinking, both inside and out, the dearest house in all Paris. It is of grayish stucco and is old and low and rambling. At one side is a garden concealed from the eyes of the curious by a wrought-iron fence and a hedge of shrubbery. Like a house from a favorite novel, one is apt to think. Peter Ibbetson must have lived in just such a house in this very Passy, and he and Mimsy no doubt played in a walled garden not unlike this one.

THIS was the home of Honoré de Balzac from November, 1840, until the winter of 1847–48. Here the author of *La Comédie Humaine* lived quite alone, except for his housekeeper, the faithful Madame de Brugnolle, and while here wrote, among other things, part of *About Catherine de Medici*, *Lost Illusions*, *Modeste Mignon*, *The Peasants*, *Cousin Betty* and *Cousin Pons*. In 1908, thanks to the efforts of M. Louis de Royaumont and the kindness of the owner, Mme. Barbier, whose father had the distinction of being Balzac's landlord, this little house became the Balzac Museum.

One enters a small hall, with walls the shade of lapis lazuli, which leads into a low-ceilinged room Balzac used

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as his bedroom. Next is the salon, a room with French windows and a quaint marble mantel, and quite bare of furniture save for glass cases containing photographs of Balzac's birthplace; of the house on the rue Fournée, now the rue Balzac, in which he died; of his wife's estate in Poland; a painting of Mme. de Berny's château where he wrote *The Lily of the Valley*, and portraits, etchings, and sketches of Balzac at various ages. One cabinet contains a proof sheet with corrections in Balzac's handwriting and some amusing caricatures, one of which is attributed to Théophile Gautier.

In the passage between the salon and the *salle à manger* is a pathetic reminder of the hardships that often accompanied literary careers in the 'forties: the trapdoor by means of which Balzac escaped his creditors. The house was ideally planned for those flights, for although the front, on the rue Raynouard, is but one story high, the rear is three stories and faces another street, now the rue Berton, but in Balzac's day the rue du Roc. The apartments on this street were not occupied by Balzac, but he no doubt selected his abode because of the convenient passage leading out to the rue du Roc.

OF ALL the rooms, the *salle à manger* is the most attractive and, while the furniture there now did not belong to Balzac, it is of the period and in excellent taste. A delightful feature is a white porcelain stove that *was* there when Balzac was the tenant. Two pictures on the walls are most interesting. One is of Mme. Barbier, née Grandmain, taken in 1908 when she was quite an old lady, and the other is of Mme. de Hanska, later Mme. Balzac, the Polish noblewoman with whom he corresponded for eighteen years before he married her in 1851, six months before his death.

The study, naturally, is the shrine of the house, for here, near the window, are Balzac's writing table and armchair. On the table is a cast of his hand and several rare old volumes from his own *bibliothèque*. Pictures of his parents, his sister, and Mme. de Berny, his first love, are on the walls, which are of soft red damask. Here, too, is hung, in a gold frame, a piece of cardboard on which is written, '*Ici un Rembrandt.*' So it was when Balzac lived there; he could not afford a Rembrandt, but it pleased his fancy to imagine that one hung on his study wall. Everyone familiar with *Cousin Pons* will appreciate that pathetic notice, knowing the sympathy Balzac had for the art collector.

From the study to the garden is but a step, and from the garden balustrade one may look down upon Paris and the winding Seine. What sunsets Balzac must have seen from the heights of Passy, what dreams he must have had in his enchanted garden! Here he doubtless meditated during many a solitary hour and here he strolled with friends who sought him out in his retreat — Théophile Gautier, Laurent-Jan, or Gérard de Nerval.

New York Public Library

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING MADE FROM A PAINTING BY CHAPPEL

AT THE other end of Paris, near the place de la Bastille, in the historic *quartier du Marais* is the place des Vosges, with its mellowed, red-brick houses of the time of Henry IV. At number six, in the days of Louis XIII, lived Marion de Lorme, the seventeenth-century courtesan whose beauty dazzled even the wily Cardinal Richelieu. During the more chaste nineteenth century this same house had a far greater and more celebrated occupant, namely, Victor Hugo. It was here that he lived for fifteen years and wrote *Songs of Twilight*, *Lights and Shadows*, and other works.

It is now the Victor Hugo Museum and one may wander from room to room examining with delight numerous designs by Hugo, caricatures of the period, photographs of his grandchildren, and many intimate belongings of the writer. A personal touch, as it were, is that the furniture is placed just as Hugo himself had it, one room being a reproduction of the chamber in which he died in the avenue d'Eylau, at present the avenue Victor Hugo.

What the admirers of Hugo and Balzac have done to preserve the homes of those two immortals, the lovers of

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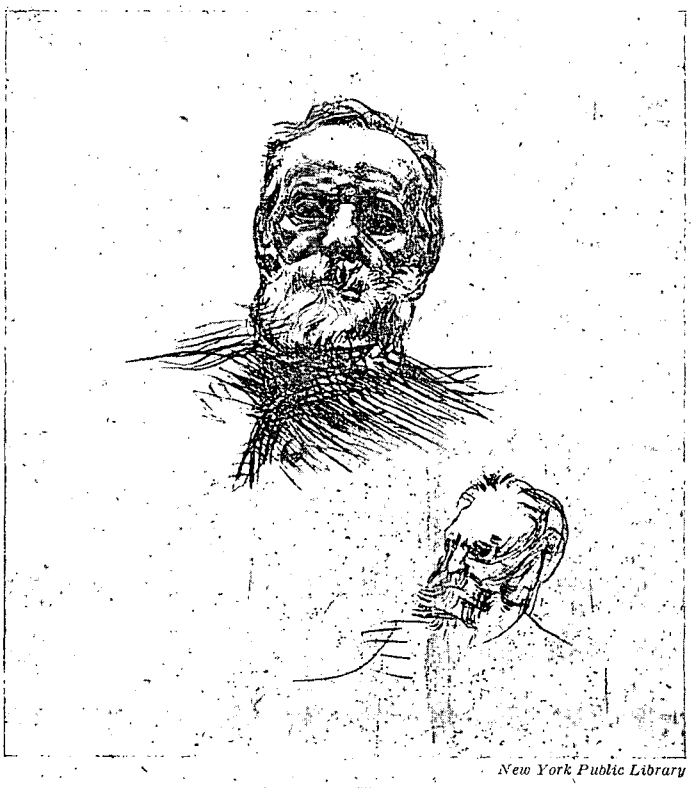
Dickens have done in his memory. In 1923, the Dickens Fellowship bought No. 48 Doughty Street, London, the first house Dickens rented, and the only one he occupied in London that remains in its original condition. Dickens House, as it is now called, is the headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship and houses the Dickens Museum and Library as well.

It was to this house that Dickens came to live in March, 1837, a year after his marriage to Catherine Hogarth, and here they stayed until December, 1839. One wonders how the youthful couple planned and fixed this, their first home; whether they started housekeeping after the rapturous, though delightfully practical, manner of Bella Wilfer and her John, or after the equally blissful, though not so satisfactory, manner of David Copperfield and his Dora. All the world knows that this marriage which started so ideally with a honeymoon in Chalk, in Kent, the country Dickens loved so well, ended after many years in a separation. Therefore it is with a pang of tender pity that one beholds in Dickens House the author's wedding present to his wife — an old-fashioned calling case that was, no doubt, her most precious possession.

I am sure that those two years at 48 Doughty Street were happy ones, and if they were important in the lives of the Dickens family they were certainly eventful in the history of English literature, for it was at this time that Dickens rose from obscurity to fame, and while living here he wrote the latter half of *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

During this period his two daughters, Mamie (Mary) and Kate, were born; and one smiles as one sees a note written by Dickens inviting a friend to the christening of 'an infant phenomenum.' But not all events were as joyous, for now occurred one of the great tragedies of Dickens's life, namely, the death of his adored sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, whose memory he always cherished and who forever remained his ideal of young womanhood.



New York Public Library

VICTOR HUGO

FROM A DRY POINT BY AUGUSTE RODIN

As would be expected, the walls are covered with pictures of his best loved and best known characters, scenes from his novels, drawings by Cruikshank and Phiz, photographs of Dickens and his family, joyous gatherings of friends at Gadshill, and, of course, many views of Gadshill itself. Among the treasures of the library that will prove a great treat for all lovers of Dickensian literature is a fine collection of Dickensiana accumulated by the late B. W. Matz, founder of the Dickens Fellowship. Those who enjoy *Pickwick Papers* most of all will revel in a room in the basement fashioned after the kitchen at Dingley Dell.

Come, let us survey this room in company with the estimable Mr. Snodgrass.

> . . . He describes it as a large apartment, with a red brick floor and a capacious chimney; the ceiling garnished with hams, sides of bacon, and ropes of onions. The walls were decorated with several hunting whips, two or three bridles, a saddle, and an old rusty blunderbuss, with an inscription below it, intimating that it was 'Loaded' — as it had been, on the same authority, for half a century at least. An old eight-day clock, of solemn and sedate demeanor, ticked gravely in one corner; and a silver watch, of equal antiquity, dangled from one of the many hooks which ornamented the dresser.

AS THERE is a Dickens Fellowship, so there is a Brontë Society, which recently, thanks to the generosity of Sir James Roberts, came into the possession of the old rectory at Haworth, Yorkshire, where the Reverend Patrick Brontë lived with his talented daughters. This lonely parsonage, next to the old churchyard, surrounded by an expanse of bleak moorland, will henceforth be the Brontë Society's museum and library.

Lately, many people whose literary saints are Charlotte and Emily made a pilgrimage to Haworth Village for the opening ceremony. These pilgrims were rewarded with a sight of Charlotte's paint box, her little washstand, her workbox, her embroideries, and the sisters' drawings. What touched the Brontë devotees most of all were the marks on the nursery walls where the five little sisters, over a century ago, measured their heights. Those faint lines brought vividly to each beholder those strange, serious children, and the passions, sufferings, and struggles that as women they had to endure, which explain such books as *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*.

Schwartz Galleries

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE

FROM AN ETCHING BY WILFRID BALL

FEW visit London without going to the Cheshire Cheese; some go for the ale and the famous rump steak, kidney, lark,

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and oyster pudding, and its associations with Dr. Johnson. While most are content with a glimpse of the good Doctor's corner, not so he who reads and re-reads his Boswell. Your true Johnsonian is not so easily satisfied, but will seek out other haunts of the great lexicographer.

It is but a short stroll from Wine Court and the Cheese down Fleet Street to the Doctor's house. One should take this walk in a leisurely manner, inspecting en route Johnson Court and Bolt Court. The houses Johnson occupied in these two places have long since been demolished, but a bit farther on in Gough Square, at No. 17, the house still stands in which Samuel Johnson lived from 1748 to 1758, and compiled the Dictionary that brought him eternal fame. It is a Georgian building with a simple doorway, to one side of which is a plaque stating: —

DR. SAMUEL
JOHNSON
AUTHOR

Lived Here

B. 1709. D. 1784.

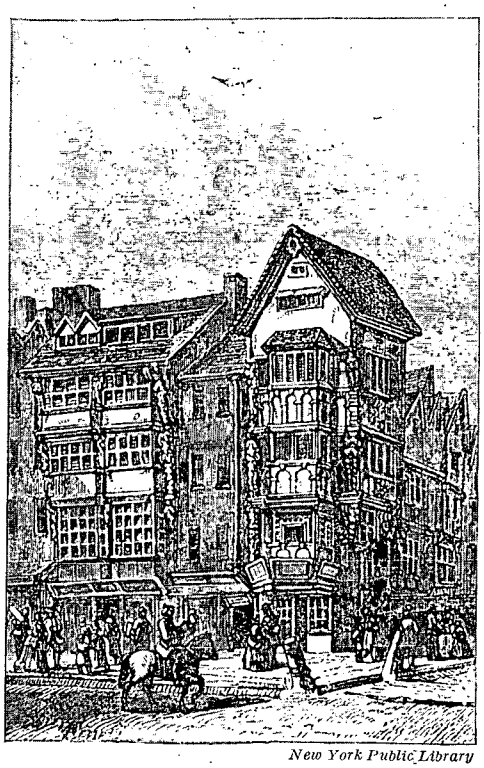
Inside are lovely paneled walls and a very fine old staircase. The room most venerated is the one in the attic where Johnson and his six amanuenses labored incessantly upon the Dictionary. In Johnson's time, I found in S. C. Roberts's delightful *The Story of Doctor Johnson*, this room served as the library, and here one saw 'five or six Greek folios, a deal writing desk, a chair and a half. Johnson, giving to his guest the entire seat, tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm.' Here one sees to-day an autographed letter and an early edition of the noted Dictionary.

OFF the beaten track of tourists is a little cottage in Stafford that is the Mecca for fishermen from all parts of the globe, for it was once the home of Izaak Walton, the genial philosopher of *The Compleat Angler*. It was taken over as a permanent memorial in 1923 — the same year, by coincidence, that the Dickens Fellowship acquired 48 Doughty Street — and became officially known as the Izaak Walton Cottage. That there is no dearth of Walton enthusiasts on this side of the Atlantic is apparent from the fact that an American committee, organized under J. S. Auerbach of New York, helped considerably in raising the funds necessary for the memorial.

Schwartz Galleries

CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSE, GADSHILL
FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLES O. MURRAY

Many know the window in memory of Izaak Walton in the Church of Saint-Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street, of which he was a vestryman, and in Chancery Lane may be seen the site of a shop he kept; but it is in Stafford, where he was born, that his mellow personality is most strongly felt to-day. Walton retired from the commercial world in 1644, and, leaving London behind, bought this property near his birthplace. It was at this time, too, that he commenced to work, in his leisurely way, on his classic, the first editions of *The Compleat Angler* appearing in 1653 and the later editions following during the course of several decades.



New York Public Library

IZAAK WALTON'S HOUSE, LONDON
FROM AN OLD PRINT

Charming a home as Walton's cottage must have been to him, — it is the sort of low, thatched-roof dwelling one sees so frequently about the English countryside, — he was often away, visiting 'eminent clergymen' and other brother anglers, or riding about the pleasant, green lands. He lived to the ripe age of ninety and died in Winchester, in the house of one of his daughters. A caretaker lives in his Stafford cottage now, tending the two gardens, flower and vegetable, which give a thoroughly homey air to the place.

NEWS has recently come from England that the British Government has bought the cottage at Kirriemuir, Scotland, where Sir James M. Barrie was born. I know of no finer tribute that a nation could pay one of its greatest living playwrights and novelists and I can think of nothing that could give Sir James's admirers a more genuine pleasure than a visit to this wee house where they may gaze from 'a window in Thrums.'

In *Margaret Ogilvy*, the story of his mother, Barrie wrote: 'On the day I was born we bought six hair-bottomed chairs, and in our little house it was an event, the first great victory in a woman's long campaign; how they had been labored for, the pound-note and the thirty threepenny bits they cost, what anxiety there was about the purchase, the show they made in possession of the west room . . .'

Whether or not these chairs will still be in the west room I cannot say, nor do I know if the visitors will see the wardrobe in her room where Margaret so proudly hung her best silk. But this much I can say: I am sure the gracious, sly charm of Margaret Ogilvy will fill the place, and one will sense that wisdom and witchery that has been handed down to us in Maggie in *What Every Woman Knows* and in practically every Barrie heroine. And everyone will want to call up the stair, as did the small son long ago: 'Margaret Ogilvy, are you there?'

These intimate literary shrines will never be places of interest to the casual sight-seer, but the discriminating visitor will always find them havens of joy and will ever have cause to be grateful to those whose efforts made possible the preservation of these famous houses.

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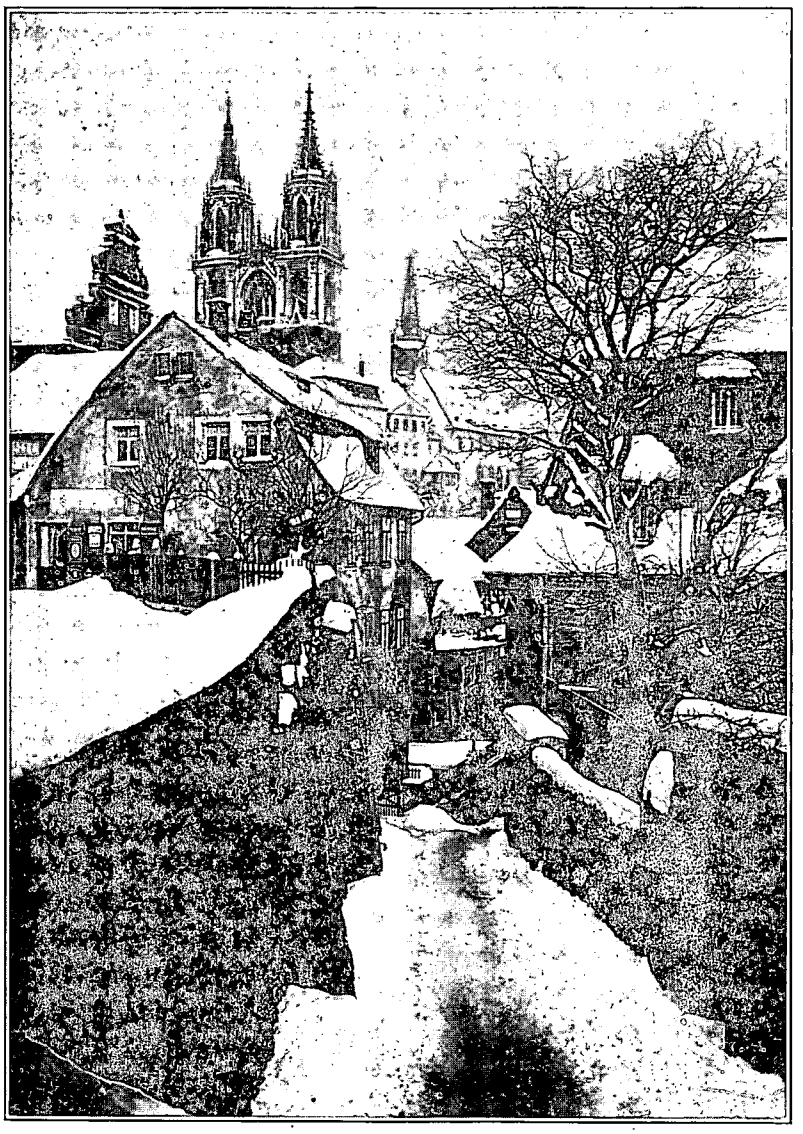
Letters and the Arts

Two Hundred Years of Dresden China—England Goes Talkie—Literary Statistics—New Light on Bismarck—Lord Alfred Douglas Tells All—Tracing Japan's Origins—Hindenburg a Movie Star—Rhodes House at Oxford—A Celebration of German Archaeologists

Two Hundred Years of Dresden China

The town of Meissen in Saxony is commemorating this year the two hundred and tenth anniversary of the death of Johann Friedrich Böttger, the first European to master the art of making china and the originator of the famous Dresden ware. Born in 1684, he studied to be an apothecary in Berlin and dabbled in alchemy. He then came to the attention of Prince Egon von Fürstenberg of Meissen who demanded that he make gold of baser metals and shut him up until he was able to do so, providing him in the meantime with whatever equipment and assistance might be necessary. As real chinaware was worth its weight in gold at this period, the young apothecary, instead of turning his attention to the task that had been set him, began experimenting with baked clay, procured in the district. He was at last successful and produced a brownish-red porcelain ware which so delighted the Prince that he set Böttger up at the head of a factory for china where the first Dresden ware was made. The young inventor had meanwhile made several vain attempts to escape, but when his ability was so substantially recognized, he was glad enough to stay.

Yet in spite of all that his inventive genius had done for the town of Meissen, he was not officially recognized until 1891, when a bronze statue was erected in his memory. Perhaps the town's own history had made it neglect the man who had brought it a new burst of prosperity, for its cathedral is one of the finest in Germany and its ancient streets and houses show that Meissen had amounted to something before Böttger's time. Meissen to-day, therefore, offers to its visitors the charm of the Middle Ages with a monument to eighteenth-century craftsmanship thrown in.



The Ancient Town of Meissen

Where Dresden china was first made. The famous cathedral can be seen in the background.

England Goes Talkie

The talking motion picture, having conquered America, is rapidly subduing England, but the struggle is even greater over there than it has been on this side of the water. The British have long sought to challenge our film supremacy, not only in their own market, but also in the United States, and the emergence of this new fad may prove a heaven-sent opportunity. To begin with, British cinema exhibitors are refusing to install the Western Union's sound equipment because they can get a German apparatus at less than a quarter the price. The result is that various patent-infringement suits have been filed, not only in Great Britain, but on the Continent as well. At the same time several mergers between English and German corporations are said to be under way.

This is by no means the first time that the British have prophesied the destruction of America's film monopoly, but it is the first time that such prophecies have a real basis in fact. Lack of sunshine, lack of funds, and lack of technical camera experience have combined to make England a third-rate cinema power, but such drawbacks do not apply in the talkie field. The most successful talking films have cost far less to produce than the old-fashioned shows. They have been made in studios, not out of doors, and camera work has been secondary to correct speech and accomplished acting. Even in Hollywood the ignorant actors, producers, and scenario writers are giving way to people of some training and education. The public, meanwhile, has not shown itself averse to first-class plays and first-class players.

Here, then, is precisely where the British should be able to score. The works of their best modern dramatists capably performed by English casts should enjoy a real success throughout all the English-speaking world. Leading figures in the American film industry recognize the opportunity Britain enjoys, and Mr. Jesse Lasky of the Paramount Company recently told a gathering of London movie men, 'You have the dramatists. You have the actors who can speak

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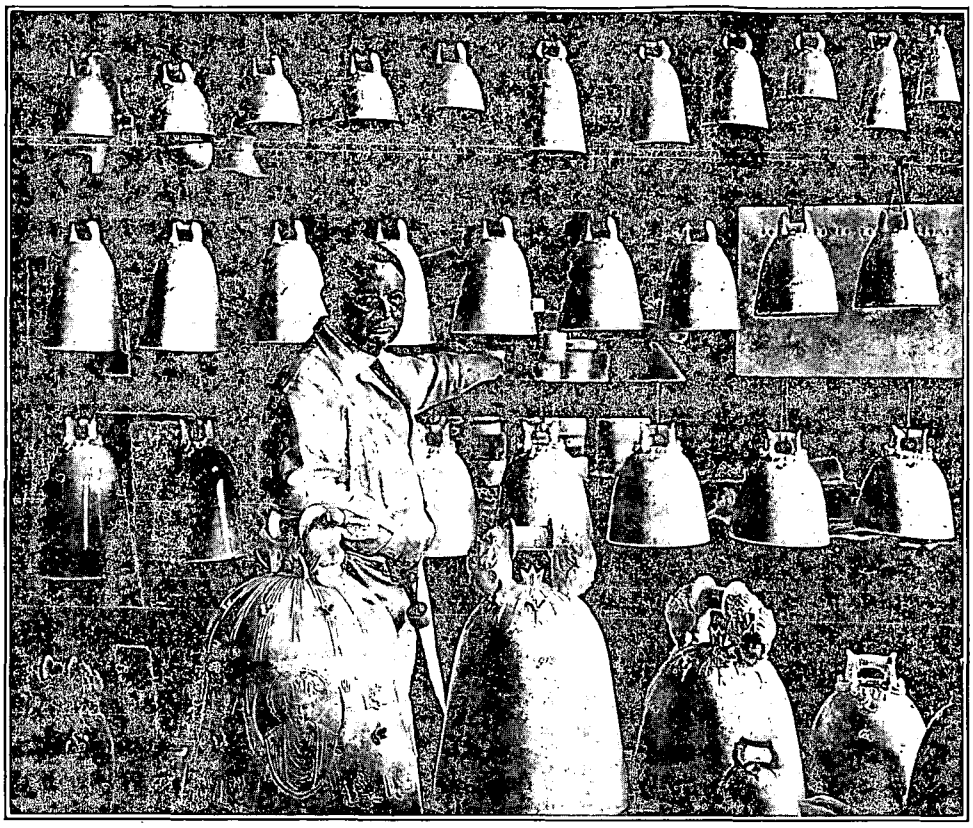

A Set of Earthenware Chimes

Made by the Meissen china factory and presented to the local cathedral. The man in the picture is Professor Paul Börner, who made the chimes.

beautiful English. You have the language.' If Britain plays her cards right, she can make London rival any American movie capital as a centre of English-speaking films and then, by entering into further agreements with foreign concerns, she can build up a plan that will attract the best actors from every country to make their pictures in England. By striking promptly and effectively, and by playing upon the universal jealousy of America's present monopoly, the English motion-picture industry can control the world.

Literary Statistics

FROM the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Manchester Guardian* come two interesting sidelights on contemporary literature in Germany and England. The German paper reports that the national output of books declined during 1928 and the English paper has attempted to prognosticate what living British novelists will be most popular a hundred years from now.

Both before and after the War, Germany consistently led all other nations in book production. In 1919 only 15,876 new volumes appeared, but in 1922 the figure had risen to 22,614. Two years later production dropped to 18,003, but, in 1927, 24,860 new books appeared as against 22,951 in 1928. The total number of all books, new and old, published in Germany during 1927 was 31,026 and in 1928, 27,794. Our own country averages rather less than 10,000 books a year and Great Britain slightly more.

An analysis of last year's German book production reveals that the field of belles-lettres was almost twice as fruitful as any other. Nearly 4,500 books of this type appeared, with school books second and mythology and theology running a close third. Over 2,000 social, political, and economic studies appeared — more, in fact, than in the previous year. Although the popularity of Roman type is growing, slightly more than half of all German books are still printed in Gothic characters. Translations are in great demand and the number of them increased sixteen per cent last year. More than five hundred books were translated from English, 288 from French, and 176 from Russian.

The literary statistics from England deal with the future rather than the past. The *Manchester Guardian* has been running a competition to discover what modern British novelists will be the most popular in the year 2029. Each competitor submitted the names of the six contemporary novelists who, in his opinion, would be the most widely read a hundred years hence. No list included all of the six names that finally proved most popular, but the first prize was awarded to the man who chose Wells, Bennett, George Moore, Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and R. H. Mottram. Here are the first twenty names on the list and the number of votes each one received:

Galsworthy	1,180
Wells	933
Bennett	654
Kipling	455
Barrie	286
Walpole	233
Kaye-Smith	198
George Moore	165
Bernard Shaw	110
Conan Doyle	101
R. H. Mottram	79
John Buchan	63
D. H. Lawrence	61
Chesterton	60
Aldous Huxley	50
Hall Caine	48
Masefield	46
Locke	46
Rose Macaulay	41
Phillpotts	38

Bernard Shaw's comparatively low place is due to the fact that his reputation rests more on his plays than on his novels, but it is surprising that Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence did not score higher. It is also interesting to find E. M. Forster receiving only 37 votes, Virginia Woolf 21, Compton Mackenzie 16, and James Joyce less than 10. American readers will also be surprised to find Miss Kaye-Smith standing so high, but her popularity is no doubt due to the fact that she has devoted her talents to describing her beloved countryside, a subject which makes an unfailing appeal to English readers. American authors were not included in the competition.

New Light on Bismarck

THE publication in Germany of a book entitled *Coup d'État Plans of Bismarck and William II, 1890–1894* makes necessary the rewriting of an important chapter in German history. The author, Doctor Egmont Zechlin, proves that Bismarck had made plans to overthrow his country's constitution. William II at one time gave ear to these schemes and after Bismarck's dismissal he used to terrify Caprivi, the Iron Chancellor's successor, by appearing to reconsider them.

Bismarck's idea was to provoke political quarrels by proposing in the Reichstag bills for military expenditures against which the Socialists would object. As a result the Reichstag would be dissolved — not once, but several times. The atmosphere necessary for the creation of a new autocracy would then have been established. But the former Kaiser, at first attracted by these schemes, grew

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wary when the Duke of Baden warned him that Bismarck had devised them simply to bring about a rift between the Emperor and his subjects.

Four years later, however, William again played with the idea, this time suggesting it to Caprivi and to the Kings of Saxony and Württemberg. Here is the telegram that he sent to Caprivi at the time: —

> The King of Saxony expresses the opinion that if the Reichstag constantly shows itself to be in opposition to laws made to uphold law and order it has lost its right to exist. The moment will then have come for the bomb to explode and for the union of German princes to bring in a new law. In other words, the *ultima ratio*, a *coup d'état*. That section of the German populace which loves law and order, and whose fear of a revolution is increasing daily, would welcome such a solution. . . . None of Us have sworn to support the Constitution of the Reich, therefore it can be changed. The King of Saxony will write to Your Excellency on this subject.

Caprivi was horrified and promptly called a cabinet meeting at which the Finance Minister remarked that German public opinion was not yet sufficiently 'enlightened' to approve a *coup d'état* of this nature. Caprivi resigned, but the Kaiser clung to his belief in a 'revolution from on high.' A hitherto unpublished dispatch written by the Bavarian ambassador quotes the Kaiser as saying that if the Socialists appeared really threatening he and the German princes would engineer a revolution of their own and save the country from the ordeal suffered by France in 1789.

Lord Alfred Douglas Tells All

THE appearance of Lord Alfred Douglas's autobiography in England has again brought to the fore many disputes and scandals that used to agitate the friends and contemporaries of Oscar Wilde. For Lord Alfred is a bitter and persistent fighter. He admits that he was guilty of 'inexactitudes' in the past, but that he now feels 'obliged' to make a clean breast of everything.

This obligation, which he believes has been laid upon him, he terms an 'outrage' and his entire story bristles with similar 'outrages,' always at his expense and always engineered by a host of 'perfidious' friends and relatives. He confesses his sins but lashes out at British society by saying that ninety per cent of the men in England have been guilty at one time or another of some such iniquities as he himself practised. His confession then turns into a plea for a frank acknowledgment of this state of affairs.

His statistics are naturally open to question and the *New Statesman*, by no means a prudish paper, refers to his apology as 'quite ridiculous nonsense' that is a much more serious reflection on Sir Alfred's friends than on British manhood. Although he claims to have abandoned the paganism of his early youth and to have embraced the precepts and tenets of the Roman Church, he still harps on his own genius and personal beauty. It is indeed a little difficult to understand why this reformed character feels 'obliged' to devote so much time to asserting that when he is dead his letters will be just as valuable as those of Oscar Wilde are now.

One would probably have to be a devotee of abnormal psychology to do justice to Sir Alfred. The lay public will therefore find it hard to reconcile his vanity, his talents, and his loyalty to Wilde. But the tragedy of his life, which seemed so vital yesterday, has become quite flat to-day. Our interest — as distinguished from our human interest in a man of unusual character — has faded. His feelings and passions — not his opinions and apologies — are what make his life story worth while.

Tracing Japan's Origins

A DISTINGUISHED authority on Oriental music, who rejoices in the name of Hisao Tanabe, believes he has traced the origins of the present Japanese race to a part of Central Asia where, he asserts, both his own forebears and the forebears of the Jewish nation originated. The particular spot he has picked out is a stretch of desert territory east of the Caspian Sea and north of Tibet. Ten thousand years ago this part of the world was supposedly at the bottom of the sea, but as recently as seven thousand years ago the earth's surface had changed and Central Asia had become a centre of human life from which many tribes were departing to all parts of the world. The present inhabitants of Japan are said to have reached their destination via China and the South Seas while other streams went toward Palestine and still another traversed India.

Archæologists have already dubbed Central Asia the Cradle of Mankind, but it has remained for Mr. Tanabe to draw further conclusions, based on his knowledge of musical instruments. Thirty years devoted to the study of ancient instruments in India, China, Siam, and the South Seas have led him to conclude that the Japanese and the Jews come from the same stock because both races used a six-stringed instrument different from that of any other country. The ancient Hebrew warriors strummed upon a six-stringed affair that measured about three feet long, while their Japanese contemporaries played on the *yamato koto*. In ancient Japanese legend the latter instrument was apparently small enough for one man to carry, although it later became so large that two men bore it while the player attacked it in the middle. The Japanese and the Hebrew instruments were played in much the same way. At the celebration of a victory achieved by the first earthly emperor of Japan, the man who played the *yamato koto* walked along strumming the instrument with a peg held in his right hand. The volume of the music was modulated by pressing on the strings with the left hand.

Mr. Tanabe does not yet feel able to assert positively that the Japanese people have Hebrew blood, but he does not affirm, as other scholars do, that the customs of Japan originated in the South Sea. He traces everything back to Central Asia, the Cradle of Mankind.

Hindenburg a Movie Star

JUST as Coolidge and Smith are making places for themselves in the world of literature, President von Hindenburg is finding a new outlet for his talents as a movie actor. Enthusiastic Berlin audiences have been attending a film entitled *The Iron Hindenburg in War and Peace*, which shows various stages in the German president's career. Had the picture confined itself to the enormous influence one man exerted over Germany during and after the War, it might have been popular even in Allied countries. But some of the captions and incidents have been given such a tinge of Nationalist propaganda that foreign movie fans will have to make the trip to Berlin if they want to see the latest and most popular of German film stars without benefit of censor.

The picture begins with views of German pre-War military life at home and in the colonies. One caption asserts that this idyllic state of affairs, plus the industrial prosperity of the country, 'awoke the envy of our enemies,' whereupon a picture is shown of George V inspecting British troops. Thus poor Germany became 'a puppet in the hands of war agitators.' The audience is then vouchsafed a view of Poincaré, after which the news of Serajevo begins spreading like wildfire over Europe. 'William II,' announces the caption, 'tried to avoid the entanglements of war, but his attempts to keep peace were in vain.'

The scenes of German mobilization and the Kaiser's proclamation were greeted with applause, but the Squire of Doorn seldom appears in the picture and when he does the audience shows no enthusiasm. Views of the Revolution and the 'infamous Versailles Treaty' follow

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Simplicissimus, Munich

MAX REINHARDT BACK FROM HOLLYWOOD

IN ONE OF HIS FIRST INTERVIEWS since he returned from California, Max Reinhardt announced that the talkies contained greater artistic possibilities than the stage and screen put together.

and the film comes to an end with pictures of military life in France and England, proving that 'the enemy has recognized correctly that only armies and weapons assure the freedom of a nation.'

RHODES HOUSE AT OXFORD

THE trustees of the estate of Cecil Rhodes have just given Oxford a memorial library to be known as Rhodes House, which will be devoted to American and Dominion affairs. For years the University authorities have been endeavoring to remedy the congestion that prevails at the Bodleian Library, and this will give them a welcome opportunity to move many books to another place. Rhodes House will accommodate about 100,000 volumes and will also house lecture rooms and a residential wing. The two acres of land it occupies were purchased from Wadham College.

The purpose of Rhodes House is to serve the entire University and not the Rhodes scholars alone. It supplies sorely needed lecture rooms as well as a reading centre for all students of American history or the history of the various British Dominions. It will embody the wish of Cecil Rhodes that all parts of the English-speaking world should get to know each other and it will provide an educational centre for men and women from all parts of the British Empire and the United States.

The intention that the Rhodes scholars shall be normal students of the University will not be affected. They will continue to pursue their usual activities — social and otherwise — in their various colleges. This July, a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rhodes Scholarship Scheme will be celebrated and the trustees have urged all former scholars to attend if they can possibly do so. A reception and dinner will be held in Rhodes Hall and there will be a garden party on the grounds.

A CELEBRATION OF GERMAN ARCHÆOLOGISTS

WHEN the German Archæological Institute celebrated its hundredth anniversary in Berlin, it might well have taken as its motto, 'The first hundred years are the hardest,' for hard work was the point featured in most of the speeches. Visitors from every part of the world were received with all the pomp and ceremony that would greet a convention of radio salesmen in the United States. A special session of the Reichstag, presided over by the director of the Archæological Institute, listened to speeches by Dr. Stresemann and Sir Maurice de Bunsen, the English grandson and namesake of the society's distinguished founder. By far the most impressive oration was made by the veteran, Professor von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, who is eighty years old and stoutly advocates the most thorough and uncompromising scholarship.

The spectacle in the Reichstag was particularly impressive. Representatives of learned societies from every country in Europe appeared in mediæval robes with hats of red velvet and gold. The directors of the Institute and the Papal Nuncio were dressed entirely in red, a few generals turned up in field-gray uniforms, but nearly everybody else was clad in black and white.

One of the English delegates pointed out in the *Daily Telegraph* certain deficiencies that Germans and other Europeans would not have noticed. This captious visitor found the speeches far too long and tiresome and did not care for the German habit of holding orations while dinner was still going on, since both the meal and the speech were spoiled in the process. Even the performance of Orpheus and Eurydice, put on for the special benefit of the archæologists, did not escape unscathed, because the sensitive British ear was offended by the pronunciation of the heroine's name as 'Oirideeker.'

The congress confined its professional activities to reading papers on various excavations in Italy, Greece, the Near East, and the Orient. British archæology held its head up with the rest of them, but our visitor from London confessed that the Germans seemed to take the whole affair rather more seriously than his own country would. Indeed, one can not easily imagine the House of Commons being thrown open to a congress of fuzzy professors, and in our own country, too, we should hardly expect Mr. Whalen to desert his grim duties in the night clubs of New York for the frivolous society of archæologists.

Another feature of the Berlin celebration was the opening of the new Pergamon Museum. These sculptures are the chief artistic glory of Berlin — just as Lord Elgin's frieze, lifted from the Parthenon, is the chief artistic glory of London. But the method of presentation in Berlin is superior. The Pergamon sculptures are now being displayed in a great hall, the chief feature of which is a full-size reproduction of the front of the original temple, with high steps ascending between two peristyled wings, on which the famous reliefs are placed in their correct position. The entire temple, however, is not reproduced and the rest of the sculpture faces inward instead of outward as it did originally. The building in which these sculptures are displayed is a characteristically German piece of glass and steel construction in modern style.

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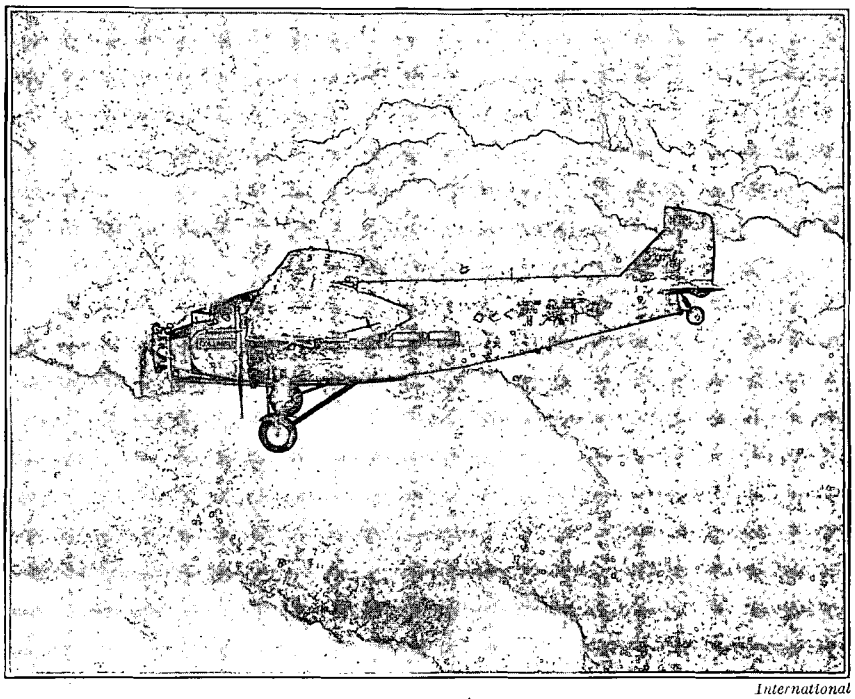


International

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

The TRAVELER OF THE future will have such scenery as this to beguile the time as he speeds across continents and oceans in a fraction of the time now required to traverse the same distances.

The World in the Air

A British Expert in Aërodynamics Points Out the Implications of Aërial Development throughout the World

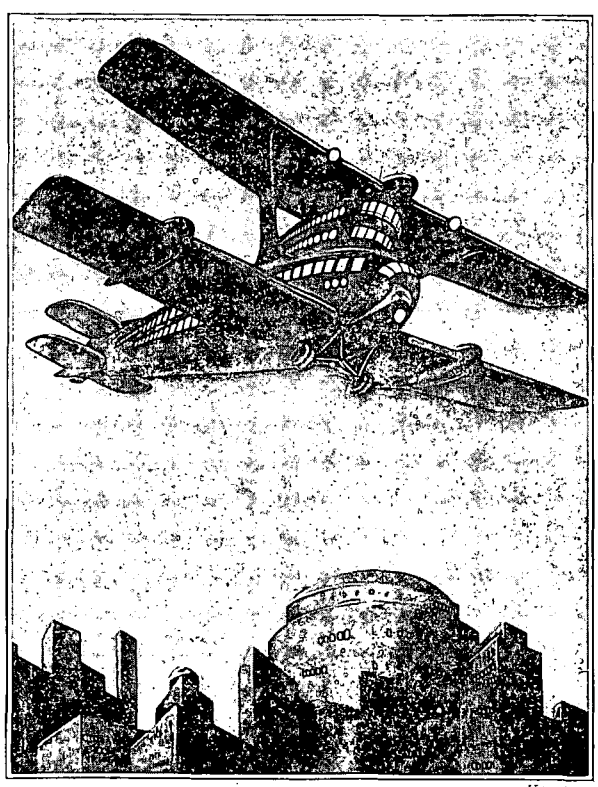
By Hyman Levy, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

Professor of Mathematics, Imperial College of Science and Technology; Formerly Member of the Aërodynamics Research Staff of the National Physical Laboratory

From the *Realist*, a Monthly Journal of Scientific Humanism (London)

WHILE the dreamers in science have unified time and space, the men of action by their conquest of the ether and of the air have annihilated them. It seems but yesterday, although twenty-five years have already elapsed, since the first dramatic stride was made toward the conquest of the air. Two decades of intensive scientific research have culminated in the production of a flying machine swifter than anything ever previously produced by man or by nature itself. This sudden leap from fantasy to reality is symbolical of the intensely rapid development in aërial mastery.

The mechanical age of this last century and a half has witnessed shorter and shorter steps from the experimental stage to that of social application. As early as 1788, Taylor and Symington realized some of the possibilities of steam power when they launched their steam vessel on Dalswinton Loch bearing on board Robert Burns and Henry Brougham, the future Lord Chancellor. It was not, however, until 1804 that the first steam locomotive made its appearance, the termination, as it were, of the first experimental stage in steam power.



Keystone

A GERMAN VISION OF THE FUTURE

WHICH IS ALMOST HERE. A giant passenger plane which could carry a thousand passengers from Bremen to New York in thirty hours.

Sixty years later this country and the greater part of Europe were covered by a network of railways, and mining fields were blackening the fair countryside of England.

About thirty years ago the first motor car took the road, and a crude unprepossessing animal it was, in appearance a mere superficial modification of the old coach. Now supercharged high-power cars at incredible speeds of over a hundred miles per hour dash round the racing tracks of the country, while our highways are rapidly being torn up and redesigned under the pressure of motor-traffic congestion. A new industry raises a valuable revenue in taxation on its many thousands of cars, and the Road Fund has become a political football.

Almost within the memory of the youngest of us, the first wireless signals were transmitted, and in little more than ten years broadcasting

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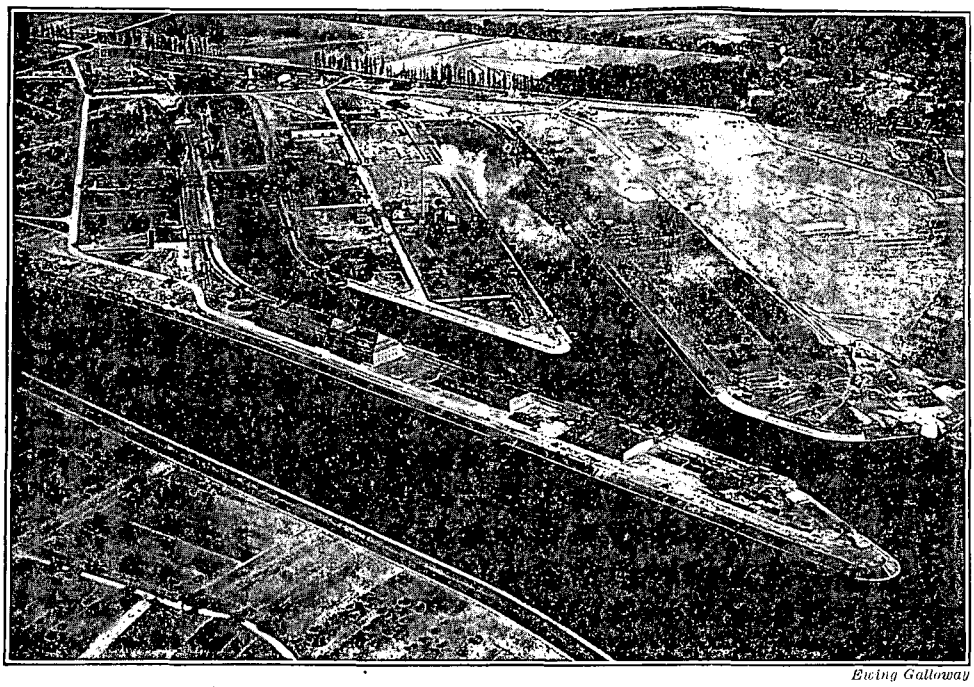

Ewing Galloway

A SPLENDID VIEW FROM THE AIR

ASCHAFFENBURG, ON THE RIVER MAIN, Germany, lies in modernistic simplicity spread before the air traveler.

has become an accomplished fact, a social and educational force likely to grow so strong that the State has felt itself impelled to step in and take control. If ten years is now the time required for the full stride from experiment to social application, a study of the state of aërial development and its probable social effects becomes one of first importance. Up to a point this has already been appreciated. Competing interests are alive to a new danger, and the railway companies are not to be caught napping a second time, as they were over motor transport. Rail transport has begun to look askance at a potential rival.

IT DOES not suffice nowadays to allow a new power of unknown potentiality, such as scientists have here awakened, to pursue its course unrestricted and undirected. Science may become too dangerous an animal, and anything less than guidance based on the fullest knowledge and the most reliable judgment is, in any case, unscientific. Experience in other directions in the immediate past has already rendered manifest the dangers of *laissez faire*. The process of mechanical invention and discovery, which has been such a feverish feature of our time, is a comparatively new thing in human experience, and, taking the community unawares, has pursued its course regardless of its social and economic consequences. Had we to consider the problem of rail transport *de novo*, — the distribution of railway lines, the relative advantages of rail, canal, and road, — what changes would we not now introduce in the light of fuller knowledge and a riper experience? It is not as if these mechanical advances were themselves permanent. The steam railway has scarcely reached maturity when it is expected to transform itself under the influence of a rising, vigorous electrical age. We have moved faster than steam. Again, if the roads of the country were to be replanned and reconstructed, would the full implications of motor traffic not exert an overwhelming influence? Local governments have left to gas companies, electric-light companies, water boards, and sewage authorities the separate entrenching of their pipes, their drains, and their cables underneath our main thoroughfares. Every readjustment, every leakage, every short circuit has involved the tearing up of expensively prepared roadways, to the inconvenience of foot passengers, and the greater confusion of already congested traffic. What would we not have saved had wise authorities seen in advance the importance of unifying these underground connections within, say, a common subway? Let us look ahead, that, at any rate, as far as the most recent development is concerned, it cannot be said we have been lacking in foresight.

While it must be conceded that the keys to aërial mastery already rest in our hands, can it be asserted with confidence that on the technical side the time is now ripe for full-blooded social application? After all, is aërial flight safe enough to instill public confidence? Is it speedy enough, convenient and comfortable enough? Is it sufficiently reliable to mark out a place for itself in our social services? Is it not possible that a premature attempt at large-scale application may delay the real thing in its time? A considered answer to these very cogent questions implies a detailed examination of an enormous mass of technical material and accumulated statistics outside the scope of the present article. It must be remembered, however, that aërial flight has already outlived most of the grievances of even its most pessimistic critics. The fact is, of course, that a leap into the air is a dramatic event, and the Press of the country, thriving on such material, has seen to it that none of the tragedy of the early experimental days should be missed by a thirsting public. Stunt flying, pageantry, aërial acrobatics, tests and trials of skill and endurance have necessarily been attended in their day with their share of disaster; flaring headlines have broadcast it. But which newspaper will trouble to discern the dramatic element in routine uneventful journeys, totaling many thousands of miles, by the same pilot without accident or breakdown? The record achievement of to-day before a nerve-thrilled public becomes the normal humdrum practice of tomorrow, and is passed by unheeded. And so while the mind of the public remains fixed in the idea that aërial flight is merely a dangerous sport, an ever-growing industry, and a new service forge rapidly and silently ahead.

AMONG the countries that have taken full advantage of this new means of locomotion, the United States, Germany, England, and France are prominent. In the United States, the aëroplane has entered more thoroughly into the commercial life of the nation than it has done in any other country. Mails, package-carrying, and passenger services have increased steadily, and signs are not lacking that, during the coming year, a great American air push will take place. By this time next year it is anticipated that the United States of America will possess 1,700 first-class airports, as jumping off grounds for an active interstate aërial service. Between England and the principal Continental towns regular services have been running for years; no fewer than 40,000 people made flights on the liners of Imperial Airways from Croydon alone during 1928. In France, Germany, and Italy, there is a continuous flow, hither and thither, of commercial activity in the air. Only at times, when gold, notes, or precious stones are in transmission, or

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when an individual attempts to smuggle a dog into the country, is the general public reminded that aëroplanes are actually functioning for something other than warlike practice.

The recent trouble in Afghanistan, with the evacuation of the European population from Kabul by air in a matter of a few hours, merely serves to indicate the enormous potentialities of this new invention. Whereas fifty years ago, for such a rescue, we should have contemplated the mobilization of the whole British Army on the frontiers of India, we now regard as perfectly normal this simple snatching up of the rescued from danger, with the equally simple return to safety. Had the aëroplane been perfected thirty years ago, how trivial would the sieges of the Boer War have been! But once more these are merely the more dramatic and therefore more striking aspects of a new power.

TO THE Colonies, Australia, and Canada, with their vast acreage and scarcity of roads, the aëroplane has come as an untold boon. In Canada, it has become an essential for the conservation and exploitation of the country's immense natural resources in minerals and forests. Survey work, that could only have been accomplished previously with immense expenditure of time and money, and often life, can now be carried out from the air with comparatively little difficulty. Aërial service has already, in effect, revolutionized preliminary mining work. It has substituted journeys of less than an hour in the air, in comparative comfort, for weeks of arduous canoe-paddling through dense forest areas, infested with mosquito and black fly. A regular service transports to remote camps engineers and prospectors, regular supplies of fruit and vegetables, freight of every imaginable description, dynamite, lumber, iron piping, drills; returning with its collection of mineral samples for accurate assay. Journeys for which Indians have required twenty days can now be accomplished in three hours at a single aërial stride.

The aëroplane is the product of an evolutionary process. It did not come into being at a single bound or even by a straightforward process of creation. Its vital parts, its engine, its propeller, and its very shape have all required to be discovered or invented separately, and with each such discovery a new corner has been turned in the evolution of the complete machine.

The internal-combustion engine and the discovery of light, yet strong, materials — wood, fabrics, and alloys — are responsible for one aspect of the modern aëroplane. But, without years of aërodynamic research, without even the invention of the subsidiary apparatus of such research, it is certain that the machine would not have had its modern capacity in performance, climbing, high speed, landing, stability, and control. It is impossible to explain to the outsider the concentrated thought, ingenuity, and experimental technique which have gone toward the production of the multitude of minor essentials, without which we should have had no flight.

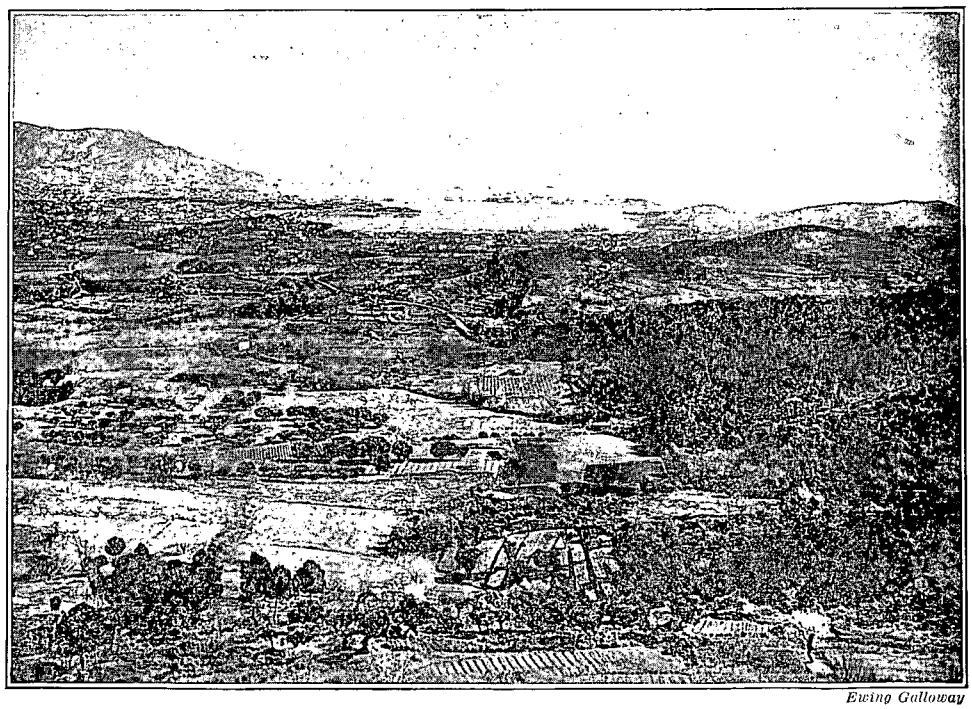
These are the factors that have enlarged the first short hop of the Brothers Wright in North Carolina to the giant strides of Brown, Alcock, and Lindbergh across the Atlantic.

AËRIAL progress has had continually to face conflicting factors — extreme lightness and yet adequate strength of construction, excessively high speeds of flight and yet low landing speeds, a sufficient degree of natural stability of the aircraft and yet not sufficient to withdraw from the pilot's hand the full control of his machine. These compromises have not been easy to reach and possibly a good deal more may yet be heard of them. The near future will most certainly press its demands with even greater cogency than the past. The early stages of aërial flight were determined by the straightforward problem of overcoming gravity, of leaping into the air and remaining there for some time. The stage which we have now reached consists in converting this power into a safe, reliable mechanism, into which even the most timid old lady may step without fear or qualm, and which can take its appropriate place for the satisfaction of certain social needs.

Communal application will impose new restrictions. Aërodromes extending over three-quarters of a mile for jumping-off and landing will be quite out of the question, if these are to be situated at, or even near, business centres and large towns.

The aëroplane of the near future will require to ascend and descend almost vertically, and yet will be expected to embody all the strength and stability of its forerunners and all the records of speed that have preceded it. Nevertheless, this is almost an accomplished fact. When Blériot flew the Channel in 1909 that act alone established the aëroplane for the future. It was an epoch-making step. In 1928 the new Cierva Autogiro, ascending almost vertically, carried out the same flight, with rotating wings, sixteen years behind its predecessor with fixed wings.

In the struggle for its place among transport facilities, aircraft possesses certain distinct advantages, and, if the most effective use of them is to be made, it is eminently desirable that these should be balanced against the relative advantages and disadvantages of alternative means of transport. Rather than that an internecine strife should develop among competing interests to



Ewing Galloway

THE AËRIAL APPROACH TO TOULON, FRANCE

NO ROADSIDE POSTERS can mar such a view for him who elects to travel by the method of the future.

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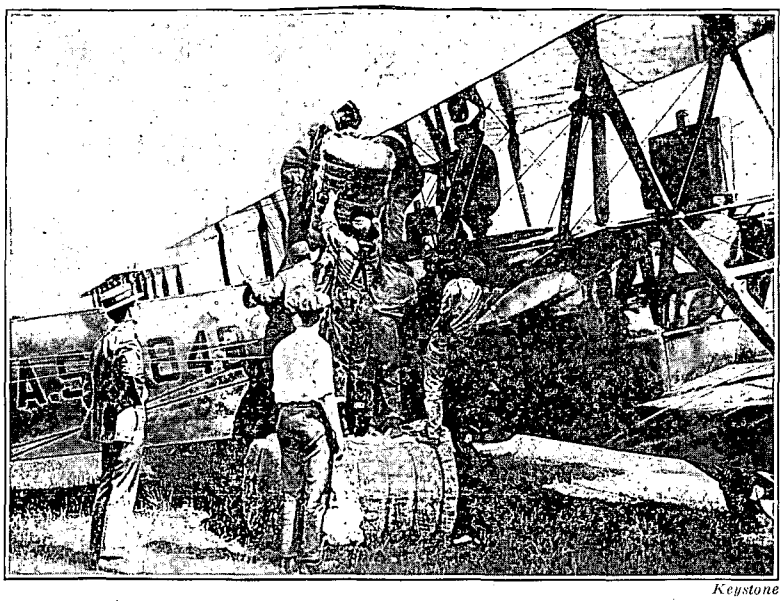
hold what one of the parties may not be most scientifically designed to cater for, a wise and foreseeing community will exert its pressure from the beginning to accord to each its appropriate sphere. Unlike motor or railway traffic, for aircraft neither roads nor rails have to be constructed or maintained; but like both, termini appropriate for landing, starting, and housing have to be provided. It may appear at first sight that, for the same volume of traffic, the aërodrome accommodation for the future will demand something much more elaborate and extensive than a mere garage or a railway station, but this is not necessarily the case, as we shall see in a moment. Cost and maintenance of the actual machines may or may not involve a greater outlay than that which arises from the corresponding problem on rail or road. But it must be borne in mind that what we are contemplating is the use of aircraft for those purposes for which it is most naturally adapted.



Keystone

A Sight Which Will Soon Be Commonplace

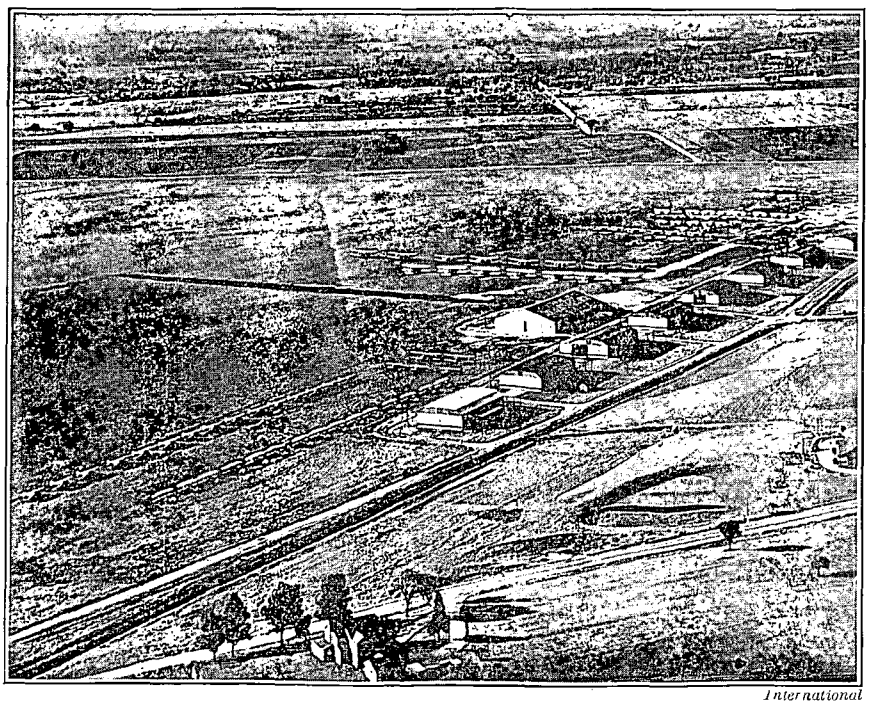
Loading cotton into an airplane to be transported to the mill in far less time than ever before.

THE enormous advantage which aircraft possesses over other forms of transport in respect to freedom from roads and rail can hardly be overestimated. After all, on the road and on the railway there is possible only one-dimensional traffic. It is not as if a motor car could select its route between any two towns at its own will. The roads are there and its route is specified. An aëroplane, on the other hand, has really a three-dimensional freedom, within limits. Aëroplanes passing between any two towns may fly at altitudes ranging from a few hundred feet to several miles. They may make detours of ten miles or so on either side about the straight course between the two points, without appreciably affecting the time of flight. Whereas a cross section of a broad road may not contain more than four to six cars at a maximum, a cross section of a flight route between two towns could contain as many as a hundred planes without greater equivalent congestion than is to be found on the roads at the present moment.

In the near future, it should be no uncommon sight to see at one moment four or five hundred aëroplanes in the sky passing along the main trunk route. Woe betide us if we do not invent adequate silencers!

But while the average speed of a railway train in the future over a stretch of, say, 200 miles is not likely ever to exceed 70–80 miles per hour, in aircraft we are already within reach of a 300-miles-per-hour average. The record of last year at the Schneider Cup Race will most certainly become the commonplace seven or ten years hence. For speed of transit between any two points the laurels are undoubtedly with aircraft. Hills and valleys, rocks and rivers, require neither expensive tunneling nor elaborate bridges, and the capital outlay is almost entirely on the actual machines and their aërodromes.

IF, AS we anticipate, there will be a distinct future for this form of transport, the question of aërodrome construction and allocation becomes crucial. This problem is already fully realized in the United States, which, as far as this aspect of the question is concerned, is already slightly ahead of us. In the near future, nearly two thousand United States towns will possess airports, and mail and parcel delivery, quite apart from passenger transport, is becoming a matter of everyday activity. Within this next ten years, without exaggeration, we can anticipate that every town and township of any magnitude in this country will possess, in addition to its station and its garages, its aërodromes. Such large cities as London, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow, on what will become the main trunk lines, will have their special problems. If the air service is to become effective, its points of landing and of setting off will require to lie



International

Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio

Where the United States Army has been holding the recent much-discussed manœuvres. It was from here that a 'bombing' plane sailed to 'destroy' New York.

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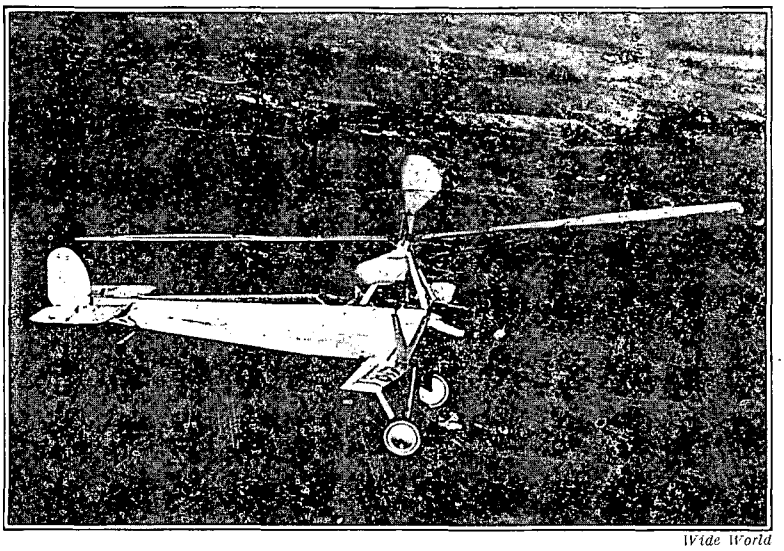
in close proximity to the centres of activity within the towns. An aërodrome at Croydon is of no use for London. If aircraft can supply a real social and economic need, the larger towns will undoubtedly find themselves compelled to consider the question of aërodrome accommodation within their very centres. This is a serious matter, for the centre of a town is invariably either an area of business offices or of slums; the town has grown up round it and its oldest parts are in a stage of greatest decay. Aircraft will require to penetrate to the very heart, and, under the force of economic needs, whether common sense or forethought is applied or not, it will finally penetrate, possibly at great cost. A wise town will recognize these things in advance, and in its process of slum-clearing may succeed at one stroke in destroying an area reminiscent of a past age, and replacing it by a symbol of modern activity. This may be costly, but it is bound in the long run to be less expensive than allowing things to develop merely under the pressure of blind circumstances. The smaller towns are much more fortunately placed. Co-ordinated action with rail and road suggests that aërodromes should be situated in juxtaposition to stations and garages. There is no question here of the demolishment of large blocks of buildings — many country towns already have their stations some considerable distance away — but there is need of urgency. Let it be once appreciated that tracts of land in the neighborhood of towns are likely to be required as aërial stations, and the land speculator will have fastened on his prey before the slower moving townships have commenced to think. A new and vital artery for commerce and industry may be cut by the laggardliness of existing townships, and the cunning of speculators.

Towns situated on the coast are much more happily placed, for an extended harbor or a river mouth provides an ideal landing stage in close proximity frequently to wharfs and stations.

In the large cities, moreover, limitations of space at the vital centres will produce a characteristic effect. Just as New York, faced with a similar problem, had perforce to extend upward, so the aërodromes of the future in our large cities will in all probability have as their landing places their own long, flat roofs. Collapsible wings, or similar contrivances, will require to be developed for convenience in storing, and the machines ready for starting off will be removed from the flat roof to ground level, or vice versa, by lifts. The aircraft of the future will most certainly produce its distinctive effect upon the construction of our towns, as rail transport has done in the past, while, like motor taxation, the exigencies of storing and landing in cities will in their turn evoke their characteristic features in aircraft design.



Wide World

A Plane with a Helicopter Attachment

Invented by Señor Juan de la Cierva, who has sought to fill the need for a plane which can land and depart from a very limited space.

WHAT of the future, say twenty-five years hence? After all, flight as a sport is already here, and rapidly extending, as the numerous amateur flying clubs prove. Every summer holiday resort testifies to its increasing popularity. As a commercial adjunct, it is already finding a place, here, in the United States of America, and in Germany, for the conveyance of mails, light goods, and passengers, and for a multitude of emergency services. In countries where travel facilities are nonexistent or, comparatively speaking, too primitive, it has become an immediate boon. Are the sole functions of aircraft likely to be those that can be exercised only in such special circumstances?

Whatever the transport facilities at any time, whether they be tram, bus, train, or motor car, our suburbs invariably lie within two concentric circles whose radii stretch from half an hour to one hour's journey from the centre. Time of transit to business is the cardinal factor; comfort is secondary. Will the aëroplane alter these radii?

If heavy bombing machines can operate safely hundreds of miles from their base, with a load of several tons of explosives, what is there in the future to restrict the aëro-bus from pursuing its mere sixty-mile journey from the coast in less than fifteen minutes, with its load of strap-hanging passengers? Given safety of flight (and that can already be assured), given rapidity of transit (and every year sees the record of the previous year exceeded), and given accommodation on board that does not become too irksome or even intolerable in the space of half an hour, is it not obvious that the suburban dwellers will gradually move their homes to the hills and the coast, while our towns will change their complexion? From being a congested muddle of manufacturing, shopping, office, and dwelling centres, they may slowly separate out into their constituent types. There will be no necessity for workers to dwell within a tram ride of their work, when a sixty-mile journey can be done in the same time. They will not need to breathe, both day and night, the smoke of their furnaces. Why need our wives be restricted to shop in the next street when, in a few minutes, they can be wafted, as on a magic carpet, to specialized shopping centres? And is it likely that the Scotsman of 1960 will be content to spend his Sunday afternoons in a deserted street, a town whose silence is broken only by the sound of church bells, when an hour's journey may deposit him in Paris or on the coast of Brittany?

AËRIAL development properly directed and controlled, properly adjusted to the life of the community, can fulfill an extremely useful function, but we must see to it that it is a servant, not a master. The aëroplane can give us the thrill of speed, admittedly without the joy of motion; it can multiply our physical capacities a thousandfold, but what shall it profit us if, in accepting it, life becomes intolerable? It is clear that the new development will require to be carefully delimited in its scope.

Within ten years aëronautics will have developed to an enormous extent. Is it to be a blessing or a menace? That is a question that has to be asked not of the scientist but of the legislator, and now is the time to ask it; for yesterday England was a week wide, to-day a few hours can span it, to-morrow we shall stride it in half an hour.

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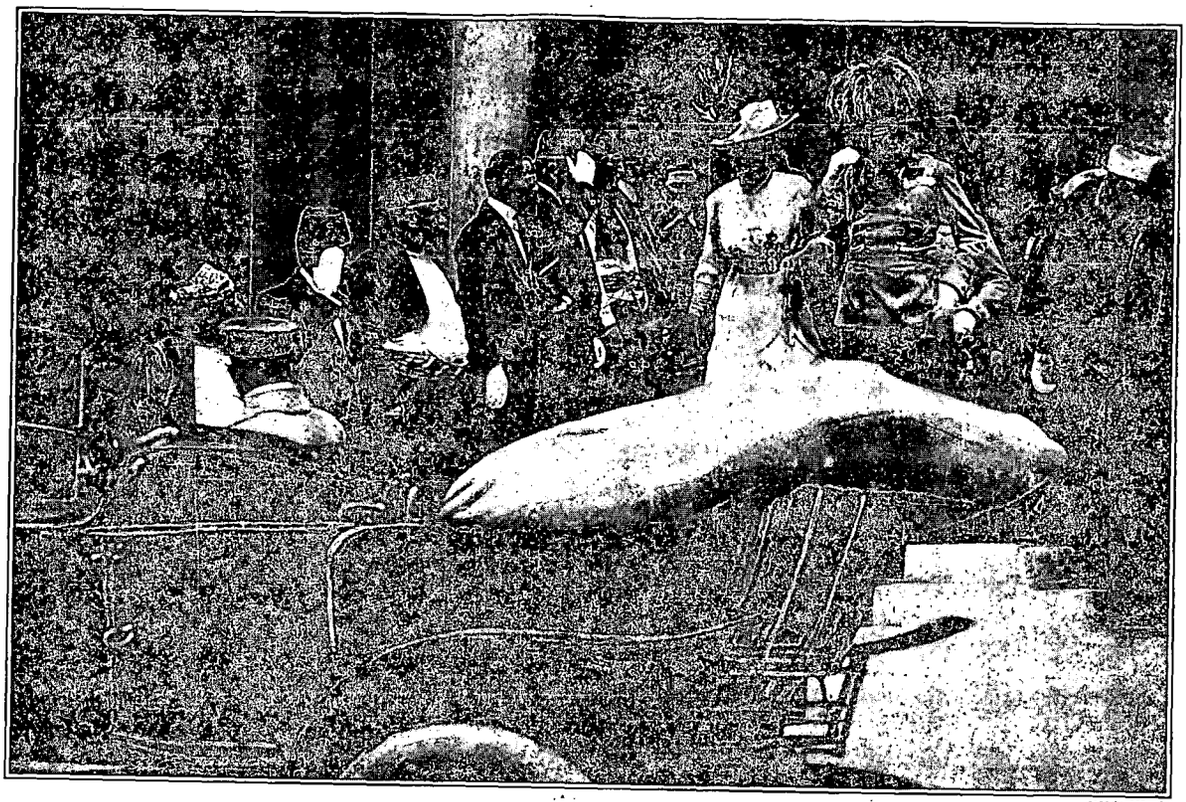

Wide World

ENTERING THE FATAL CAR

THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND and the Duchess come out of the Serajevo railway station and step into the automobile in which they were both later assassinated.

Serajevo Fifteen Years After

An Eminent Student of the World War Recounts the Story of the Austrian Archduke's Assassination on June 28th, 1914, in the Light of Recent Historical Knowledge

By Sidney Bradshaw Fay

Author of *The Origins of the World War*

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

JUNE 28th — about the day when readers will be taking up this number of THE LIVING AGE — is St. Vitus's Day, or *Vidov Dan*, as it is called in Serb lands. Five hundred and forty years ago, at Kossovo in 1389, the on-rushing Turks defeated and subjugated the great Serbian empire of the later Middle Ages; but at the close of the battle, according to Serb legend, a Serb hero penetrated into the victor's tent and slew the Sultan.

Henceforth St. Vitus's Day was the chief Serb anniversary — a day of mourning for defeat on the field of battle, but at the same time a day of rejoicing for the glorious assassination of an oppressor of Serb peoples.

Fifteen years ago, on June 28th, 1914, Princip, a Bosnian youth and Austrian subject, who was fired with Serbian nationalism and who had just come from the Serbian capital at Belgrade, fired the fatal shots at Serajevo which killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife.

Thus another oppressor of the Serbs, as the heir to the Habsburg throne was popularly but erroneously supposed to be, was assassinated, and the spark was kindled which started the general conflagration of Europe.

TEN years ago, on June 28th, 1919, was signed the Treaty of Versailles which ended the World War with Germany, established the League of Nations, and laid the foundations of present-day Europe.

On this anniversary day it is worth while to glance back, in the light of revelations which ten years have brought forth, at the chain of events which led to the Serajevo assassination.

IN SEPTEBMER, 1913, Franz Ferdinand, as inspector of the Austrian troops, decided to pay a visit with his wife to the Austrian province of Bosnia during the following June to observe the regular summer manœuvres of the two army corps ordinarily stationed there. He felt that the visit would serve a two-fold purpose.

First, from the political point of view, it was highly desirable that a member of the imperial family should show himself in the recently annexed provinces. Among the impressionable simple peasant populations of Europe, who before the War had a deep-rooted respect for royalty and a traditional feeling of loyalty to a personal ruler, nothing was better calculated to stimulate and strengthen this feeling of personal loyalty than such official visits of princes. They flattered local pride. The simple peasant

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liked the pageantry of princes. He liked to see his ruler and find in him a flesh and blood human being like himself, who walks and rides about and eats three good meals a day. Merely to see him or hear him speak was to renew the human bond of common understanding and interests. So throughout history, from Henry IV and Frederick the Great in the past to the Prince of Wales in the present, it has been a common practice for popular princes and rulers to make royal progresses, which tend to strengthen the bonds between ruler and ruled. With this in view, Emperor Francis Joseph had visited Bosnia in 1910. Such a visit would strengthen the Roman Catholic and other loyal elements and tend to offset Yugoslav revolutionary propaganda and the Serb agitation for 'Greater Serbia.' This was the political aspect of his trip, and it partly explains why he did not wish to be protected by heavy guards of soldiers and secret police, but preferred to ride about freely in an open automobile. In 1909, when he had traveled through Hungary to visit King Carol, he had been highly indignant at the way the civilian authorities had shut off the railway stations with cordons of police and kept at a distance the crowds of peasantry who had come to wave their hats and handkerchiefs to the archducal couple.

Keystone

FRANZ FERDINAND AND HIS FAMILY

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF AUSTRIA in 1914 with the Duchess and their three children. The Duchess had been the Countess Sophie Chotek and had been morganatically married to the Archduke, who renounced for his children all claims to the Austrian throne.

THE second and main object of the trip, however, was that the Archduke might attend the manœuvres of the XVth and XVIth Army Corps. The Bosnian manœuvres of 1914 are commonly represented by Austrophobe writers as 'planned as a kind of rehearsal for military operations against Serbia.' Mr. Jovanovich, the Serbian Minister in Vienna, says: 'The plan was to hold the manœuvres in the district between Serajevo and the Romanija and Han Pisesak [to the *east* of Serajevo] — thus just against the Serbian frontier. With manœuvres so planned the "enemy" was naturally Serbia. . . . The manœuvres were to be held in Bosnia on the Drin just opposite to Serbia.' There is no truth in these assertions.

All the provisions for a campaign against Serbia were taken care of in an altogether different way, namely by Baron Conrad's 'Mobilization B[alkan]' plan. This included, not merely the two corps regularly stationed in Bosnia, but the use of five more corps from the rest of Austria-Hungary, comprising altogether about half the total army; it contemplated, of course, a direct offensive against the Drin, which forms the boundary between Bosnia and Serbia. This plan had been worked out in all its details by Conrad and his general staff, and, like the general-staff mobilization plans of all countries, was always in readiness. But the Bosnian manœuvres which the Archduke was to inspect comprised merely two army corps and were merely part of the routine training to which parts of the army were regularly subjected. They had no connection with any concrete war preparations, but simply had as their main object the practising of considerable forces moving in a relatively difficult and varied terrain.

Nor were they to be held in the Romanija *east* of Serajevo 'on the Drin just opposite to Serbia,' as M. Jovanovich states. On the contrary, they were held some thirty kilometres to the *southwest* of Serajevo in the Tarcin district.

They did not in the slightest contemplate a theoretical attack on Serbia to the eastward, but looked in exactly the opposite direction — the theoretical protection of Serajevo against an attack coming from the *west* from the direction of the Adriatic. The 'Blue' defending army had a position southwest of Serajevo and was to prevent the 'Red' attacking force, advancing from the side of Mostar and the west, from capturing the Ivan Pass which guards the road which runs up from the Adriatic to Serajevo.

It was in order to become acquainted with this region at the opposite side of Bosnia, as far away from Serbia as possible, that the Archduke traveled to Serajevo by way of Fiume and the Adriatic and then came up the railway via Metkovich and Mostar. His wife, however, had to come alone all the way by rail from Vienna, via Budapest, and only met him at Ilidže near Serajevo.

So far as the Bosnian manœuvres of June, 1914, can be said to have had any practical immediate objective in view at all, they were designed to acquaint the officers, not with the terrain for a war with Serbia, but rather with that for a campaign for the protection of Albania or for the defense of Bosnia against any hostile troops landing on the Adriatic Coast.

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THE Archduke appears finally to have undertaken the trip more from a sense of duty than from the desire, as usually stated, to have an opportunity to have his wife received with royal honors by his side. As already noted, they traveled to Serajevo by different routes. In the last weeks he had some doubts about going at all, because of his health and the heat. He discussed the point with the Emperor, who said, 'Do as you wish.' His private secretary has noted several remarks which indicate that Franz Ferdinand was the reverse of enthusiastic about the trip. On June 23rd, the special railway carriage regularly reserved for him had a hot-box, so that he and his wife had to travel in an ordinary first-class compartment after leaving their three children at Chlumetz. Franz Ferdinand remarked sarcastically, 'Well, the journey is beginning in a right promising fashion!' A little later, when told that the train by which he and his wife intended to leave Serajevo on June 29th would have to start at 5 A.M. instead of 6 A.M. as originally planned, he exclaimed, 'Tell Colonel Bardolff that if he continues daily to make the Bosnian trip still more disgusting with new difficulties and unpleasantnesses he can hold the manœuvres alone, and I will not go down there at all.' The secretary adds that the idea 'that the Archduke himself wanted the trip to Bosnia in order to provide a triumphal journey is a pure invention.'

However, in spite of these annoyances and the fact that the electricity gave out in the train in which he rode from Vienna to Trieste, the rest of the journey passed off excellently and the Archduke was in the best of humor. He was greeted with enthusiasm at the railway stations on the way from the Adriatic to Serajevo, and joined his wife on the afternoon of June 25th at the pleasant little resort of Ilidže, a dozen miles from Serajevo, where they were to stay. The manœuvres passed off very satisfactorily in spite of heavy rain, and the Archduke complimented General Potiorek on the spirit and training of the troops.

On Sunday morning, June 28th, the Archduke telegraphed to his children at Chlumetz that everything was going well with '*Papi*' and '*Mami*,' and that they were looking forward to seeing them again on Tuesday. These were the last words he ever wrote.

MEANWHILE, a carefully laid plot had been maturing for the assassination of the Austrian Archduke when he should pay a ceremonial visit to the Bosnian capital of Serajevo. Its threads reach back to a growing antagonism between Austria-Hungary and Serbia.

Until the opening of the twentieth century, the two countries had generally been on friendly terms and even in alliance, the Habsburgs acting as protectors of the Serbs against the Turks and the Bulgarians. But in June, 1903, the brutal assassination of King Alexander of Serbia and his mistress by a conspiracy among his own subjects brought a change. King Alexander was succeeded by King Peter I of the rival Karageorgevich dynasty. The new King began to look to Russia, instead of to Austria-Hungary, for protection and assistance, and he did not look in vain.

The assassinations of 1903 were enthusiastically welcomed by patriotic Serbians as a purification of their country from a corrupt and inefficient government and as the inauguration of a new era of Serbian power and prestige. Serbian nationalism became a potent factor in political life. Serbian leaders began to plan and hope for the day when all persons of Serb blood might be united into a 'Greater Serbia' — thus detaching from Austria-Hungary the Croats, Slovenes, Dalmatians, Bosnians, and other 'oppressed nationalities' of Serb blood and sympathy.

Austrian statesmen, on the other hand, viewed with increasing alarm this Serbian revival, which, if successful in its ultimate aims, meant the disruption and downfall of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. They therefore sought to weaken Serbia by a hostile tariff, which led to the so-called 'Pig War' and merely increased Serbian indignation and bitterness toward her big neighbor to the north. Then came the Young Turk Revolution of 1908, which made the Austrians fear that the Young Turks might soon try to exercise increased control over Bosnia, a province which Austria-Hungary had been permitted by treaty, in 1878, to occupy and administer, but which for thirty years had still remained legally a part of the Turkish Empire. To forestall complications with the Young Turks, Austria-Hungary suddenly announced in October, 1908, that she had 'annexed' Bosnia, thus putting an end to all Turkish claims — which were liquidated a little later by a money gratuity.

THIS Austrian annexation of Bosnia roused Serbian indignation in Belgrade to a high pitch. Serbian nationalists saw in it a disastrous blow to their hopes of a 'Greater Serbia.' They instantly organized a patriotic National Defense Society (*Narodna Odbrana*) which began to collect funds and train irregular troops to prevent Austria from carrying out her annexation programme. Secret 'confidential men' were organized in Bosnia itself to smuggle in seditious literature and to prepare the way for a revolution in Bosnia against Habsburg authority and in favor of union with Serbia.

But after a six months' diplomatic crisis, in which the Great Powers of Europe were also involved, Serbia had to promise to give up her attitude of protest against the Austrian annexation of Bosnia. She further promised to live on good neighborly terms with Austria and to see to it that the *Narodna Odbrana* abandoned its military activities and devoted itself henceforth to purely 'cultural activities' such as education and anti-alcoholism. It is a matter of dispute among historians how loyally Serbia lived up to these promises.

In any case, there was a considerable group of persons in Serbia, especially among the army officers, who were dissatisfied with these promises and with the compliant attitude toward Austrian demands which the Serbian civil government had felt forced to adopt. These dissatisfied persons formed in 1911 a secret society known as the 'Black Hand.' One of its leading members, if not its originator, was a certain Dragutin Dimitrijevich, who also became a high official in the Serbian General Staff, being the head of the Secret Intelligence Department. The Black Hand took over much of the subversive propagandist agitation through the 'confidential men' in Bosnia which the *Narodna Odbrana* had promised to abandon, but the secret agents in Bosnia were not informed of this change. They supposed that the secret connections which they still maintained across the frontier into Serbia were with the *Narodna Odbrana*, and they knew very little about the Black Hand. This explains why it was that in 1914, when Austria drew up her complaints about Serbian agitation in Bosnia, the complaints were loud about the *Narodna Odbrana* and the broken promises of 1909, but hardly mentioned the Black Hand.

IT MUST not be forgotten that it was easy for Serbia to stir up agitation in Bosnia, because the Austrians had ruled with a heavy hand and done little to improve the economic condition of the peasants or to grant desired political reforms. Thus in the spring of 1914 there were a number of youths in Bosnia who were stirred to agitation against Habsburg rule by a variety of influences — Austrian 'oppression,' Serbian propaganda against Austria, and the writings and example of several Serb sympathizers who had gone from Austria to Bel-

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grade, and then returned to Austria-Hungary with the weapons and the determination to assassinate Austrian officials. Three of these youths, Princip, Chabrinovich, Grabezh, happened to be in Belgrade soon after Easter when they learned the news that Franz Ferdinand was coming to Bosnia the following June. They at once decided to use this opportunity to assassinate him. Being without funds they got into touch with leading Black Hand secret members and were supplied with money, railroad passes, maps, four revolvers, six bombs —and poison which they were to swallow the moment the deed was done so that they should be unable to reveal their Belgrade accomplices. Thus equipped they set out from Belgrade secretly at the end of May, after having got into touch with Ilich, an ex-schoolmaster, who had agreed to recruit some fellow conspirators in Serajevo.

From the Serbian capital they went up the Save to Šabac where they found by appointment a Black Hand agent named Major Popovich and told him that they were journeying secretly to Bosnia. He seemed to be already well acquainted with their mission, conducted them to the guardhouse, and secured an order for them for buying half-fare tickets on the railway for the next stage of their journey from Šabac to Loznica, where they were to cross the frontier. He also gave them a card to the frontier authorities: 'The officials concerned are requested to assist these people.' Finally, he filled out for them a false pass, making it appear that one of them was a Serbian exciseman and the other two his colleagues. With the half-fare railway tickets, they went by train to Loznica and delivered to the frontier captain the card from Major Popovich. It was arranged that Chabrinovich should take the false pass and go on to Zvornik, where he was helped over the frontier by a Serbian exciseman and later driven across Bosnia to Tuzla. Meanwhile Princip and Grabezh, with the bombs and revolvers, were driven back a few miles to a watchhouse near Ljenšica, where they were met by prearrangement by another Serbian exciseman who smuggled them over the Drin by way of the Bosnian Islands. There he handed them over to a peasant in whose hut they spent the night. Next day they were passed on to another peasant, who conducted them safely along by paths in Bosnia toward Priboj until they were met by Veljko Chubrilovich.

VELJKO CHUBRILOVICH was an Orthodox Serb schoolmaster at Priboj and the 'confidential man' of the *Narodna Odbrana* for this region. He had made trips to Serbia, had become a member of the *Narodna Odbrana*, and then chairman of the Priboj *Sokol*, one of the apparently harmless and 'cultural' Serb organizations which were a medium, however, for active Serbian propaganda. He was in touch with *Narodna Odbrana* officials in Serbia and other 'confidential men' in Bosnia and with local peasants who appeared to be in the habit of smuggling letters and information across the frontier. He now took Princip and Grabezh to the house of another peasant, Jacob Kerovich, and arranged that the latter's son should drive the two conspirators and their weapons on to Tuzla, where they would find another 'confidential man,' the cinema director, Mishko Jovanovich. Princip and Grabezh accordingly set out that night in the peasant's cart. On approaching Lopare, where Austrian gendarmes were stationed, they let the peasant drive on alone with the weapons well hidden, while they made a detour on foot and mounted the cart again on the other side of the village. Arriving at Tuzla early in the morning, they went to the cinema director, Mishko Jovanovich, as the Priboj schoolmaster had directed, and found a ready reception.

As Princip and Grabezh had just come from Serbia and had no traveling passes for Bosnia, they feared that they might

International

MAJOR VOJA TANKOSICH, 'NUMBER 7' OF THE 'BLACK HAND'

A SERBIAN WHOSE VIOLENT NATIONALISM, which belied his mild appearance, led him to take a leading part in the assassination of the Serbian King Alexander in 1903, and which likewise led to his preparing, with Milan Ciganovich, the plot for murdering Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo.

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Keystone

FRANZ FERDINAND AND KAISER WILLIAM II OF GERMANY

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S tact toward the Austrian Archduke's wife had sealed a bond of friendship between the heir to the Habsburgs and the ruling Hohenzollern. The two often hunted together and spent much time in each other's company.

be stopped and searched on entering Serajevo at a time when the police might be expected to be keeping an especially sharp eye out for suspicious characters in view of the Archduke's coming visit. They did not think it was safe that they should carry the bombs and revolvers any further. They therefore begged Jovanovich to hide the weapons in his house until some safer person should come from Serajevo to fetch them. He agreed, and hid them in his attic. It was arranged that the person who came for them should identify himself by offering a half-open package of Stephanie cigarettes. The three youths then went on safely by train from Tuzla to Serajevo. Princip at once sought out Ilich, took lodgings with him, and told him of the weapons at Tuzla. Grabezh went to his home in Pale. All three lived as quietly and inconspicuously as possible until the time for the deed. Thus, the 'tunnel' which Serbian officials had long prepared had worked to perfection.

A FEW days later Ilich went to Tuzla and identified himself to Mishko Jovanovich in the agreed-upon way with the package of cigarettes. Ilich took charge of the precious material, carried it safely to Serajevo by train, and hid it under a couch in his room. A few days before the crime he gave some of the weapons to two of his own Serajevo recruits, and took them to a suburb to show them how to shoot.

Early on the morning of June 28th, when Franz Ferdinand and his wife were to make their formal visit to Serajevo, Princip and Chabrinovich met Ilich at the back of the Vlajinich pastry shop and received again from him some of the weapons they had brought from Belgrade — Princip took one of the Browning revolvers, Chabrinovich a bomb, and Grabezh both a revolver and a bomb. Then they dispersed to take their stand at places agreed upon along the route which the Archduke was to pass.

SERAJEVO for some five hundred years had been the capital of Bosnia and is still its principal city. It is crowded into a narrow valley at the foot of high hills. Through its centre runs a little river, the Miljačka, half dry in summer. In the older parts of the city toward the cathedral the streets are crooked and narrow. But the Appel Quay, now known as the Stepanovich Quay, is a fairly wide, straight avenue lined with houses on one side, and with a low wall on the other, where the Quay follows the Miljačka. It leads toward the Town Hall, and is connected by several bridges with the other side of the town, where one of the principal mosques and the governor's residence or *Konak* are situated. Along the Appel Quay, which was the route the Archduke and his wife were to follow, Ilich had placed the various murderers to whom he had distributed the bombs and revolvers a few hours before the assassination. Mehmedbashich, Vaso Chubrilovich and Chabrinovich were on the river side near the Cumurja Bridge. Ilich and Popovich were across the street, near the Austro-Hungarian Bank. Further along the Quay, Princip at first stood near the Latin Bridge; after Chabrinovich's attempt, while the Archduke was at the Town Hall, he crossed over the Quay to the corner of the narrow, winding Franz Joseph Street, now King Peter Street, where the actual assassination finally took place. Further on toward the Town Hall, Grabezh was walking up and down, looking for a good place where he would not be interfered with.

Franz Ferdinand and his party reached Serajevo from Ilidže about 10 A.M. After reviewing local troops, they started in autos toward the Town Hall for the formal reception, in accordance with the announced programme. The heir to the throne was in full uniform, wearing all his decorations. His wife, in a white gown and large hat, sat beside him. On the seat facing them was General Potiorek, the military governor of Bosnia, who pointed out the objects of interest as they drove along. In front of them, in another car, the mayor and chief of police led the way. Then followed two other autos bearing various persons belonging to the Archduke's suite or General Potiorek's staff.

Just as they were approaching the Cumurja Bridge and Potiorek was calling the Archduke's attention to some new barracks, Chabrinovich knocked off the

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cap of his bomb against a post, stepped forward, and hurled it at the Archduke's car. The chauffeur, observing him, put on speed, so that the missile fell on to the folded hood of the uncovered car and bounced off; or, according to another account, Franz Ferdinand, with extraordinary coolness, seized it and threw it back of him into the road. There it exploded with a heavy detonation, partly wrecking the following auto and seriously wounding Lieutenant Colonel Merizzi and several bystanders. Chabrinovich sprang over the wall into the river bed, which was nearly dry at this season of the year, and tried to escape; but police agents quickly seized him and marched him off for examination. Meanwhile the fourth auto, uninjured except for a broken windshield, passed the wrecked car and closed up quickly to that of the Archduke, none of whose occupants had been hurt, except for a scratch on the Archduke's face, probably caused by the flying cap of the bomb. The Archduke ordered all the cars to stop, in order to learn what damage had been done. Having seen that the wounded men were dispatched to a hospital, he remarked, with characteristic coolness and courage: 'Come on. The fellow is insane. Gentlemen, let us proceed with our programme.'

SO THE party drove on to the Town Hall, at first rapidly, and then, at the Archduke's order, more slowly, so that the people could see him better. After the formalities at the Town Hall, the question arose whether the party should still follow the prearranged programme, which provided for a drive through the narrow Franz Joseph Street in the crowded part of the city and a visit to the Museum; or whether, in view of another possible attack, they should drive straight to the governor's residence on the other side of the river for luncheon. The Archduke insisted that he wanted to visit the hospital to inquire after the officer who had been wounded by Chabrinovich's bomb. General Potiorek and the chief of police thought it very unlikely that any second attempt at murder would be made on the same day. But as a punishment for the first, and for the sake of safety, it was decided that the autos should not follow the prearranged route through the narrow Franz Joseph Street, but should reach the hospital and Museum by driving rapidly straight along the Appel Quay. Therefore the Archduke and his wife and the others entered the cars in the same order as before, except that Count Harrach stood on the left running board of the Archduke's car, as a protection from any attack from the Miljačka side of the Quay. On reaching the Franz Joseph Street the mayor's car, in the lead, turned to the right into it, according to the original programme. The Archduke's chauffeur started to follow it, but Potiorek called out: 'That's the wrong way! Drive straight down the Appel Quay!' The chauffeur put on the brakes in order to back up. It happened that it was precisely at this corner, where the car paused for a fatal moment, that Princip was now standing, having crossed over from his original position on the river side of the Quay. These chance occurrences gave him the best possible opportunity. He stepped forward and fired two shots point-blank. One pierced the Archduke's neck so that blood spurted from his mouth. The other shot, aimed perhaps at Potiorek, entered the abdomen of the Archduke's wife. The car turned about and sped over the Latin Bridge to the *Konak*. The Archduke's last words to his wife were: 'Sophie, Sophie, do not die. Live for our children.' But death overtook them both within a few minutes. It was about 11:30 A.M., St. Vitus's Day, Sunday, June 28th, 1914.

THERE is no space here to explain the diplomatic crisis which arose out of this assassination. The present writer has attempted in a recent volume to analyze it. Suffice it to say that Serbia must share a deep responsibility, because there is evidence that M. Pashich, the Serbian Prime Minister, was aware of the plot several days before Princip and his companions left Belgrade for Serajevo and took no effective measures to prevent it. M. Pashich is said to have given orders to have the assassins stopped, but the orders came too late or were disobeyed by the Serbian frontier officials, who were members of the Black Hand and approved of the assassination. This evidence is based in part on the explicit statements of the late M. Ljuba Jovanovich, who was personally acquainted with Princip and was Minister of Education in the Pashich Cabinet in 1914. Some Serbian sympathizers have sought to cast doubt on the accuracy of M. Jovanovich's statements, but the present writer finds himself forced to accept them as reliable — at least until the Serbian Government shall make a full and trustworthy publication of its diplomatic correspondence for July, 1914, as the German, Austrian, and British Governments have already done. M. Pashich is also to be condemned for the fact that he gave no warning to the Austrians of the danger to the Archduke after the assassins had crossed over from Serbia into Bosnia; and also for the fact that he made no attempt after the assassination to arrest any of the Serbian officials in Belgrade who had been accessory to the crime.

Keystone

THE FATAL SPOT IN SERAJEVO

AT THE FOOT of the Lateiner Bridge where Princip shot Franz Ferdinand.

But Austria-Hungary also is to be condemned for using the assassination as an excuse for presenting to Serbia a stiff ultimatum which was expected to give Austria-Hungary the opportunity for a little 'localized' war against Serbia which would put an end forever to the 'Greater Serbia' danger and to the subversive agitation against her own existence as a Great Power.

The murder of Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo became the immediate occasion of the World War, owing to the division of Europe into two groups of hostile powers and to the consequences of decades of militarism, economic imperialism, nationalism, and the poisoning of public opinion through the newspaper press. Had the murder not occurred, there would have been neither an Austro-Serbian War, nor a World War, in the summer of 1914. In spite of the increasing tension between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, it is probable that European diplomacy would have succeeded for months, perhaps for years, in averting a conflict for which the Franco-Russian forces planned to be better prepared in 1917 than in 1914. The murder of the Archduke ignited material which would not otherwise have taken fire as it did.

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A Matter of Precedence

The Social War at Washington Inspires a British Essayist to Defend the Conventional Code

By Robert Lynd

From the *New Statesman*, London Weekly

THERE has been a good deal of amusement in England, and of indignation in America, over the squabble at Washington as to where Mrs. Gann, the Vice President's sister, should sit at the best dinner tables. The question under discussion has been whether a vice president's sister, having been invited by him to act as hostess at his own dinner table and to perform all those social and ceremonial duties that in ordinary circumstances are performed by a vice president's wife, should be accorded the precedence due to a vice president's wife in Washington society. It may seem a question so inconsiderable that it would matter very little which way it was answered; but, if you think so, you do not know human nature. Washington, which bubbles over with human nature, did not dismiss the matter so lightly. The women of Washington especially, women being usually even more richly provided with human nature than men, threw themselves into the debate, and, realizing that honor of a kind was at stake, prepared to fight to a finish against the claims of the Vice President's sister. The women of the Senate Club struck the first blow by refusing to elect Mrs. Gann as their president. Mrs. Alice Longworth, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, followed this up by refusing an invitation to dinner on the ground, it was said, that Mrs. Gann was to be given a more honorable seat at table. Passions were inflamed like those that appear in a country in which a would-be usurper makes a bid for the throne. Or the business might be compared to those internal theological troubles that occur in churches when men will burn each other for a vowel.

As in most disputes, there was much to be said — as, indeed, there was much that *was* said — on both sides. Those women who stood by the letter of the law and maintained that the leading fact in the case was that a vice president's sister and a vice president's wife are not identical, and therefore ought not to be treated as identical, argued as the orthodox have argued in all ages. Admit a vice president's sister to the chair reserved for a vice president's wife, and you open the floodgates to you know not what. For, having gone so far, where are you to draw the line? Having allowed this privileged position to a vice president's sister, how can you refuse it to a vice president's cousin or a vice president's aunt, or to his second cousin once removed, or to a mere acquaintance, if a vice president chose to elect her as his official hostess? After all, the rigid etiquette of society has been carefully built up by generations of human beings, who did not make these rules for fun. They made them in order that, at social functions such as official dinners, no man or woman should have cause for jealousy or should go home feeling aggrieved because another man's wife or another woman's husband had been given a place two chairs nearer the host. The more rigid the etiquette, the less human beings are likely to suffer from heart-burnings.

AND let not this be set down to the discredit of human nature. The etiquette of the dinner table is one of those things that distinguish man from the other animals, and suggest, as the Book of Genesis affirmed long ago, that he is unique among living creatures. There is no other animal, I think, that approaches a meal with any other view than that of satisfying its hunger. There is no precedence accorded by the duck or the seagull when food is to be had. With them a meal is a scramble of gluttons. They have even instituted no order of chivalry that would give precedence to the young or the feeble. In the farmyard the maternal instinct of the hen impels her, on discovering a morsel of food, to call up her young with shrill cries to eat before she herself will eat. And sometimes a cock will treat a favorite hen as generously.

But, as a general rule, no animal during a meal thinks of anything except the food he himself is eating. The pig pushes his way in past his fellow pigs at the trough as though there were only one pig whose interests were to be considered. It is as though the guests at a dinner table were to pull each other from their chairs and fight for every dish as it was brought round.

THE civilized human being, on the other hand, sits down to a meal with an air of being perfectly indifferent whether he eats it or not. I have never yet been to a dinner party where the guests sat down to table with noticeably hungry looks on their faces. They converse as though food were the last thing they thought about. They talk calmly about theatres, books, politics, and, even when they eat, they eat casually and seldom with concentration. If a guest really concentrated on his food, and heaped salmon and chicken a foot high on his plate, and devoured it greedily while refusing to address a single word to his neighbors, he would be looked at askance as scarcely human. Even children, whose eyes do gleam with pleasure at an early age at sight of the food at a tea party, quickly learn to subordinate their emotions to the requirements of others. That is the first step in etiquette — the concession of precedence in being 'helped.' It is also the beginning of civilization.

Slowly, piece by piece, was constructed the edifice the stability of which has lately been threatened at Washington. And, if the women of Washington have been alarmed by the threat, who shall blame them? Had they been fighting for the best dishes, it would have been impossible to sympathize with them. But every woman who objected to Mrs. Gann's being seated above her knew well that Mrs. Gann would be given no better food than herself. She fought for something unsubstantial, for something that an animal — say, a cat — would not understand, for a point of honor. Nor did she fight for herself alone. She fought that her husband and her children might retain the respect of society. She saw that it was impossible to exalt the Vice President's sister save by taking a lower chair herself, and so losing the fruits of a lifetime of social struggle. Who would willingly accept such degradation? Socially speaking, it is better to be given the wrong meal than the wrong seat at table.

CERTAINLY England cannot afford to laugh at America in the matter of rigidity of etiquette. Here, too, the rules

(*Continued on page 399*)

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

Knut Hamsun on America

Knut Hamsun, who won the Nobel Prize for Literature some years ago, and who sojourned in the United States as a young man during the 'eighties, looks back on us with mixed emotions. His objections to American life are commonplace enough — we have no culture — but he makes this point in a rather unusual way: 'When Lindbergh returned from his flight across the Atlantic, American newspapers announced that he would be elected President of the United States. They pointed out that he came of an old and glorious race, that he had refused all kinds of crazy financial inducements, that he was popular, that he knew his business thoroughly, that his name was on everyone's lips. But why should he be President of the biggest and mightiest nation in the world? If such a nation is capable of conceiving such an idea and not being ashamed of it, can they be called cultured?'

In praising American generosity, Mr. Hamsun is equally original and speaks warmly of American millionaires whom most Europeans are apt to abuse: —

I admire the sympathy and generosity of America. Space prevents me from doing full justice to the superb foundations of a Rockefeller, a Carnegie, or a Morgan. These men are too great to be measured by any mortal standards. I also admire the generosity all Americans show in their daily life.

But his warmest praises go out to American women: —

If I only had more space to do them homage, I would dwell upon the splendid American children and upon the women of America, who are the most beautiful in all the world. As a young man, I visited a goodly portion of the earth's surface and I saw men of every color in their native surroundings, but never did I see so many beautiful women as I did in the big eastern cities of the United States. In face, in figure, and in all their parts; in their appearance and their various refinements, as well as in their coquetries, they are a veritable revelation of true beauty, and I saw them when I was a mere worker who was unable to mix in the society of the upper classes.

A Communist Critic of Yankee Imperialism

The editors of *Humanité*, official organ of the French Communists, are disturbed by the American postmark cancellation that reads: 'Let's Go! Citizens Military Training Camps.' Beneath a photograph of this stirring call to arms they print the following comment: 'Kellogg's native country has no cause to envy debt-laden Europe. Yankee militarism expresses itself not only in the construction of fifteen cruisers, in the organization of chemical warfare, and in the plans for the vast mobilization of industry in case of war; the postmark depicted above shows how military propaganda is organized in the Dollar Republic. The Post Office Department has all its letters stamped with a vibrant appeal urging the citizens of free America to attend military training camps. Anyone who takes the trouble to recall how the United States almost officially despised military matters in the days before the War when a soldier was the synonym for a policeman will realize how far Yankee imperialism has gone.'

Nebelspalter, Zürich

The Smuggler's Fate

Uncle Sam: 'Too bad about all that nice whiskey — but once in a while a man's got to live up to his reputation.'

A Friendly Word from England

Sir George Armstrong, former Commander in His Majesty's Navy, has been assuring readers of the London *Observer* that such a thing as pro-English sentiment really exists in the United States. Sir George happened to be in our midst during the King's illness and he was much impressed by the sympathy that he found nearly everywhere. He points out that since William Randolph Hearst has joined Bishop Manning and Dr. John Finley of the New York *Times* in advocating Anglo-American brotherhood, the prospects of good relations between Washington and London have brightened enormously. After expatiating at some length on this theme, Sir George offers the following friendly piece of criticism: —

The mind of the average American is a curious mixture of materialism and sentiment, and we must bear those qualities in mind when we criticize him. He has a great big heart and a keen eye for the almighty dollar, which is for him, to all intents and purposes, the mark and emblem of a man's success in life. Here, in Great Britain, titles, honors, orders, and decorations are the rewards for preëminence. In America there is no 'honors list.' The only list that counts is the yearly statement of income tax paid by every citizen, and published far and wide so that all can see how a man has risen above his fellows. No wonder, therefore, that everyone strives unceasingly to get rich. There is another great incentive to enterprise which made itself apparent to us everywhere, and that is civic pride. In every city we were met with the salutation, 'This is *it;* this is the first city in the world, and if it isn't, we will very soon make it so.' We found courage, enterprise, and vision on all sides. If, for instance, when on visiting a newspaper office and being told that the circulation was, say, a hundred thousand, we remarked, 'But, heavens man, you have a building and plant fit for a circulation of a million daily,' we were answered, 'But look down that street; in five years there will be nothing but

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Pravda, Leningrad

INTERNATIONAL BANKING SOLVES THE REPARATIONS PROBLEM

A GERMAN BANKER robs the German workman, passes on his spoils to a French and an English banker, who, in turn, pass them on to the United States.

skyscrapers; we must be prepared; we must be ready to expand.' That is the spirit which permeates American industry, and we shall be wise to recognize it.

FOR A RUSSO-GERMAN-AMERICAN BLOC

THE New York correspondent of the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, Berlin Nationalist daily, suggests that some form of alliance between Germany, Russia, and America is on the cards. Here is the way he interprets world politics: —

The tension between America and England has in no way diminished during recent months and the tension between Russia and England also abides, in spite of recent agreements in regard to oil fields. England's relations with France, on the other hand, are quite different from her relations with Russia; while America, although she refuses to accord official recognition to the Soviet Government, is becoming more and more friendly in that direction. We Germans must therefore understand that if we turn away from Russia and toward England, we shall also be turning away from America.

If we study the outlines of Anglo-American rivalry, we clearly see that America needs a counterweight to England on the European Continent and is now endeavoring to find such a counterweight and to estimate how valuable it may be. Russia would be the natural solution for this problem, for her interests and America's run parallel to each other and contrary to British interests. Germany is another nation with which America has much in common on account of trade interests, but the real centre of gravity lies in the Far East. It is vital to all three nations that the complete independence of China be maintained.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICAN FILMS

CLÉMENT VAUTEL, who is about the most successful playwright and humorist in Paris, has recently been attacking the American movies in his weekly column of wit that leads off every issue of *Cyrano*. The attempt of our film folk to boycott France, by way of retaliation for her restrictions on American moving pictures, offered him an opening for an attack on our cinema vulgarity. Here is the way he represents a typical Hollywood impresario talking to his European customers: —

Do you poor devils dare to raise barriers against our *de luxe* superproductions? Does the brook dare to babble in the presence of the torrent? Does the sardine dare to hold converse with the whale? Does Europe dare to address America? This is too much! We'll teach you a lesson by depriving you of our films. Surrender unconditionally! — or you shall have no more of our Mary Pickfords, our Clara Wards [sic], our Douglases, our Fatties, our *Charlots*. We shall have no more to do with you until twelve of your representatives present themselves before the movie cameras of Hollywood clad in sackcloth and ashes, barefooted, with cords around their necks and candles in their hands.

To this dialogue, M. Vautel would have the European film tsars reply: —

Do you think you can frighten us? As for your films, we can get along without them. After all, one can maintain life without Hollywood cowboys, without grotesque bankers signing enormous checks and chewing huge cigars, without flappers exchanging interminable kisses with handsome boy friends, without fatal women clad in regal robes, without mediæval kings riding their chargers across railway tracks, etc., etc. We shall even be able to get along without *Charlot*, whose little hat, little moustache, little cane, and big teeth are beginning to get monotonous. We shall mourn the passing of all these things, Uncle Sam, but believe us, we shall not die.

Our Gallic friend then accounts for the American colonization of Europe as follows: —

For ten years we have been submerged in an overproduction of transatlantic moving pictures. That is undoubtedly the essential cause of our Americanization. Jazz, the Charleston, the negro musical comedy, and Josephine Baker did not come until afterward. America has colonized us through the cinema.

But the trouble is that Europe refuses to speak up like a little man. She won't organize, finance, or develop the movies the way those vulgar Americans have done. So M. Vautel consoles himself with this paradox: 'But even the American cinema is fundamentally European. It was born in the old world and it turns to the old world for many of its ideas, settings, and directors. *Charlot* is English, Pola Negri is Polish, Menjou is French, Emil Jannings is German, Novarro looks to me like a Spaniard. And these are by no means the only stars that left Europe because the old continent had treated them as ungratefully as if they were wayward children.'

Nearly half of these statements are false. Menjou is an American, born and bred; while Emil Jannings first saw the light of day in Brooklyn. But these criticisms are perhaps beside the point.

M. Vautel ends by urging some European genius to organize the French, German, English, and Italian cinema into a formidable bloc to oppose America. It is a sad but true fact that 'whoever owns a magic lantern attracts the crowd, and the crowd has never been so naïve and credulous as in this epoch of ours. For at bottom man is a great baby, ever enchanted by images.'

ONE ACTRESS HOLLYWOOD SHOCKED

SOME years ago Miss Lya de Putti, Hungarian film star, made such a hit playing opposite Emil Jannings in *Variety* that she signed a large contract to act for the movies in Hollywood. Now she is back in Europe, shocked at the state of affairs in sunny California. Here is what she had to say to a reporter on the *Sunday Dispatch* while she was passing through London: —

All this discussion of easy marriage and easy divorce among film stars is, indeed, alarming.

But it is all Hollywood's fault. Never, never will I appear in another film there.

The place deadens you. There is no opera there, no theatre, no life, no talk like you have in London or Budapest or Paris.

The people talk of nothing but the movies. They eat movies and dream movies.

They have no discipline. They dream only of their money and their luxury. They think they are a rule unto themselves only.

They boast of their temperaments! Temperament — they don't know what it means.

I remember that they told me I would never work in the same 'lot' as one other actress in New York.

She always talked of her temperament. She did strange things like crying and swooning whenever I appeared. She could not work when I was near. . . .

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But I went on working and that other one forgot to swoon.

I read in your newspapers that she has had lots of broken hearts since then.

But they must be careful. You can have too much of these broken hearts.

For me, marriage is a serious thing. And for the public, too, I think. Yes, they will kill the pictures, these women who ever want to advertise their stupid little marriages.

A Bitter Britisher

EVERY month the editor of the *National Review*, Mr. Leonard J. Maxse, starts off his magazine with a Tory world tour bristling with anti-American outbursts. Here is a typical die-hard view of our supposedly Jingo government.

Having tried to humbug the world with the so-called Kellogg Peace Pact, which can only bamboozle those who are determined to be deceived, American Jingoism, which possesses both Houses of Congress and is believed to have a powerful partisan at the White House, is now in full cry after a ship-building programme calculated to make the Ex-Kaiser green with envy. One incentive to American lavishness in naval appropriation is no doubt this annual British tribute of approximately £36,000,000, which we pay in two instalments of £18,000,000, equivalent to 6d. in the pound from every income-tax payer in this country. Though it is not usually deemed pleasant to pay for the razor for the cutting of one's own throat, the payee derives peculiar satisfaction from the process. American senators make no secret of the impetus which the British repayment of other people's debts has given to American naval plans.

A French View of Sinclair's 'Boston'

SO many Europeans believe that a perspective of at least three thousand miles is essential to a correct understanding of the Sacco-Vanzetti case that it is a relief to find one foreign critic who does not proclaim the men innocent out of hand. M. André Levinson, who writes about foreign literature in the *Nouvelles Litéraires* of Paris, consecrates a long review to Upton Sinclair's novel, *Boston*. Instead of lampooning American justice, M. Levinson shows that even so fervent a pleader as Mr. Sinclair admits that destiny itself had decreed the destruction of the two anarchists, and M. Levinson, for his own part, doubts that a completely new trial would have yielded a different verdict.

Where he quarrels most specifically with Mr. Sinclair is on the subject of class war. 'Vainly does the author attempt to explain this human sacrifice by invoking class warfare. He omits from his novel the race war that really sealed the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti, who would have been spared if they had been named Johnson and Smith.'

Here is the conclusion to which the book leads him: 'I believe that it condemns a state of affairs in which legality and equity cannot be reconciled. There is no greater danger to any régime than judicial error or a denial of justice or a conscious failure to search for truth. Military defeat, financial disaster, open acts of violence are less serious. That is why the Sacco-Vanzetti case has become a genuine affair, the symptom of a serious social crisis.'

American Money and British Elections

AN interesting sidelight on British political life was revealed when the Labor Party tried to raise election funds in America by inviting an assembly of New York Socialists to contribute to their success at the polls. The *Daily Telegraph*, a Conservative but not an aggressive organ, refers to this practice in no uncertain terms.

The serious fact that stands out with sinister clearness is the principle involved in accepting foreign help in British Parliamentary elections. It is true that America is a friendly power with peculiar bonds of kinship with Britain, but that is an accidental circumstance which does not affect the principle. That principle is the same whether the gold be Russian or American. It affirms bluntly and unequivocally that no foreigner should be permitted to intervene in our domestic concerns. This principle of our public life may not be fully understood in America, for funds were regularly subscribed there for the assistance of the Irish Nationalist Party. But, as everyone in England knows, the Irish Party vehemently disclaimed any loyalty to Britain. Mr. Henderson and his friends will scarcely advance that excuse. The public, we doubt not, will rightly judge the significance of such unworthy methods. To tolerate them would be to debase our public life at home and to set in train a dangerous cause of international ill-feeling.

America's Barren Countryside

HIS winter as dramatic critic on the New York *World* provided Mr. St. John Ervine with a fund of first-hand American experience that he is now laying before British readers.

A recently published column of his which appeared in the London *Observer* was devoted to the disappearance of that romantic era in American life which gave birth to such songs as 'My Old Kentucky Home' and another Southern ballad which Mr. Ervine refers to as 'Poor Old Joe.' But what depressed our wandering critic most of all about contemporary American life was the lack of green in our countryside and in our back yards.

I have seen America in the early spring, in the autumn, and in the winter, but never in the late spring or the summer; and my memory of its countryside is full of pictures of brown grass or grass that seemed to be gray. I have almost no recollection of green grass in America, and I recall now my incredulity when, returning to England after my first visit to the United States, I saw the grass on the Isle of Wight. It seemed too green to be true, and I had to assure myself that no one had been busy with large doses of arsenic, artificially coloring the landscape! I soon tire of the American countryside, especially when I am taken through prairie lands, because of its monotony. One passes by field after field, full of dank brown grass or short cornstalks, drooping like the bedraggled remnants of a defeated army at roll call, and sees bare-looking farmhouses, austerely set in a colorless landscape, where hedges are seldom seen, and, in the winter, cattle are immured in barns and fed on 'cake' and prepared food. (I suspect that the nastiness of American meat, tasteless and tough, is due to the feeding of the cattle. The American farmer is unable to help himself: he cannot turn his beasts into fields full of luscious green grass, as ours can.) Workmen in America, too, make no attempt to cultivate their gardens when they have any, but use them as dumps for old tins and rubbish. They call their gardens 'yards,' and use them as middens. I cannot recall a single occasion during all my peregrinations in America when I saw a workman's or a farmer's 'yard' which was either tidy or cultivated. Empty rusting tins, and more empty rusting tins, and still more empty rusting tins were everywhere visible!

How the Dawes Plan Subjugates Europe

M. LOUIS DAUSSET, a French journalist writing in *L'Ère Nouvelle*, attributes the so-called Americanization of Europe to the Dawes Plan. Although our nation refuses to join the League of Nations and insists upon clinging to the Monroe Doctrine, we are by no means averse to mingling constantly in the financial affairs of the Old World.

Germany has already quite succumbed to American capital and Italy has had to turn to Wall Street for a large loan. Only France retains a measure of independence, but, even though she owes this independence to the Dawes Plan, M. Dausset sees fit to describe the machinations of Yankee investors in the following terms: —

This 'pacific' invasion has long been in evidence, but its manifestations are increasing rapidly and clearly reveal themselves as the result of a long conceived plan. Those of us who did not perceive the governing idea and real purpose of the programme laid down by the experts in 1924 must now be convinced, since the question of payments has again been opened to discussion to the detriment of the Allies and especially of France. The ambitions of the Americans are therefore quite obvious.

Thanks to the reëstablishment of German currency and the revival of German credit, New York bankers and Chicago industrialists have found a first-class market for their dollars and their products across the Rhine. They have exhausted our chief debtor's ability to pay to its extreme limits.

Thanks to the abundance of French resources and the power of French capital, we are still doing well enough, but if we get entangled in the reparations problem while the Americans benefit from it, just as they did from the War, we shall not be able to avoid Americanization either.

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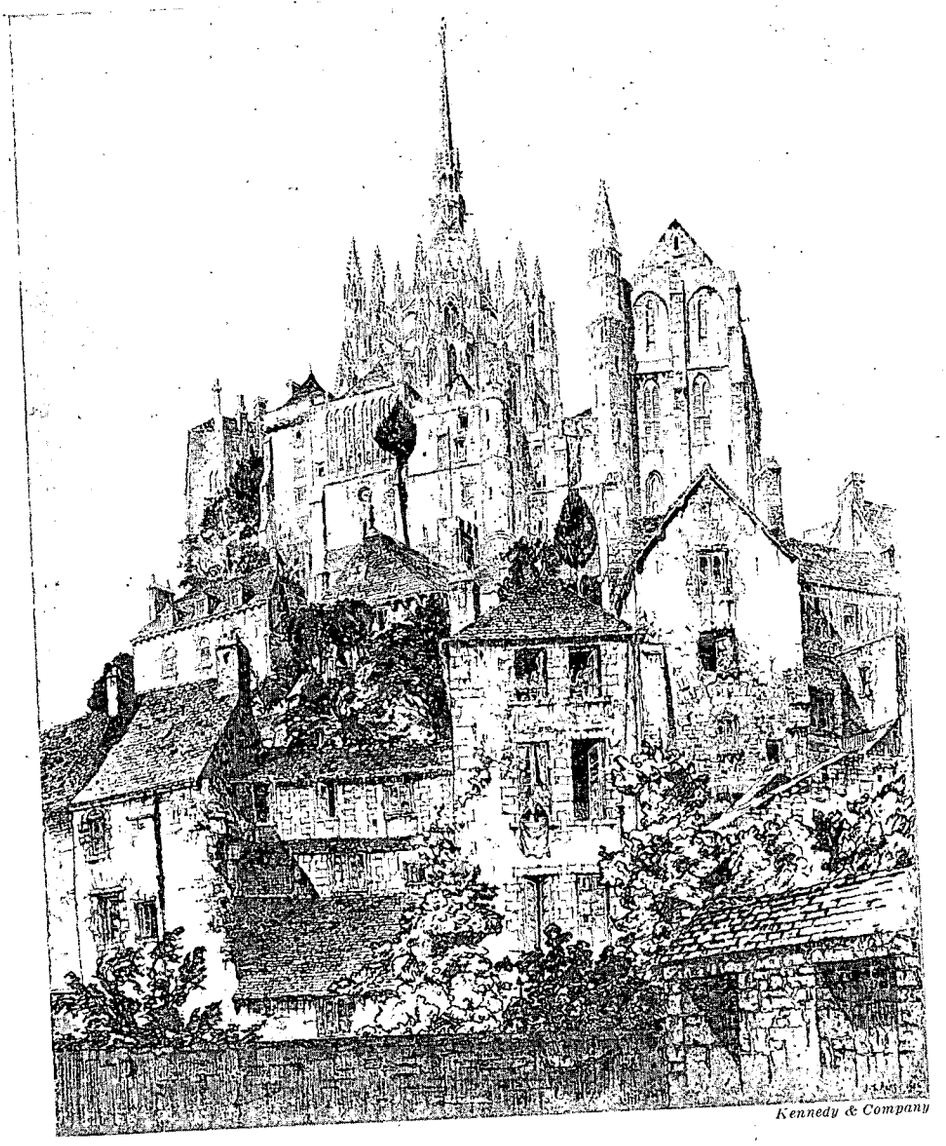

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MONT ST. MICHEL

FROM AN ETCHING BY JOHN TAYLOR ARMS

World Travel Notes

Three Excursions in Provincial France — Brittany, Gascony, and Auvergne

You are sitting outdoors in the sunshine at a café table in any one of a hundred busy little villages in the *Midi* — Casteljalouse, let us say, or Beaulieu, or Nérac. There is wistaria all along the eaves of the building, and a broad bench of ancient stone under a plane tree against one wall. A couple of local wine growers — incredibly cheerful, ruddy-faced fellows in floppy *bérets* — are the only other customers. They sit sipping tall glasses of beer, chuckling over tall stories, and slapping each other on the knee with a loud report. Behind, in the cool stone doorway, stands the *patron* in his shirt sleeves. Everything is quiet, except for a very large dog, who is leading a very small and worried boy up and down the road on the end of a long piece of string.

Suddenly, a cloud of dust appears at the end of the row of ancient chestnuts that goes marching off toward the main highways. An automobile appears, comes closer, draws up in front of the café. In it are five pale people with the smack of the city about them: a thin gentleman with a moustache and a gray duster, driving; another gentleman, with a goatee; two women, the sleek wives of each; and a precocious twelve-year-old boy in a sailor hat who keeps saying, '*Mais papa, qu'est-ce qu'on va faire ici? C'est triste, papa, c'est pas joli!*'

An awed hush falls over the two once garrulous middle-aged wine growers; the *patron* rushes inside to put on a jacket; the dog with the boy scurries shamefacedly around to the back of the building; and one hears awed whispers in which one distinguishes faintly the words, '*Parisiens . . . de Paris.*'

THE lesson is not far to seek, if you are any judge of situations. These people are strangers, just as Parisians will always be strangers to the French provinces; in this country town they are every bit as foreign as you. You may know their home ground by heart — Montmartre, the *Palais Royal*, or the devious ways of the *Métropolitain* — and still not know France; for only half of France — the half that all the world sees — is in Paris, while in the provinces is a whole unexplored nation that is as delightfully different as is cool rain on the vineyards from the stuffy grandeur of a cabaret.

Anyone who is granted as much as three weeks on French soil should therefore make it a point of honor to spend two of them outside the capital. One could list ten regions which will richly

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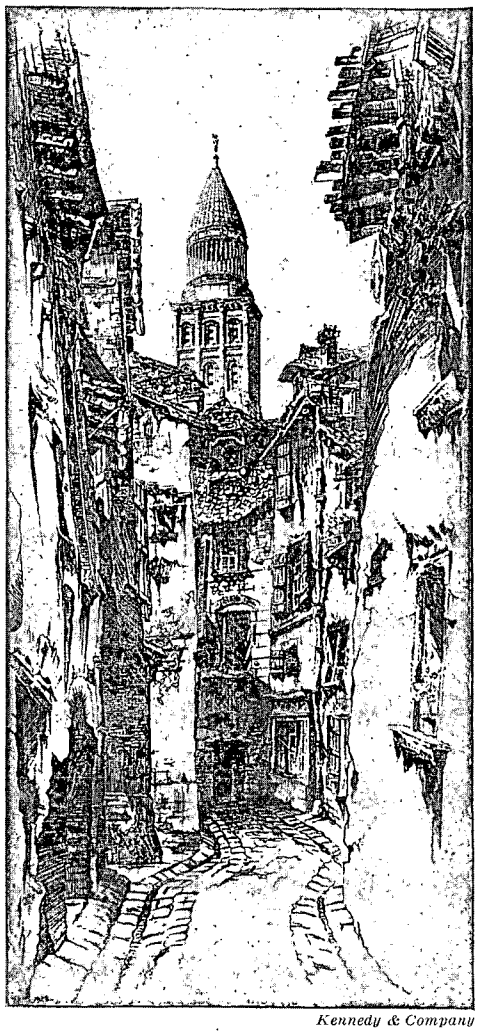
repay a fortnight's visit by the traveler who wants to leave the country with a real comprehension of how ninety per cent of the French people live. Let us limit ourselves to three suggestions: Brittany, for the person who has only a smattering of French at his command, and who enjoys cider, blue water, gray cathedral spires, and the melancholy majesty of prehistoric stones. Gascony, for the traveler with enough French to avoid embarrassment, who likes rich plains carpeted with vineyards; white, eighteenth-century chateaux set in pine forests; Roman ruins; neolithic caves; long, still canals bordered by rows of slender poplars and *saules pleureurs*. Auvergne, for him who loves rugged country; sharp valleys with quick, black streams rushing through them; fortresses set on pinnacles jutting out of the plain.

WHETHER you travel by train, automobile, or bicycle, a fortnight in Brittany, expended on a circular trip that skirts the shores of the peninsula, will leave you with a satisfyingly clear picture of a region that guards its individuality as jealously to-day as it did when it was a duchy that fought successfully against the struggling kings of France. Take the train that swings south and west from Paris through Chartres and Le Mans to Rennes, and make this last town — a pleasant if rather new-style provincial capital — your jumping-off place, even if you only stay long enough to order a rabbit stew at the Hôtel Du Guesclin. Then move north to Mont St. Michel, that towering island abbey which is a landmark in the sea visible for thirty miles along the coast, and which makes Henry Adams's *Mont St. Michel and Chartres* worth reading. Don't be frightened out of staying overnight on the Mount itself. The crowds leave by six in the evening; the inns, many of which have rooms in the old abbey buildings, are not overly expensive; and you will find yourself with the run of the place all the next day until the tourist trains begin to arrive again toward noon.

Then move on westward along the coast through Saint-Malo, Dinan, Saint-Brieuc, each worth a night's stay; north to Paimpol, the harbor of Pierre Loti's Iceland fishermen; across through Tréguier, Lannion, Morlaix to the Brest crossroads at Landerneau; south again through Châteaulin to Quimper, famous for faïence; on along the south coast through Quimperlé and Lorient to Auray, where Franklin landed when he came as minister to Louis XVI, and where there is a delightful high ceilinged inn, with dozens of Breton *armoiries*, and candles to light your way to bed. If time allows, jump south from here to the point of land with Quiberon at its tip, and take the boat to Belle Île to spend a day, having prepared yourself by reading Gustave Flaubert's notes in *Par les Champs et par les Grèves*. Then back again to the mainland and over to Carnac, where eighteen hundred years before Christ men lived and sowed wheat and sacrificed and set up the great Druid stones that are tumbled all about the countryside to-day. From there to Vannes, a pious town with a lovely cathedral, is but a few miles; and from Vannes one swings back to cosmopolitan Paris again through Rennes or through Nantes.



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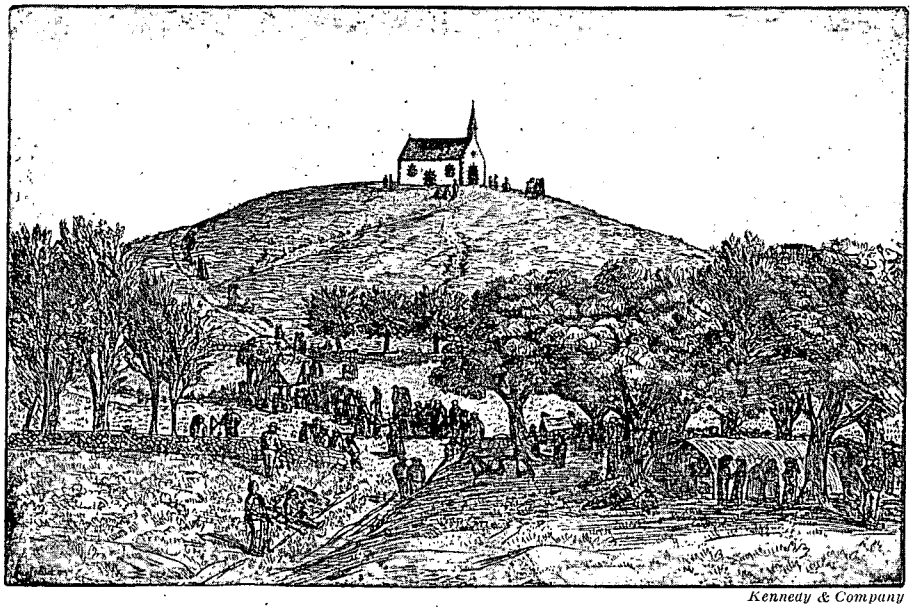
A TOWER AT ST. FRONT, PÉRIGUEUX
FROM AN ETCHING BY JOHN TAYLOR ARMS

IT IS less simple to plan a trip in Gascony, but for those who are willing to stop and seek out small things in small villages, the reward is, if anything, more rich. Let a few examples suffice.

For those who seek wine country, Saint-Emilion, a little town carved out of a cliff, lies only a few miles from Bordeaux; and Sauternes itself, a mere depot set on a vine-clad plain, is an even shorter distance up the River Garonne. For admirers of the greatest of Gascons, Henry IV, a visit to Nérac, his one-time capital, is essential. The town is hidden in a wooded valley that tourists seldom reach; and when one walks in the *Garenne*, the cool, wooded park that parallels the stream which divides the town in two, one can almost hear the laughter of the 'Flying Squadron' of court beauties whom Catherine de' Medici sent down from Paris to catch Henry, but one of whose number Henry caught and kept himself. Finally, if you are one of those who seek the haunts of Cæsar's people, go up the Garonne to Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges. One is rolling along a quiet little road beside a river, when suddenly,



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LE PARDON
FROM AN ETCHING BY JEAN FRELAUT

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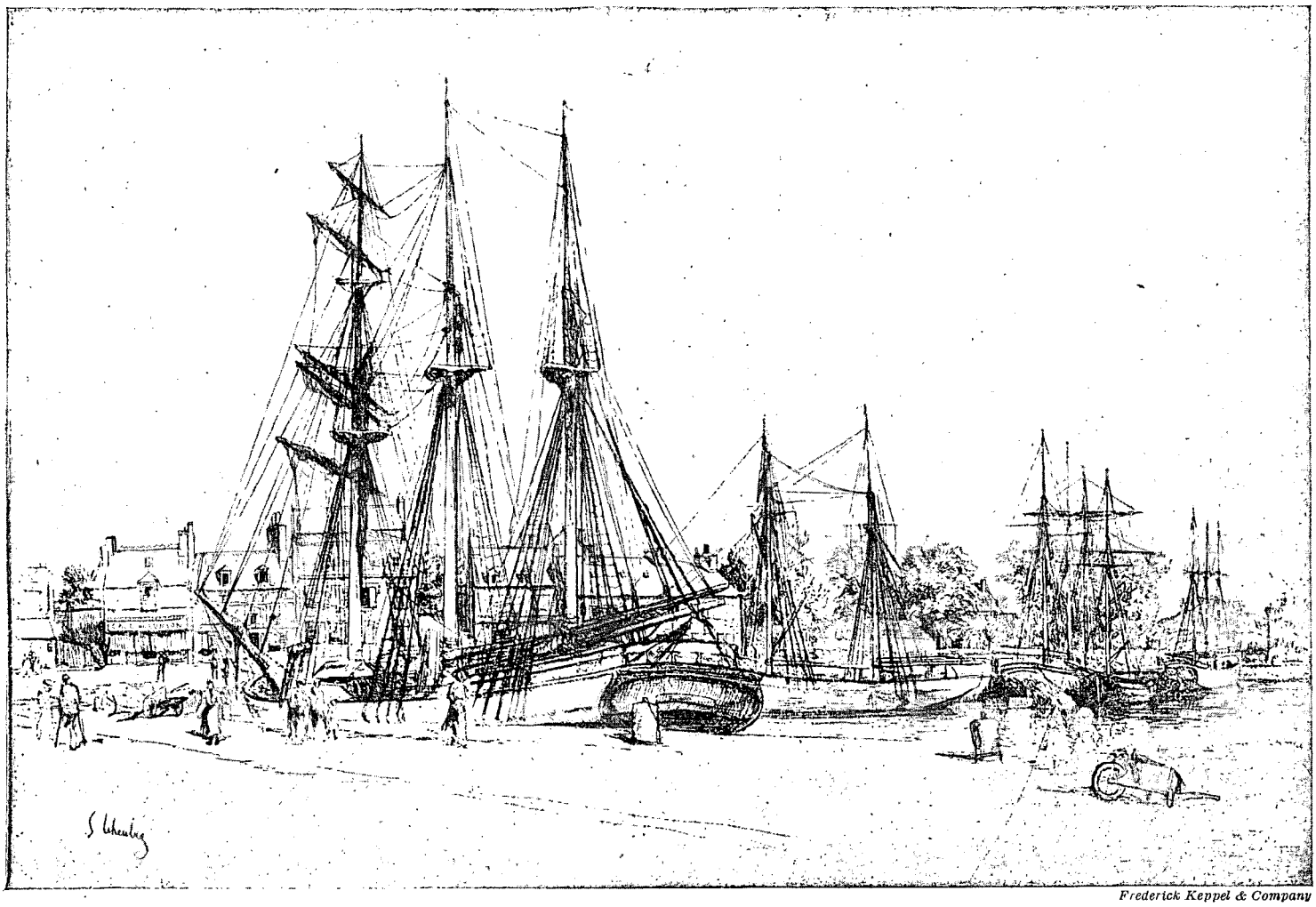

Frederick Keppel & Company

KERNOA, PAIMPOL

FROM AN ETCHING BY S. LEHEUTRE

five miles down the broad valley, one spies a conical hill jutting out of the flat, and carrying a cathedral perched grasshopper-like on top. At the base of the hill there was once — in the third century — a Roman summer resort of fifty thousand people, Lugudunum Convenarum; and to-day you can prowl about farmers' back yards and see where scores of fine mosaics which served as floors for Roman baths have been uncovered. A little to one side is the ninth-century church of Saint Just, built by the troubled Carolingians out of the first stones that came to hand — which happened to be the very stones which the Romans had set up and the Gothic invaders had torn down, so that scattered through the gray façade one notes with something of a shock Roman capitals and even, here and there, thrown in willy nilly, a battered Roman bust! On the hill itself, huddled about the splendid cathedral, is the 'modern' town — mostly fifteenth-century buildings which once housed fifteen thousand Gascons, but in which to-day a bare three hundred Frenchmen rattle about like a handful of dry peas in some very ancient canister.

TO BEGIN a fortnight in the mountains of Auvergne, take the train that climbs to Clermont-Ferrand, and stay there long enough to wander around the cathedral, to stare at the proud statue of Vercingetorix, the '*héros de Gergovie*,' in the Place Jaude, and to get the feel of the country to the south: thick wooded valleys; knobbed, conical hills; people who look very fierce but are really very friendly, and who talk as if they had pebbles in their mouths. Four points need mentioning to serve as an outline for a fortnight's trip: La Chaise-Dieu, a strange town hung on the edge of a terrifying cliff, with a church which contains a curious fresco of a *danse macabre*, one view of which goes a long way toward explaining how mediæval Europeans felt about God; Brioude and Issoire, two charming towns with pleasant hotels and splendid examples of Auvergnat churches; and finally, Le Puy, the goal of any traveler who penetrates into the *Massif Central;* Le Puy, the Lourdes of central France; Le Puy, perhaps the only town in the world in which the actuality fully comes up to the thrilling stories one has heard. Out of a broad plain checkerboarded with neat farms jut a half dozen pinnacles of naked rock. On one is a tiny stone chapel. On another is a gigantic statue of the Virgin. On the largest of all, glittering in the sunshine, its buildings crawling up the cliffside, stretching their hands up and up, it seems, in supplication to the cathedral that overtops them all, is the town itself, an old town, a busy town, a proudly self-sufficient town, a town where one wants to stay.

THE BRITISHER'S RESERVE

AMERICANS who, traveling overseas, find themselves seated next an Englishman on a steamer's deck, or sharing for a few hours a compartment in a railway carriage, are sometimes conscious of what appears to be a strange coolness and reticence on the part of their chance traveling companion. But Britishers are very nearly as formal among themselves as when thrown with

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foreigners in England, or in foreign lands, and many are the anecdotes told in illustration. In the *Sunday Times* (London) recently, the Right Honorable T. P. O'Connor thus describes an incident of a trip to the Western part of the United States, in the course of which he met a fellow Britisher, with whom he traveled for several days. 'I remember a very charming Englishman who traveled on the same train with me to the West. He had gone out to farm in Oklahoma, but all his plans and all his fortunes were changed at the discovery of oil in his lands.

'He and I traveled together, and became quite friendly; but perhaps other people will think it as strange as I did, that we parted without telling each other our names. I never saw a better example of the strange reserve which, in spite of their many travels in other countries, still remains a dominating characteristic of the English people.'

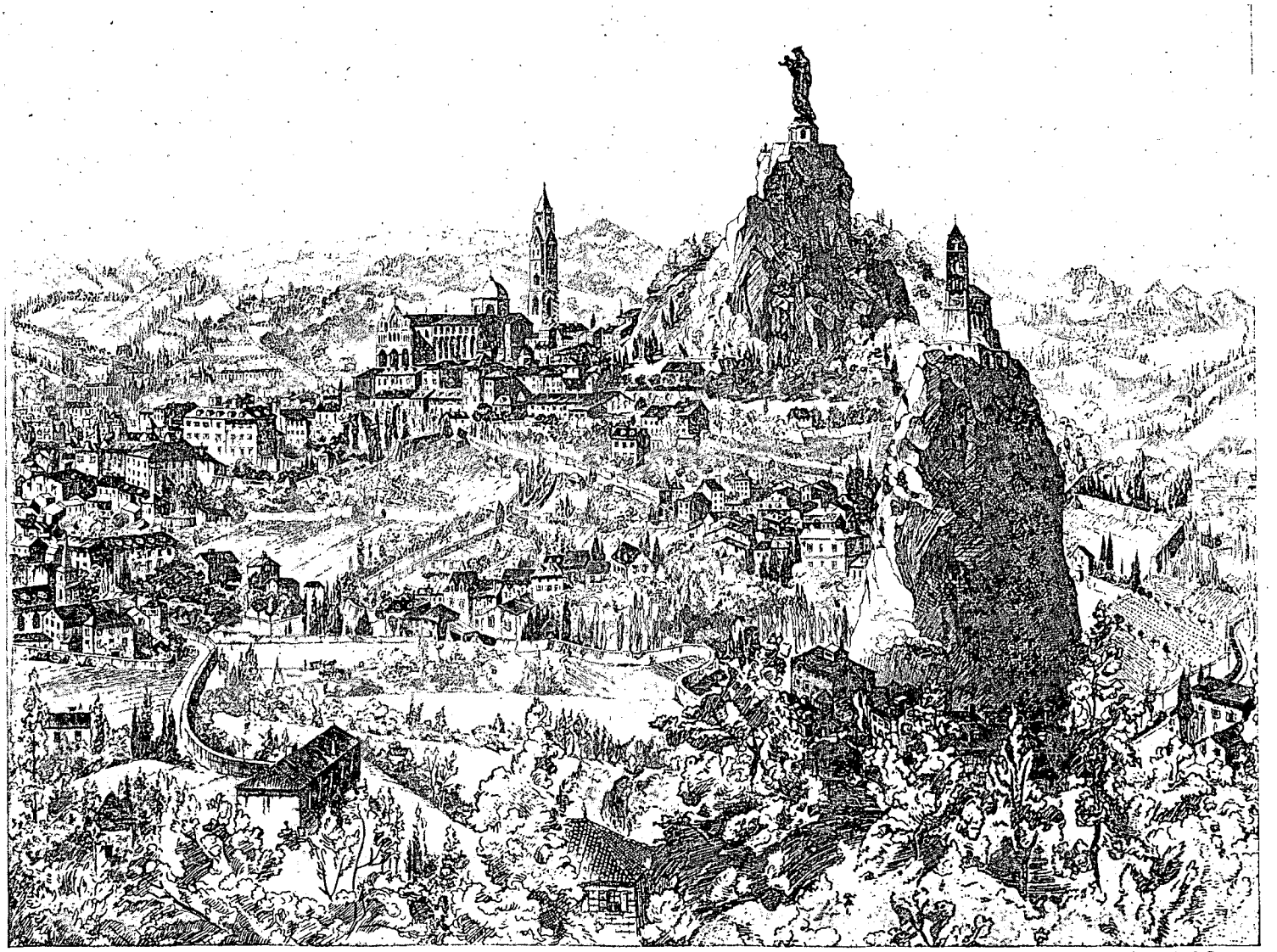
No one need feel snubbed or slighted because an Englishman does not make advances himself or appear responsive to casual overtures. The quality is characteristic and ingrained; and it has, in fact, much to commend it.

Wanderlust

Wanderlust is a relatively recent name for a primitive instinct inherited from the migratory habits of our rude ancestors of tribal days. It is an entirely creditable and wholesome survival.

Indulged, it frequently supplies health, happiness, and longevity, as well as the variety which is life's spice. In one of its most familiar developments it is responsible for the impulse which causes an adolescent boy or girl to secrete himself or herself on board an outgoing transoceanic steamship, just for the love of change and the lure of adventure. Many have admitted to an irresistible temptation to seek unfamiliar scenes and surroundings. It is not necessarily due to unhappiness at home, but is more frequently the result of an ungratified longing for new experiences. Many stowaways annually cross the ocean, because they are not discovered until too late to send them back by the pilot boat. So troublesome has the stowaway habit become that several nations have passed laws making 'stowing away' a crime. Great Britain is one of these. But even the prospect of punishment in case of discovery is not much of a deterrent for the ardent stowaway. 'It has been great fun,' said Betty Simpson, the American girl who was recently sent back to the United States from Southampton in the Cunarder, *Lancastria*, after serving a month's imprisonment for stowing away on the *Aquilania*. 'If all England is as nice as an English prison, then it is just fine.'

Happy should they be who are able to travel, if not whenever they would like to, at least once in a while, and without having to stow away to do it.



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Le Puy

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HARVEY'S RESTAURANT
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World Travel Calendar

(Continued from page 324)

DANZIG

ZOPPOT. *August* 11, Derby and Sport Fêtes; *September* 15, Horse Races; 22, Horse Races.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. *August* 12, Athletic Festival at Stadium; 26, Conference of Scandinavian Naturalists; 27, Congress of Scandinavian Engineers; 30, Centennial of Polytechnic Academy; *September* 3, Trotting Races of the Danish Jockey Club at Eremitagen; 5, opening of the National Theatre for Grand Opera and Ballet.
ELSINORE. *August* 2, Summer Course at International People's College opens, 2nd session; 8, New Educational Fellowship Congress opens at Kronberg Castle.
FREDERICIA. *August* 5–10, Agricultural Exhibit.
NORTH SEA BEACH, FANÖ. *August* 15–19, Auto Races.
RANDERS. *September* 21, Horse Fair.

ENGLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 5, Bank Holiday.
BROOKLANDS. *August* 5, Motor Race Meeting.
CAMBRIDGE. *August* 9–17, Chamber Music School.
COVENTRY. *August* 2, Lady Godiva's Procession.
DONCASTER. *September* 10–13, Race Meeting; 11, St. Ledger Stakes Races.
NORWICH. *August* 3–17, Summer Vacation School of English Folk Dance Society.
OXFORD. *August* 1–15, opening of Summer Course in Music Teaching; *September* 2–5, St. Giles Fair.
PONTEFRACT. *August* 1, Races.
RIPON. *September* 14, Races.
SCARBOROUGH. *August* 15–18, Yorkshire Tennis Championships; 16, Golf Week; 19–24, North of England Tennis Tournament; *September* 4–13, Cricket Festival.
SHREWSBURY. *August* 21–23, Floral Fête.
THE SOLENT. *September* 6–7, Schneider Cup Race.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *July* 1–*September* 7, Shakespeare Summer Festival.
SYDENHAM. *August* 8, First Fireworks Display.
WITNEY (Oxfordshire). *September* 11, Festival.
YARMOUTH. *September* 18–19, Races.
YORK. *August* 28, Ebor Handicap Races.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *August* 10, Sainte Philomena; 15, Fête of the Assumption, Grand Pilgrimage to Lourdes.
AUDIERNE. *September* 25, 'Pardon.'
BANNALEC. *August* 4, 'Pardon.'
BÉNODET. *August* 11, 'Pardon.'
CAMARET. *September* 1, 'Pardon.'
CHÂTEAULIN. *September* 1, 'Pardon.'
DAOULAS. *September* 1, 'Pardon.'
DEAUVILLE. *August* 8, Horse Races; 25, *Grand Prix* Race; *September* 7, Horse Race, *Grand Prix d'Apollon.*
LILLE. *July* 18–*August* 28, Summer Courses for Foreigners.
LOCTUDY. *August* 11, 'Pardon.'
MARSEILLE. *August* 15, Fête of Notre Dame de la Gard.
MONTBRAN EN PREBUOLLE. *September* 14, Breton Fair.
NANCY. *July* 7–*September* 28, Summer Courses for Foreigners at the University of Nancy.
PARIS. *August* 1–8, French Teachers' Associations Congress.
PEDENEC. *August* 2, Breton Fair.
PONT-L'ABBÉ. *September* 22, 'Pardon.'
QUIMPER. *August* 15, 'Pardon.'
ROUEN. *August* 24, St. Anne Celebration.

GERMANY

ALTONA. *August* 31, Folk Festival of Lower Elbe.
BADEN-BADEN. *August* 23, opening of Grand Week of Opera and Festivals; *September* 2–7, Classic Chamber Music Festival; 2–7, Golf Tournament; 7, Dancing Tournaments.
BAD NAUHEIM. *August* 8, Symphony Concert; 22, Symphony Concert; *September* 5, Symphony Concert.
BERLIN. *August* 12–16, Convention of International Advertising Association; 30, Wann See Week opens; *September* 21, First German Advertising Exposition opens.
BREMEN. *August* 3, North German Poultrymen Meeting.
COLOGNE. *August* 4–17, 18–31, *September* 1–14, 14–28, Motor Tours to the Rhineland, Bavarian Alps, and the Black Forest.
DÜRKHEIM. *September* 10, Sausage Market Folk Festival.
FRANKFURT. *September* 8, German Ski Association Meeting; 29, Fall Fair opens.
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN-LINDAU. *August* 10, Boden See Week opens.
GERSFELD. *August* 1, Rhön Glider Competition on the Wasserkuppe for two weeks.
HAMBURG. *August* 5–24, Vacation Courses for Foreigners at University of Hamburg; 24, Textile Sample Fair.
JENA. *August* 2–15, Summer Courses for Foreign Students at the University of Jena.
KÖNIGSBERG. *August* 4, Germatological Society opens; 11, opening of 17th German Eastern Fair.
LEIPZIG. *August* 25, Sample Fair.
MAINZ. *September* 15, Aviation Week opens.
MARBURG. *August* 1–28, Courses for Foreign Students at the University.
MUNICH. *August* 1–31, Wagner and Mozart Festivals at Prince Regent and Residence Theatres; *August* 11, Bavarian Week (Chiem See) opens.
NÖRDLINGEN. *August* 4, Open-Air Plays.
NUREMBERG. *August* 10, St. Lawrence Day.
STUTTGART. *August* 7, Meeting of German Dendrological Society opens.
VELDEN. *July* 20–*August* 18, Festival Weeks on the Wörther See, riding, rowing, tennis, swimming, and motorboat contests.

GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA CITY. *August*, International Sample Fair.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 31, Queen's Birthday.
AMSTERDAM. *August* 26, International Settlements Conference.
THE HAGUE. *August* 26–*September* 26, Exhibit of Paintings by Jan Stuyters; *September* 17, opening of the Houses of Parliament.
OMMEN. *August* 1–8, International Convention of Order of Star of East.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 20, Festival of St. Stephen's.
BUDAPEST. *August* 2, opening of 21st Universal Esperanto Congress; 8–21, Congress of International Student Association; 14–20, International Water Polo; 18–25, St. Stephen's Festivities.
SVABHEGY. *September* 29, 10th Jubilee of Motor Races.

ICELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 2, Thorrablot, first day of summer celebration.

IRELAND

BELFAST. *August* 17, R. A. C. Tourist Trophy Motor Race on the Ards Circuit; *September* 1, International Motor Cycle Race; 7, Ulster *Grand Prix* International Motor Cycle Race.
DUBLIN. *August* 6, Royal Horse Show.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *August* 10, St. Philomena; *September* 20, General Holiday, Conquest of Rome.
GENOA. *August* 10, St. Lawrence Day.
LEGHORN. *August* 4, 11, 15, 18, 25, Gallop Races.
LIDO. *September* 3, International Waterplaning Competition; 6, International Motorboat Competition; 15, International Tennis Tournament for Italian Championship.
MESSINA. *August* 15, *La Vara* Festival.
MILAN. *September* 7–30; Gallop Races at San Siro Hippodrome; 15, St. Leger Italian Prize Race.
MONZA. *August* 25–29; Gallop Races.
NAPLES. *September* 8, Tarantella Dance; 19, Miracle Festival of St. Januarius.
PESCARA. *August* 2, Abruzzo Cup Auto Races; 4, Acerbo Cup Races.
ROME. *August* 1, Festival of San Pietro in Vincoli; 4, St. Dominic Fête at the Minerva; 4, 11, 18, 25, *September* 1–30, Trotting Races at Villa Glori Hippodrome.
SIENA. *August* 16, Second Palio Races.
SPEZIA. *August* 15, Festival at Madonna di Savioro.
STRESA. *September* 28–*October* 6, 8th Horsemanship Contest.
TURIN. *September* 8, Nativity of the Virgin, Festival on the Superga.
VARESE. *August* 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, Gallop Races.
VENICE. *August* 11, Great Night Fête on Grand Canal; *September* 2, Historic Regatta on the Grand Canal.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *August* 20, Festival of Kamakura-no-Miya, in honor of

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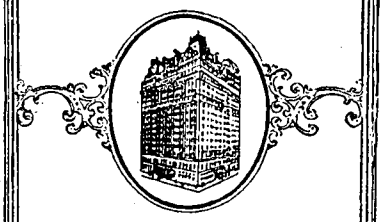

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celebrated prince, Daito-no-Miya; *September* 21–28, Celebration of 'Higan,' Buddhist term for 'Paradise'; 28, Festival of Fudo (Sanskrit Achara). All Fudo Temples, especially Shinshoji Temple at NARITA, are thronged on this day.

POLAND

CRACOW. *August* 4, Long-distance Swimming Championship.
LEMBERG. *September* 1, Water Polo Tournament for Polish Championship.
POZNAN. *August* 4, International Football Match.
WARSAW. *August* 11, International Swimming Match; 18, Swimming Match, Poland v. Belgium; 18–21, General Assembly of Slavonic Singers; *September* 1, International Shooting Matches and Sailing Regatta.

SCOTLAND

BRIDGE OF ALLAN. *August* 3, Strathallan Highland Games.
DUNOON. *August* 30, 31, Cowal Highland Games.
FORT WILLIAM. *August* 20, Lochaber Highland Games.
INVERKEITHING. *August* 3, Highland Games.
PERTH. *September* 25–26, Races.
ST. ANDREWS. *August* 13, Lammas Fair; 13–17, Eden Open Golf Tournament.

SPAIN

BARCELONA. *September* 24, Religious Festival of the Patron Saint of Barcelona.
BILBOA. *September* 15, Sport Festival.
GIJON. *August* 10–25, International Sample Fair.
MADRID. *August* 10, St. Lawrence Day; 5–31, Spanish Language and Culture Courses at University of Madrid.
SAN SEBASTIAN. *September* 8, Sport Festival.
SANTANDER. *August* 3–30, Main Course of Spanish Studies.
VIGO. *August* 4–15, International Sailing Regatta.
VILLAGARCIA. *August* 18–31, International Sailing Regatta.

SWEDEN

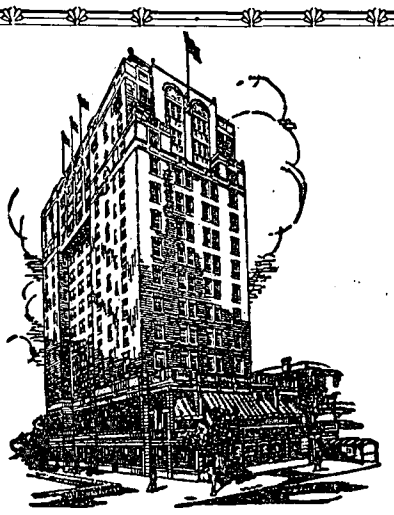
HALSINGBORG. *August* 6, International School Conference, 'The New Educational System.'
LUND. *August* 9–*September* 25, Exhibit of History of Culture; *August* 10–*September* 10, Arts and Crafts Exhibit; *August* 27–29, International Congress for History of Religion.
STOCKHOLM. *September* 20, Children's Day Celebrations at the Stadium.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. *August* 26, St. Jacques Commemoration.
BERN. *August* 18, Horse Races.
CAUX and LES AVANTS (near Montreux). *August* 12–25, International Tennis Tournaments.
GENEVA. *August* 4, opening of Institute of International Relations; *September* 2, Assembly of the League of Nations ending the 25th.
INTERLAKEN. *August* 31, Dutch National Fête Ball at Kursaal.
LOCARNO. *August* 1, Night Fête on the Lake.
LUCERNE. *August* 3, International Motorcar Show; *September* 1, International Tennis Tournament; 8, Exposition of Antiquities; 21, Swiss Military Horse Jumping Competition and Horse Race.
MONTREUX. *September* 9, 22, International Lawn Tennis Tournaments; 23–*October* 5, International Golf Tournaments.

WALES

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 1, Eisteddfod.
CARDIFF. *August* 7–9, Royal West Agricultural Show.



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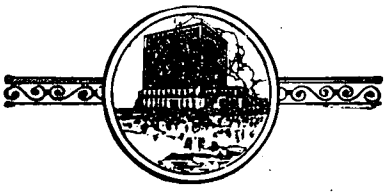

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World Business

The Old World versus the New?

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

WHEN the more spectacular news of the moment loses its glamor the world possibly will become aware of the deeper-lying forces which are at work in the realm of business. Reparations, bank rates, speculative waves, and the like overwhelm us in their faithfully reported details; the less obviously dramatic events of the business world, however, perhaps hold greater significance. For, like straws in the wind, they become hints as to the prospects of to-morrow — the to-morrow which is measured in terms of decades.

Europe's increasingly insistent efforts to appraise the 'secret' of American prosperity undoubtedly mark a turning point in the economic life of the Old World. The present movement to develop the economic power of Europe along more effective lines, possibly challenging American business in terms of American-type industrial organization, should be taken at its face value. This trend, which is the logical outcome of the familiar battle cry of 'rationalization,' means the reorganization of European industry to the point where it can become a real challenge to the '*Pax Economica Americana*' that is now the nightmare of the Old World. Success, indeed, would mean a transatlantic duel between the two great economic agglomerations about which the economic life of nations revolves.

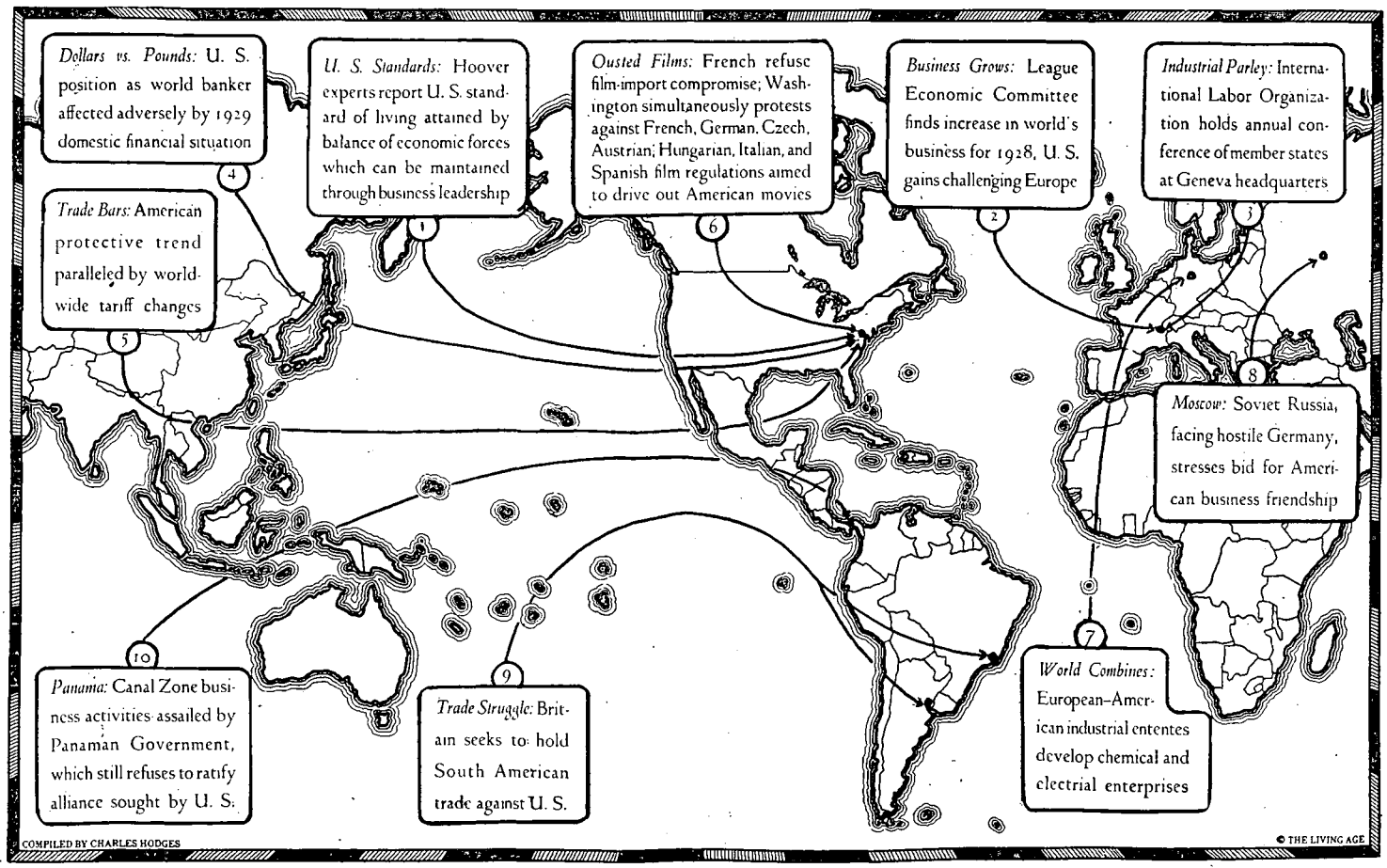
1. U. S. Standards of Living

To the European, the conception of the 'standard of living' of a people somehow seems to centre about a saving complex. But the American, overflowing with economic exuberance under the influence of a new era in prosperity, translates the term into 'standard of spending.' Keeping up with the Joneses, from new cars to new radios, has focused the national mind upon the economics of consumption. In a word, purchasing power becomes all-important.

A highly important statement concerning the future of the United States has been made by the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, under the chairmanship of President Hoover. The experts report: 'An evolution which has been going on for centuries has only recently been revealed as a mass movement. We now apply to many kinds of services the philosophy of large-scale production. We have integrated these services and organized them, and we have developed the new philosophy to such degree in recent years that we now have what might be termed "mass services."'

2. World Business Grows

From Geneva's economic watchtowers comes the word that the business of the world continues to expand. The report of the League of Nations Economic Committee, which covers 1928, shows that the volume of international trade increased three per cent last year. But


Dollars vs. Pounds: U. S. position as world banker affected adversely by 1929 domestic financial situation
4
Trade Bars: American protective trend paralleled by world-wide tariff changes
5
U. S. Standards: Hoover experts report U. S. standard of living attained by balance of economic forces which can be maintained through business leadership
1
Ousted Films: French refuse film-import compromise; Washington simultaneously protests against French, German, Czech, Austrian, Hungarian, Italian, and Spanish film regulations aimed to drive out American movies
6
Business Grows: League Economic Committee finds increase in world's business for 1928, U. S. gains challenging Europe
2
Industrial Parley: International Labor Organization holds annual conference of member states at Geneva headquarters
3
Moscow: Soviet Russia, facing hostile Germany, stresses bid for American business friendship
8
World Combines: European-American industrial ententes develop chemical and electrial enterprises
7
Trade Struggle: Britain seeks to hold South American trade against U. S.
9
Panama: Canal Zone business activities assailed by Panaman Government, which still refuses to ratify alliance sought by U. S.
10
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emphasis should be laid upon the statement that Europe lagged behind North America, where both the United States and Canada enjoyed notable prosperity, and behind the rest of the world also. This 'seems to have reversed' the European tendency of 1927, which showed a phenomenal expansion; and the results have been significant. Progress has come in Eastern Europe, where heavy loans from overseas have stimulated economic activity; but Western Europe, with virtually two-thirds of the Old World trade, has registered no change.

3. International Labor Organization Parley

The annual meeting of the International Labor Organization, that economic body related to the League of Nations which provides a forum for governments, capitalists, and workers, brings up the question of American coöperation in this sphere of Geneva activity.

With Washington entering upon an era of friendly contact with Geneva, it would seem that the wholly nonpolitical activities of the I. L. O. might profitably be made to have a direct bearing upon American life. This fact-finding organization is devoting itself to the raising of the economic standards of nations through investigation, conference, and recommendation. Those nations which are, industrially speaking, more advanced are thus being protected from the undercutting of standards by those just on the threshold of the machine age. Furthermore, progress through the mobilization of experience by scientific research is accelerated; for all nations benefit from the constant improvement of industrial conditions.

But the United States, notwithstanding an invitation from the I. L. O. to participate in this year's conference, has declined to attend. The State Department, while admitting that an invitation has been received from Geneva, refuses to give any reasons for the decision not to send a delegation.

4. The Dollar in Jeopardy

With the census returns of the dollar and the pound sterling in for 1928, we are in a position to know something more about the struggle that is being waged between London and New York for the title of the world's banker. It is true that last year the United States maintained its leadership over Britain in the flotation of foreign capital issues. But, although dollar loans are estimated at close to half a billion in excess of the British flotation, according to the Department of Commerce, the high figure of the 1927 American total was not reached by over 100,000,000 dollars during 1928. This decline has been given added significance by the present situation in the New York money market; foreign loans have dropped notably in volume.

A comparison of the distribution of the flotations of Wall and Lombard Streets shows that the United States led in European and Latin American issues, while the United Kingdom far exceeded the United States in the Far East, and dominated Africa.

5. World Trade Restriction

Nothing throws into sharper relief the world of contradictions within which business operates than the international reaction to the American protective tariff trend. The general effect of the tariff plans of the United States has been to draw down upon the New World's 'economic colossus' the continued denunciation of supposedly weaker business rivals. Once again a Pan-European economic movement has taken on new life. Indeed in Geneva, Louis Loucheur, French Minister of Labor, pleaded before the League's economic committee for 'organization of chaotic Europe in the face of organized America.' Incidentally, he called upon European industry to defend itself by an extension of the cartel system rather than through resort to tariff retaliation.

Nevertheless, the European countries most vociferous in their denunciation of American protection are all resorting to protective devices. These range from England's 'safeguarding of industries' to the Continental attempt to destroy American motion-picture exports by governmental interference. And just now France and Italy are raising wheat tariffs to protect their farmers, who are threatened by the world grain glut.

6. Ousted Films

The State Department has been obliged to make approximately simultaneous representation on the subject of film restrictions to the governments of France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Italy, and Spain. This European epidemic of economic nationalism in its most discriminatory form threatens an American industry which the president of the Fox Films Corporation points out involves an investment of $1,750,000,000.

7. World Combines

The international trend toward combination continues. America's great corporations, backed by the omnipresent American dollar, are finding a warm welcome in alliance with European combines. These transatlantic ententes have been augmented by the Ford-German dye trust alliance, the buying into the Schuchardt Telephone and Telegraph Works by a subsidiary of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, the conclusion of negotiations between the French Schneider interests and the Westinghouse Electric International Company, the parley for American participation in an international pipe combine, and the drawing together of the International General Electric Company and the Soviet Electro-Technical Trust. The Ford manœuvre, which is believed to link up with that of Standard Oil, has aroused American chemical interests. The American industry has become apprehensive over the Wall Street financing of a subsidiary of the German dye trust, which is to offer competition in the United States.

8. Russian-American Developments

May Day in Germany has had repercussions which seem likely to affect fundamentally Russia's world policy. To the Germans, the Red rioting in Berlin appears to be directly traceable to the Bolsheviks. Moreover, Moscow voices the opinion that German-Russian relations may become increasingly cool as a result of the Reich's desire to secure reparation favors in Paris. Certainly Moscow has been increasing its efforts to gain American good will. Construction contracts, machinery purchases, and technical aid represent opportunities for favorable publicity which are being stressed by Soviet interests in the United States. Though disappointed by Washington's reiteration that there would be no change in the formal relations between Russia and the United States, Moscow hopes for much from commercial contacts. The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce has launched a most ambitious ten-thousand-mile tour of Russia for this summer. The delegation of American businessmen, limited to one hundred members, will cover the important industrial centres in a special train, with the approval of the Soviet Government.

9. Latin American Trade

Nothing better reveals the pressure of American business in South America than the struggle with British interests now developing along the East coast. Argentina and Brazil have long been strongholds of English business. The Argentine situation is made clear by two

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recent developments. London has just announced that control of the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway has been arranged so that none but Argentineans and British can participate in the management — although non-voting stock can still be purchased by foreigners. This may be considered as a protective move in Britain's jeopardized South American market for railway materials, as well as a counter-move against American purchase of enterprises heretofore safely under Britain's ægis. Britain has announced, at the same time, that a special economic mission composed of eminent industrialists will go to these two key South American countries. The Brazilian situation remains somewhat more favorable to Britain. This South American Republic has been largely financed from London; the British underwriting of the Brazilian coffee monopoly, in particular, is a close bond, which works to the disadvantage of the American consumer.

10. Economics and Politics at Panama

U. S. Army engineers set a one-hundred-and-thirty-one-year limit on the adequacy of the Panama Canal, but Washington finds itself confronted with political problems on the Isthmus much closer to us than the year 2060.

Most of the difficulties between the Republic of Panama and the United States centre about the Treaty of Alliance of 1926, which the Isthmian Government has refused to ratify in its present form. Besides such political considerations, however, economics enters the picture. Panama resents the intrusion of government into business, as exemplified particularly in the United States' tenancy, so to speak, of the Mid-American Republic; the United States, maintaining an elaborate commissariat for Canal Zone employees, now claims full freedom of sale to other than government workers. Panama has also been in financial difficulties which, of course, affect the interests of the United States in this part of the Caribbean. An American commission recommends the curtailment of public improvements to permit the Republic to live within its income. A comptroller has been appointed to supervise finances during the period of readjustment.

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Views and Reviews

All Quiet on the Western Front. *By Erich Maria Remarque. (Translated from the German.) Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1929. $2.50.*

It is good that this book has been brought forth now, eleven years after the War. Too many people who did not participate directly in the fighting are beginning to bestow upon that merciless, meaningless struggle a glory that it does not legitimately possess. The few who look on modern warfare as a stimulating diversion and a challenge often command more attention than the mutilated, who are kept judiciously hidden from public eyes. The memoirs of generals and of premiers, the elaborate elucidations of war-time national policies have induced in some quarters an indifferent attitude toward the question of war. It is good that a book like this should recall the pervasive agony of which so many discussions of war are sickly, tedious reflections.

As a record of the War, the book is obviously accurate, showing no trace of protective coloration. It has made a direct, strategic appeal to hundreds of thousands of readers in Europe. One hopes that it will eventually be read and discussed by millions of people. It is probable that those millions will think more soberly and more humanely than before about all war, but especially about modern war. For there is stark horror in this book, unmitigated by anything except the diverse values of comradeship that were fostered in the trenches. There is naked detail about the shattering of bodies, mashed and mangled by swift steel, and about the torture of minds by bitterly devastating emotion. There is bare, implacable ugliness. There are things so terrible that the reader continues only by reason of a morbid fascination that possesses him. The book has no plot. It is a chronicle, the fruit of the author's personal experience. It is intensely simple because Remarque wisely allowed time to have its way with his experiences until he could pare away from them whatever might be superfluous in the telling.

The characters whose personalities are obliterated and whose bodies are broken during the War consist of a few students who were in the same class in the *Gymnasium*, together with a locksmith, a peat digger, a forester, and a peasant who thinks continually of his fields and his wife. They are neither more brilliant, more humorous, nor more thoughtful than others of their kind and status. They serve Germany with unimpeachable faithfulness. Occasionally, when other distractions fail, these men formulate semi-articulate protests at the mechanical impersonality of their military training and the brutality of a war in which they kill opposing fighters not because they, as Germans, are motivated by hate of a French baker or a British printer, but because they are all trapped in a system which makes bestial forms of destruction the first necessity for self-preservation. They do not let themselves think too much. If they did, they would be pursued by true, dreadful ideas such as those that harrow the nineteen-year-old chronicler of the fate of this little group of soldiers. Observing some Russian prisoners, great, kindly peasants with faces like children and beards like the Apostles, watching their massive

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Chairman Public Utilities Commission, City of New York, 1907–13, Chairman Republican National Committee, 1916–18.
HENRY LANE WILSON
U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, 1909–13.
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strength degenerate, he reflects: 'A word of command has made these silent figures our enemies; a word of command might transform them into our friends. At some table a document is signed by some persons whom none of us knows, and then for years together that very crime on which formerly the world's condemnation and severest penalty fell becomes our highest aim.'

Paul, who is to a large extent a mouthpiece for Remarque himself, sees his friends killed or maimed one by one. He witnesses and endures physical anguish and shares the fun that sometimes provides the essential high relief to agony. But in his reflections we perceive a painful mental suffering that cannot be confined within the limits of war days. When he goes home on leave and sees how blind the people are to the significance of the fighting on the front, when he listens to the superficialities of their talk, when he faces rows of his beloved books only to find that he is irrevocably cut off from the safe, placid life of thought that they represent, he becomes symbolic of the 'generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war.'

I am not sure that this will prove to be the greatest human document of the War. There is another book, *Le Feu*, by Henri Barbusse, which is a powerful denunciation of war, written in the heat of the tumult. It is a more intellectual work, and more strongly partisan than *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The Frenchman is passionate and denunciatory, whereas Remarque is calm. Although both books deal with the soldier of the ranks rather than with the officer, and with trivial activity rather than with reasonings on the nature of war, Barbusse offers a tougher morsel for the mind to chew. For this reason the French book has not been popularly read or assimilated.

All Quiet on the Western Front contains a few passages of Grecian austerity and others of high lyric quality. The translation is picturesque because it is faithful, almost literal. One thing is to be deplored. Anglo-Saxon prudishness in the guise of the censor must be held accountable for the omission in the American edition of eight pages of the original German. These pages comprise two passages which are plain-spoken and crude but certainly not in any sense immoral.

MARGARET H. IRISH

LETTERS AND LEADERS OF MY DAY. *By T. M. Healy, K.C. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 2 Volumes. 1929. $10.00.*

IN IRISH and British history alike, the fame of Timothy Michael Healy is likely to endure for centuries. Prince of warriors in the long fight for Irish freedom, he is, according to Lord Beaverbrook, the greatest parliamentarian of our time and, according to Lord Balfour, the greatest orator in the Empire. In his old age he became the first Governor General of the Irish Free State.

In other days, he had a tongue that could say terrible things. When a Cabinet officer was arguing in favor of the South African war, observing that England had the ships and the men and the money, he ventured to ask what the Boers had on their side — and in the momentary hush that followed came the hiss of Tiger Tim: 'God!' Apropos of certain disorders among the Irish members during the absence, one day, of Parnell, Joe Chamberlain remarked pleasantly: 'When the cat's away, the mice do play.' 'And the rats!' Tim gravely added.

His masterpiece, of course, was the famous Uganda speech, delivered in circumstances which may bear description. After the bloody scrimmage of the Irish rebellion of 1868, the

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Nationalist Party entered the British Parliament professing their intention to carry on unrelenting war there. With magnificent audacity, they sought to compel satisfaction of Ireland's claim to nationality under threat of disrupting Parliament.

They became experts in the art of obstruction and succeeded so well with their warlike intention as to make it necessary to force through the Cloture Acts. Still they carried on as best they could and when the question of a money contribution toward the building of the Uganda Railway came under debate, they fought doggedly as usual to turn the current of discussion to Ireland. But every move was beaten by the Speaker's determination to enforce the rules. Then Tim stood up sadly to claim the floor. 'I rise,' he gravely said, 'as a native of Uganda to thank the Prime Minister for having at length turned his attention to the grievances of that distressful island.' And on he went without a smile, restating under the form of a parable, step by step and argument by argument, the whole blessed case for Irish Home Rule. The Speaker mutely confessed his helplessness, and Healy pursued his joke to the very end, unfalteringly and with never a hint of levity.

It is important to recall these things, for in the volumes under review Tim has done badly by himself. It is amazing that such a man could have composed the dull stuff here thrown carelessly together. The book is composed in large part of letters which Tim wrote to his brother, Maurice Healy, M.P., and which Maurice made a practice of saving. Much of the book is unintelligible even to rather close students of the period covered, and perhaps the most important result of its publication will be to prove that Tim was not the ringleader of the band of forty-five members who in 1890 repudiated the leadership of Parnell. On the whole, one has the feeling, after wading through these volumes, of having read, not the memoirs of Tiger Tim, but the heavy-handed appendix to such a work as Healy, K.C., would prepare it.

DAVID JOHN MARSHALL

THE KRASSIN. *By Maurice Parijanine. Translated by Lawrence Brown. New York: The Macauley Company. 1929. $2.50.*

THE story of the *Italia* disaster and the rescues and rescue attempts which followed it is a long and complex one. Probably it will never be told in full. This book is an interesting attempt to tell part of it.

M. Parijanine says in his foreword, 'This is not literature, or a novel. It is the work of a newspaper reporter, as accurate and scrupulous as such work humanly runs. At least I think so.'

It must be borne in mind (a) that M. Parijanine says, 'At least I think so,' and then goes on to show that he thinks decidedly in one direction; and (b) that the backgrounds of Continental journalists and American newspapermen are decidedly different. The European papers have long been instruments of opinion and propaganda, and admittedly so. The American Press has at least the ideal of restricting opinion to its editorial columns, and achieving unbiased information in its news department.

The writer tells us he is setting out to sing the neglected praises of the Soviet rescue boat, and devotes most of his book to bolstering his idea that some of the *Italia* survivors

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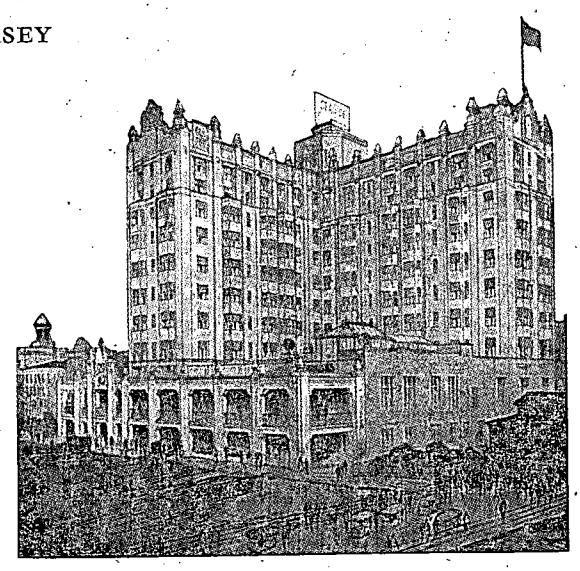

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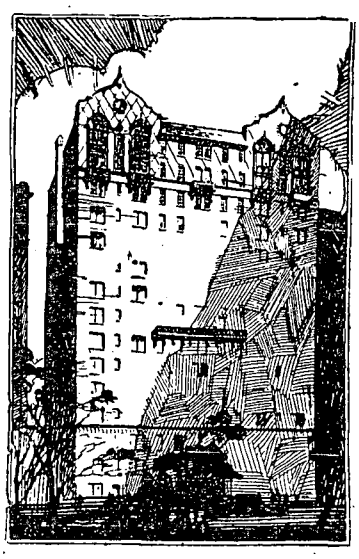

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behaved in a thoroughly disreputable manner. It may be so, but, after all, M. Parijanine was just one witness in a horde. This volume may be taken as part of the testimony, but should not be accepted as all of it.

The writer, if he is attempting to accuse, had much better do so out and out. So far as we can remember, he says nowhere in so many words what we now say for him: he believes that Zappi and Mariano ate, and perhaps killed to eat, Malmgren; and that Zappi led in the performance, and was ready to repeat it, with Mariano as his victim. Innuendo is not convincing. If M. Parijanine was trying to avoid libel, he didn't. The reaction of one reader is, 'Why didn't he out and say it?'

For the ice-breaker and its crew, he has all praise, when he forgets his pet thesis. Let us praise them, but let us not swallow *The Krassin* entire.

There can be no doubt that the *Italia* disaster could have been better managed, that human nature was human nature after it occurred. Probably the sinking of the *Vestris* could have been a more pleasant affair. There would be no call to accept a book by Captain Sorenson, should he write one, as the whole truth about the tragedy. This is no warning against M. Parijanine's book. It is a warning against taking it for too much in a matter which has been otherwise treated in articles too numerous to recount.

Those who wish light on this matter should by all means get the gleam of M. Parijanine's candle. But candlelight is not sufficient to see all clearly.

Even the translator, Lawrence Brown, in a final note, declares that the major thing in connection with the whole affair was the loss of that great explorer, Amundsen, and that the rest is due to be forgotten. He should know whether the volume he made into English is worth remembrance, or whether it is a pamphlet, to be noted, and dropped.

D. C. ANDERSON

Books Abroad

EN BUSCA DEL GRAN KAN (Cristobal Colon). *By Blasco Ibañez. Madrid. 1929.*

(Andrenio in *La Voz*, Madrid)

NO AUTHOR of his day was as well fitted as Blasco Ibañez to write really popular books on the discovery and conquest of America — poetic versions of history expressed through the artistic method of the novel. It is natural that he should have placed great hopes in the series of historical novels that he had worked on for many years, although their publication was postponed by the War. The first of them, *En busca del gran Kan* (*In Search of the Great Khan*) has just appeared as a posthumous work. It seems that Blasco had just finished it when he died prematurely, full of hope and plans for the future. I believe it is likely to become the most popular book on the discovery of America, and will be one of his most widely read novels, even though a writer's fame tends to diminish during the period immediately following his death. Although sparing in novelistic elements and limited to the idyl of Fernando Cuevas and the Jewess, Lucero, and Columbus's love affair with Beatriz Enriquez, the story is lively and interesting, imparts the plasticity of fiction to historical facts, and, to me, seems considerably better than the two earlier historical works, *El Papa del mar* (The Pope of the Sea) and *A los pies de Venus* (At the Feet of Venus), in which the author tried the literary device of telling past history through the mouths of characters who move about in the framework of a modern novel.

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In this new novel of Christopher Columbus, the great Valencian writer has adhered closely to historical fact, giving his story the color of the times, as in the case of the episode of the explusion of the Jews from Spain. *En busca del gran Kan* has as a subtitle, in parentheses, the name of the discoverer of America, and it is a novel of Columbus as Blasco conceived him: the Columbus of Blasco Ibañez.

He composed it as all epic or narrative poems have been composed (novels are descended from that kind of poetry) — starting from known historic facts. In an appendix called 'The Mystery of Columbus' the novelist says that he read all that had been written on Columbus by the historians of the day and by the principal contemporary writers. I do not believe that he exaggerates. His Columbus has been created with great care.

An artist like Blasco Ibañez could not withstand the poetic appeal of Columbus. But he goes too far in his attempt to avoid it, it seems to me, perhaps because he has given too much heed to those who have written against Columbus. The reaction against Roselly de Lorgues's *apologia* for the navigator has seemed exaggerated, unjust, almost monstrous. People write about Columbus as if they had some personal enmity to satisfy. It would seem that it was the simplest thing in the world to discover America, an achievement wholly without merit. It is true that Columbus accomplished it without knowing that he had discovered a new world; but in all discoveries there are unknown factors. There must have been, nevertheless, some mysterious quality in the poor wanderer to allow him to make himself heard by kings and to obtain aid, not as a gracious gift, but by contracting with them and exacting the titles of Admiral and Viceroy with great advantages and honors. The furor against Columbus obeys one of the whims of nationalism, which measures the foreign navigator with one rod and the *conquistadores* with another, and which would find itself in a comical predicament if to-morrow Columbus were proved to be a Spaniard. Some believe him to be, and have even tried to prove it with 'manipulated' documents, as the Academy of History says with bland euphemism, speaking of the altered documents used by D. Celso Garcia de la Rega. Wherever Columbus came from, whether he was Spaniard or Italian, Jew or Christian, he deserves more respect than he usually receives to-day. His apologist, Roselly de Lorgues, paid him a poor service, as often occurs in the case of exaggerated tributes.

Blasco wavers, it seems to me, between the charm of the Columbus he creates and the nationalistic tendency of detraction. Very much of a Spaniard, sometimes to the point of exaggeration, he favors the Spaniards who took part in the enterprise, the Pinzones, Juan de la Cosa; but at least his artistic sense prevents him from falling into the Columbophobia which other writers have been pleased to assume.

Travel Books

To anyone addressing himself to the Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 253 Broadway, New York City, any desired information about travel books and travel bibliographies will be gladly given.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOVIET RUSSIA. *By John Dewey. New York: New Republic, Inc. 1929. $1.00.*

THE CURIOUS LOTTERY. *By Walter Duranty. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1929. $2.50.*

These two books present an interesting contrast. Duranty has been in Russia since 1921 as the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times;* Dewey paid the country a first visit last summer. Yet this disparity of experience has not altered the fundamental difference between the viewpoints of journalist and philosopher: Duranty has done a piece of first-rate reporting, brilliant but superficial; Dewey was able, through one visit, to gain some understanding of the forces motivating the Russia of to-day.

The Curious Lottery is an account of ten law cases tried in Russian courts in recent years, ranging from the comparative levity of peasant assaults and murders (maximum penalty for latter — eight years), to the tense horror of treason cases, where scores of men stood trial together for their lives. The climax of the book is the great Shakhta coal mine conspiracy case of May, 1928, wherein over half a hundred men, charged with counter-revolution, struggled, desperately and pitifully, against the death sentence.

These tales, told with striking simplicity, make thrilling reading. They are excellent drama from one end to the other. Why, then, are they superficial? Because to Duranty, himself, they are, not real life, but a play — a strange, fascinating, and incomprehensible spectacle. Always the aloof observer, he has never fathomed the Russian soul. These cases are to him, he says, like the mock trials of college boys; their participants have a 'fantastic unreality,' like characters out of a book. It is because of this self-acknowledged feeling of strangeness that *The Curious Lottery* must rank largely as fiction: its facts are true, but they are sheathed in a dramatic aura that fails to reveal their real significance.

Impressions of Soviet Russia is the cautious, moderate statement of the trained thinker. Dewey had comparatively little chance to study Russia. He was there for only a short time; he did not know the language; and, going as an educator, his contacts were limited, for the most part, to educational circles. In this field, he saw the best; he talked with the leading men and women, and visited the most progressive institutions.

Thus it is not surprising that his account is always a favorable, often an enthusiastic, one. For he saw Russia from a wholly constructive angle — not as she is, but as she is trying to make herself. Of these limitations, however, he is fully aware, and presents his views for what they are worth as personal impressions, not capable of objective proof. Inadequate they may be, as he suggests, but, what he of course does not say, they most assuredly *are* of value as the opinion of one of the leading thinkers and educators of our day.

He entered Russia by way of Leningrad, and there he received the impression 'of a vast human revolution that has brought with it —

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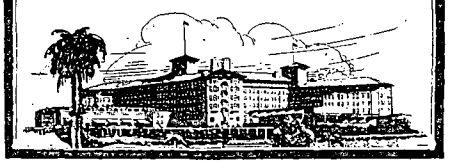

41

or rather that consists of — an outburst of vitality, courage, confidence in life.' 'The people go about as if some mighty and oppressive load had been removed, as if they were newly awakened to the consciousness of released energies.' It is this new mentality and morality that is important, he feels, not the Marxian doctrines that brought it about — 'perhaps the most significant thing in Russia, after all, is not the effort at economic transformation, but the will to use an economic change as the means of developing a popular cultivation, especially an æsthetic one, such as the world has never known.'

Of course this viewpoint would horrify any good Bolshevik, and Dewey himself came to consider the Communist system more important after seeing Moscow — 'the heart of the energies that go pulsing throughout all Russia.' 'Naturally the new experience modified as well as deepened the Leningrad impressions that I have already recorded. The deepening was of the sense of energy and vigor released by the Revolution; the modification was a sense of the planned constructive endeavor which the new régime is giving this liberated energy.' The new spirit has the force of a religion: 'I feel,' Dewey says, 'as if for the first time I might have some inkling of what may have been the moving spirit and force of primitive Christianity.'

The chief point that he makes in regard to education is that, for the first time in history, educational and social reform is receiving the full support of political and economic forces. A humorous example of the difficulties of reformers under the Tsarist régime is that of the educator who spent several months in jail as the result of trying to introduce football: the authorities held that the only possible object of the game was to teach young men to throw bombs! Now the teacher 'is taken into partnership in plans for the social development of his country,' and his work is dovetailed into that of all other social agencies and interests. Most modern schools try to prepare the individual for the actual conditions of life; 'that which distinguishes the Soviet schools both from other national systems and from the progressive schools of other countries is precisely the conscious control of every educational procedure by reference to a single and comprehensive social purpose.' On the whole, Dewey finds much to envy in the Soviet educator's position.

Impressions of Soviet Russia is a collection of articles which first appeared in the *New Republic*. Included in the same volume are essays on other revolutionary countries, the results of Dewey's travels in Mexico in 1926, in Turkey in 1924, and in China in 1920. Much has happened since those dates in the last two countries; in Mexico, the persistent deadlock between Church and State has kept general conditions much the same, and Dewey's analysis of the situation is still largely valid.

ELIZABETH H. GARRETT

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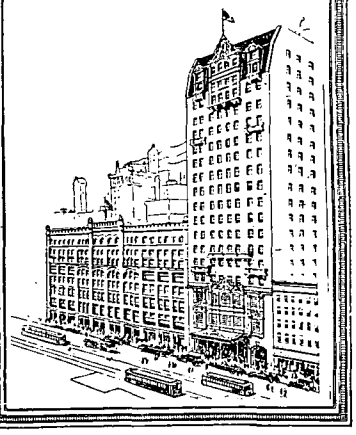

SWITZERLAND. *By Arnold Lunn. Illustrated. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.00.*

The *Kitbag Travel Books*, of which this is one, manage to combine in pocket-size volumes the opinions of experts with government-pamphlet facts. Naturally, the opinions are valuable. Any tourist agency will supply the facts. The author of this volume has lived in Switzerland most of his life and is an authority on mountaineering and winter sports. He ranges over the country in its entirety, with a wealth of anecdotage and historical allusion. Most thrilling of all his pages are those on Zermatt and the Matterhorn, wherein is related the struggle in 1865 between a group of four Englishmen and a party of Italians to plant the flag on the Matterhorn's summit.

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A Matter of Precedence

(*Continued from page 380*)

of precedence are strict, and who knows what might happen at Court if, by accident, daughters and sons' wives of Life Peers — whoever they might be — were given precedence over the wives of the younger sons of barons, or if the wives of County Court judges were not accorded places of honor above the wives of Companions of the Star of India? Certainly, there would be mutiny among the wronged wives. In spite of nineteen centuries of Christianity, the ordinary human being still apparently takes pride in occupying a better seat than somebody else at table. He, or she, would rather sit beside the worst possible guest in the best possible chair than in the worst possible chair beside the best possible guest. Conversation, food, wine — what are all these compared to the ripple of satisfied vanity? Food does not minister to self-love, as precedence does. We cannot all be kings or presidents, but we can all occupy a better seat than somebody else, and our seat is a throne in so far as such things matter to us.

THE trouble in America, indeed, seems to be, not that etiquette fills a larger place there than in England, but that the rules are not so generally known, or so clearly laid down. In England, unless I am mistaken, they are as clear as the multiplication table, though I fancy there was some dispute a few years ago over the position that the representative of the Free Churches should be given in a royal procession. In Washington, however, hostesses are apparently at such a loss in regard to the arrangement of their guests that before giving a dinner party they often consult the State Department, corresponding to the English Foreign Office, on the matter. The New York correspondent of the *Daily News* recently quoted a letter addressed to the Department from an anxious Washington hostess.

'On Thursday evening,' she wrote, 'I am having as my guests the following persons. . . . Will you please tell me how they should be seated at dinner? Also, on Saturday evening, I am having the following persons to dinner. . . . Kindly tell me how they should be seated.' The Secretary of State, it is said, is impatient of such letters, but this is unwise of him. After all, if the wife of the Consul for Ruritania is insulted by being given a lower place at table than the wife of the chaplain to the Minister of Monoravia, it may be that she will infect her husband with her bitterness to such an extent that relations between America and Ruritania may be endangered. Wars have originated from seeds as small. Human beings are more likely to fight to avenge an insult than for merely material ends.

THAT is why I think the case of Mrs. Gann should be referred to the League of Nations. There will never be peace on earth till the rules of precedence are settled, and the League of Nations might do worse than frame a universal code of etiquette in which it would be made perfectly clear whether, and, if so, in what circumstances, a vice president's sister should be given as good a seat at table as if she were a vice president's wife.

If she takes the seat without permission, is she to be regarded as a usurper? And is it legitimate to use force to eject her?

It would be well to have these grave questions settled quickly. Otherwise, a vice president's sister may visit London one of these days, and, if she claims to be given the position of a vice president's wife, there may be stormy protests at British dinner tables from the daughters and sons' wives of Life Peers.

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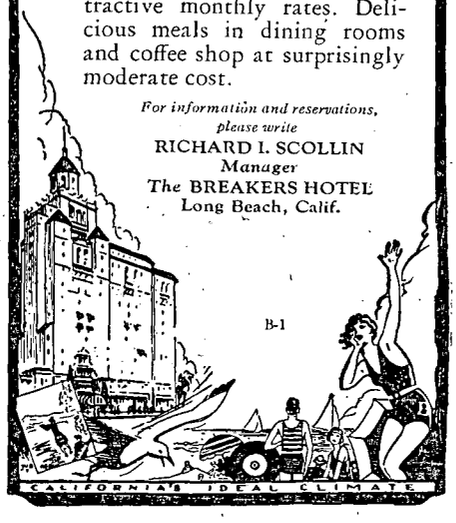

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Louis P. La Franche, *Proprietor*

War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question That Vexes All the World

¶ At Geneva as at Washington everyone talks about disarmament; but this word now has a very specialized meaning. It signifies an operation whereby each nation tries to obtain from other nations a drastic reduction in their military or naval power, at the same time reducing its own forces as little as possible. . . . The spirit of sacrifice is an admirable quality in the individual. In a nation, on the contrary, it is inconceivable and would be the height of stupidity. A nation is composed not of individuals but of families. The nation is faced with the imperative task of carrying on the work of the dead and of preparing the future for those who are not yet born. The politicians in France who compromise that future and those who wish to make of our country the Christ among the nations are either criminals or fools.

Assuredly peace is the most precious of all goods and all civilized peoples yearn for it, except perhaps the Germans, for whom war has always been a national industry, and the Bolsheviks, who are plainly regressing toward a state of barbarism; but in order to have peace it is not enough to desire it, and various causes are increasing daily the risks of war. — *Admiral Schwerer of the French Navy.*

¶ I cannot conceive that the American cruisers can ever be used except as an ally of Great Britain. I cannot conceive the possibility of the infinite stupidity of war between the great Anglo-Saxon nations of the world. We, therefore, are making no objections. We say to the Americans: 'We are content. We are satisfied that you should do exactly as you like.' — *Sir William Joynson-Hicks, British Home Secretary.*

¶ Since the beginning of history the white race has wasted its choicest blood through wars and massacres. A new war might wipe out our civilization as other civilizations have been wiped out in the past. There is no political question, no international work more important than the prevention of a new war. — *Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Norwegian explorer and statesman.*

¶ Durable and unbreakable peace exists even now between the British and the American peoples if they will but recognize the fact. If anyone is anxious about Anglo-American relations because there are unsolved problems between the two peoples I have no words to comfort him. There will never be a time when such problems don't exist. — *Alanson B. Houghton, former Ambassador to Great Britain.*

¶ Armed peace is not real peace; it is only a breathing space between wars. — *M. Paul-Boncour, former French delegate to the League of Nations, before the French Chamber of Deputies.*

¶ Yes, war is a ruthless business. And once a man is in the business he succumbs to its influence. He acquires the war mind. He develops a passion for destruction. He ceases to make fine distinctions. We destroyed great towns in France, and the French themselves destroyed them, because there were Germans in them.

The man at war becomes a savage. The only difference between wars of the past and those of the present is that they are now scientific savagery. War calls science to its aid, and prostitutes science. And there is no known limit to what science can accomplish. — *David Lloyd George, former Prime Minister of England.*

The Travel Society

A Club for Travel-Minded Men and Women

OUR choice of the month's travel books is *Undiscovered Australia*, by Captain Sir George Hubert Wilkins, M.C. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $4.50). An exceedingly interesting volume about the little-known parts of Australia, realistically illustrated from the author's photographs. While the information is largely scientific, he has the happy faculty of making it always entertaining. It is by far the best book of its kind on Australia, and it will add to the reputation of this explorer, fascinating lecturer, and writer of great ability. The journey he describes was undertaken for the British Museum.

The following books received are also worthy of mention: *Official Guide to Europe*, which its publishers, the Real Book Company, Woolworth Building, New York, and Simpkin, Marshall, Limited, of London, say is the only complete guide to all of Europe and the Holy Land, and to the 325 airplane routes, with fares, time, distances (price $3.25); *Spain from the South*, by J. B. Trend (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.00); *The Spanish Pageant*, by Arthur Stanley Riggs (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00); *Paris Salons, Cafés, and Studios*, by Sisley Huddleston (Lippincott, $5.00); *The Land of Gods and Earthquakes*, by Douglas Gilbert Haring (Columbia University Press, $3.50). Any of these books may be bought from us direct.

Europe finally realizes that for every dollar collected for passports five are lost by driving away prospective tourists. Every traveler knows that passports have *done more to discourage travel than all other inconveniences*. Every traveler would prefer to pay three times the amount required for a passport and its visas rather than waste his time in this perfectly useless formality in time of peace. If we should abolish passports in time of peace, foreign countries would not dare to require them. There is no visa charge in Sweden, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland; and France on June 1st reduced hers from $10 to $2, good for two years. The whole miserable system of hobbling travel in this manner should be abolished at once in every country.

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